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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

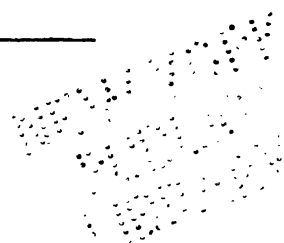
FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE,

1828.

VOL. IX.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.



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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1828.

ART. I.—*Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years* 1825, 1826, *and* 1827; by John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S., &c., and Commander of the Expedition. *Including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward;* by John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition. *Illustrated by numerous Plates and Maps. Published by Authority of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs.* 4to. pp. 477. London: Murray. 1828.

THE question of a north-west passage, which has been a problem for three centuries, may be said to have been solved by the results of Captain Franklin's last expedition. In consequence of his exertions, assisted by those of Captain Beechey and Dr. Richardson, the whole of the extreme northern coast of America has been surveyed, with the exception of about fifty leagues. It is not probable that the interval which remains unexplored presents any serious difficulties; the lateness of the season alone prevented Captain Franklin from traversing it, and it might therefore be assumed, that science is now in as favourable a situation as it ever can be for disposing of a question which has been so long agitated, and which has laudably called forth so much of British enterprise. It seems to be established that no passage, practicable for ships, exists to the north of the American continent. The coast may be said to have been ascertained, and distinguished from the ice which adjoins it in great masses. It is not improbable that beyond the region of the ice, large basins of water may be found; but the approaches to those basins, either from the east or the west, appear to be locked up during the greatest part of the year by the ice. That some progress might be made towards them in the early months of the northern summer seems certain; but it is equally certain, that the summer is usually too short to allow of a complete passage being effected by a ship from the Pacific to the Atlantic, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By

keeping close to the shore, it would seem that the difficulties of the navigation are increased tenfold. The only chance of conducting it with success, must depend on two consecutive favourable seasons, which would admit, in the first year, of the vessel's penetrating through the inlets that may be supposed to lead to the great northern basins, and enable it in the second to effect its escape on the opposite side, before the ice should set in. This is, indeed, nothing but conjecture; but it is a conjecture founded on the experiments which have been already made, and which, perhaps, are sufficient for every useful purpose.

Captain Franklin decidedly says, that his opinion in favour of the practicability of the passage has been considerably strengthened by the information which he obtained during the last expedition. The northern coast may be looked upon as ascertained; further, he says, the delineation of the west side of Melville Peninsula, in the chart of Captain Parry's second voyage, conjoined with information which he obtained from the northern Indians, fairly warrants the conclusion, that the coast preserves an easterly direction, from the point where the labours of his expedition terminated on that side, to Repulse Bay, the boundary of Captain Parry's discoveries. 'In all probability,' he adds, 'there are no insurmountable obstacles between this part of the Polar Sea and the extensive openings into the Atlantic, through Prince Regent Inlet and the strait of the Fury and the Hecla.'

Such are the results at which Captain Franklin has arrived. It will be observed, that they reduce the question of a north-west passage to a much less degree of doubt than it had ever attained before. At the same time, it does not appear to us that any advantage could arise from another naval expedition, such as he suggests, for the purpose of connecting Captain Parry's discoveries with his own. We should greatly prefer that another land expedition might be sent out to complete the survey of the north-eastern coast, in order that the whole line might be defined on that side. The fifty leagues of coast which remain unsurveyed to the north, seem hardly worth any further attention.

We now proceed to give the reader some account of the proceedings of the expedition, which are detailed in the volume before us. We lament that we cannot lay before him the maps, and the beautiful drawings by which they are copiously illustrated. We have seldom seen a book of travels so abundantly fitted out in this respect. It contains upwards of thirty views of scenery, drawn by Captain Back and Lieutenant Kendal, with admirable taste, and engraved by Finden, in the highest style of his art. The charts are six in number, and exhibit the routes and discoveries of the former overland expedition (which caused so much suffering), to the mouth of the Coppermine river, as well as of that which forms the subject of this interesting narrative.

The expedition was directed to survey the coast between the

mouth of the Coppermine and that of the Mackenzie River, and from the latter as far as possible to the north-western extremity of America. The Coppermine falls into the sea towards the north-east, the Mackenzie at a considerable distance from it to the north-west. The survey of the coast, between the mouths of the two rivers, was undertaken by Dr. Richardson, who was attached to the expedition as naturalist and surgeon; and who is justly praised for having performed in the most accurate and enterprising manner, duties which did not properly fall within the line of his profession. The coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie to the north-western extremity of the continent, Captain Franklin himself proposed to survey. Captain Beechey was directed to enter Behring's Straits, in his Majesty's ship, Blossom, and connect his operations on the north-western coast, if possible, with those of Captain Franklin. These two officers eventually approached each other so closely, that they were separated only by the distance of fifty leagues, above stated.

The expedition was fixed upon towards the close of 1823, but the preparations necessary to its safety and convenience consumed the period between that time and the spring of 1825. These preparations, as far as the depots of provisions were concerned, were chiefly effected through the agency of the Governor and Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose chief trader, Mr. Peter Warren Dease, felt great interest in the success of the expedition. For the purpose of navigating the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, three boats were constructed under the direction of the Commissioners of the Navy. They were formed of mahogany, in order that they might combine, as far as possible, strength with lightness; and they were forwarded to Hudson's Bay in the summer of 1824. From thence, they were directed to proceed by the rivers and lakes in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, towards Great Bear Lake, which Captain Franklin fixed upon for his first winter residence and starting point, as it was the place nearest to the mouth of the Mackenzie, known to the traders, that was capable of affording a sufficient supply of fish for the support of his party.

Matters being thus arranged, Captain Franklin, and his brother officers, Lieutenant Back, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Drummond, assistant naturalist, and four marines, embarked at Liverpool, in an American packet, on the 16th of February, 1825, reached New York on the 15th of March, made a rapid journey through the Northern States and Upper Canada, and from thence proceeding by the Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, &c., overtook the boats on the 29th June, in Methye River, about twelve hundred miles inland from Hudson's Bay, in latitude 56° 10′ N., longitude 108° 55′ W. Here they were received by the crews of the boats with great delight, and by none more cordially than Augustus, the Esquimaux, their former interpreter, and a country-

man of his, named Ooligbuck, whom he had taken with him as his companion. Having surmounted this river and its impediments, which are by no means inconsiderable, and having also passed its portage, a distance of upwards of ten miles, over which the men had to carry their boats, the party arrived at the Athabasca Lake, on the 15th of July, and at the Slave Lake on the 29th. Quitting this lake, they entered the Mackenzie River, and arrived on the 7th of August at Fort Norman, which was only four days' journey from Bear Lake. Captain Franklin here finding that five or six weeks of open season yet remained, resolved on descending at once to the sea, an idea which he had entertained on leaving England, without imparting it to any one of his companions. His object was to obtain such information as he could acquire either from personal observation, or from inquiry among the natives, respecting the general state of the ice in the summer and autumn; the direction of the coast on both sides of the mouth of the Mackenzie, and the quantity of provision upon which he might depend in that quarter. In the meantime, Dr. Richardson proceeded to the Great Bear Lake.

The Mackenzie communicates with the Bear Lake, by the Bear Lake River, which flows into the former. On passing its mouth, and for some miles beyond it, our voyagers observed that the banks of the Mackenzie contained much wood coal, which was on fire. When Mackenzie discovered this river, which bears his name, the banks were on fire in the same direction. The same banks contain also layers of a kind of unctuous mud, which the Indians in the neighbourhood use as food in a season of famine. 'It has a milky taste, and the flavour is not disagreeable.' From the views sketched by Lieutenant Back, it appears that the banks of the Mackenzie present some striking pieces of scenery. The river occasionally varies from two to four miles in breadth; but at what are called "the second rapids," it becomes contracted, and 'rushes with great force for the space of seven miles, through a kind of defile, varying in breadth from four hundred to eight hundred yards.'

'The walls of this defile are from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet high, and are composed of limestone, containing numerous shells: for a part of the way the stone is very white, and in the rest it is blue. Several streams of water were running over the summits of the cliffs, which had worn the stone, in some places, into a turretted shape; while the heaps, overthrown by its action at its base, resembled mounds for defence. To these appearances were occasionally added cavernous openings, and other hollow parts, not unlike the arched windows, or gateways, of a castellated building.'—p. 22.

* * * * * * *

'This is a place of resort for the Hare Indians to fish, and we were visited by a large party of men and women of that tribe, who brought fish, berries, and meat. They were all neatly clothed in new leathern dresses,

highly ornamented with beads and porcupine quills. The paintings of animals on the sides of our boats were very attractive to them; they scanned every figure over and over, bursting into laughter whenever they recognised any of the animals.'—*Ib.*

A day or two after, our party descried another collection of Indians, who treated them in the most friendly manner; and on the 16th of August, they arrived within view of the sea, which 'appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation.' On the beach, Captain Franklin ordered a silk Union flag to be hoisted, 'which', he says, 'my deeply-lamented wife had made and presented to me, as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the expedition reached the sea.' We pity those who cannot sympathise in his emotions, when he saw that flag expanded to the breeze. It is worthy of remark, that the survey of the Mackenzie, made on this expedition, 'differs very little in its outline from that of its discoverer,* whose general correctness, says our author, we had often occasion to admire.'

Captain Franklin having by several excursions made himself acquainted with the state of the sea to the northward and eastward, was about to explore the western coast, when he was compelled to desist by a sudden change in the weather. He consequently retraced his course up the Mackenzie, and after an extremely difficult navigation, entered the Great Bear Lake on the 5th of September, where all the members of the expedition were now, for the first time, assembled together, Dr. Richardson having just returned from a voyage which he had made to the northern part of the lake. They took up their residence for the winter in the neighbourhood of the lake, on the site of an old fort, which, in honour of the commander of the expedition, was now called Fort Franklin.

At first, their establishment consisted in all of fifty persons, but as they were to depend chiefly for their subsistence on fishing, it was thought advisable to erect two houses at four and seven miles distance, to which twenty of the party were sent, furnished with fishing implements. Nets were constantly kept in use in the lake, under the care of an experienced fisherman, which yielded daily from three to eight hundred fish, consisting of herring, salmon, trout, tittameg, and carp. Indians were employed to hunt reindeer in the neighbourhood, with, however, little success. Means were devised for keeping the men constantly employed; and when the days began to shorten, a school was established in which the officers taught several of the men to read and write. Games and other amusements were also occasionally resorted to, in which the officers invariably joined, thus rendering the men more attached to the service, and keeping them in health and cheerfulness. The officers found, besides, abundant employment in making and

* This river was discovered by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789.

registering the usual thermometrical, magnetical, and atmospherical observations: Lieutenant Back finished his drawings, Dr. Richardson cured the sick and attended to natural history, Mr. Kendall constructed charts and also made drawings, and Mr. Dease was provider general. A piper, named Wilson, was ready to strike up a tune whenever he was called upon, and to his strains, assisted by those of a violin, the men sometimes danced, and made the welkin ring with their merriment.

A great deal of snow fell about the middle of October. In December, the length of their shortest day did not exceed five hours; the long nights were cheered by a most brilliant moonlight, and by the frequent appearance of the Aurora Borealis. During some of the grandest displays of this beautiful phenomenon, Captain Franklin says that the 'disturbed motions of the magnetic needle were very remarkable, and a most careful series of observations convinced the party that they had a close connection with the direction of the beams of light of which the Aurora was composed.' 'My observations,' he adds, 'also led me to conclude that the deviations of the needle were in a certain degree connected with changes in the weather; for previous to a gale or a snow storm, the deviations were always considerable; but during the continuance of the gale, the needle almost invariably remained stationary.'

During the month of February (1826), the party were reduced to very short allowance, in consequence of the failure of the fishery. By good fortune their hunters killed a moose deer, at a time when they had not an ounce of provision left.

'The conduct of the men,' says Captain Franklin, 'during the season of scarcity, was beyond all praise; and the following anecdote is worthy of record, as displaying the excellent feeling of a British seaman, and as speaking the sentiments of the whole party. Talking with Robert Spinks, as to the difference of his present food, from that to which he had been accustomed on board ship, I said I was glad the necessity was over of keeping them on a short allowance. "Why, sir," said he, "we never minded about the short allowance, but we were fearful of having to use the pemmican intended for next summer; we only care about the next voyage, and we shall be all glad when the spring comes, that we may set off; besides, at the worst time, we could always spare a fish for each of our dogs."'—p. 72.

We must not omit a curious observation which Captain Franklin frequently made with respect to that mysterious instrument, the magnetic needle, in the course of the month of March.

'During this month I noticed that on several occasions the magnetic needle oscillated when I approached it in a dress of water-proof cloth, although it remained stationary when others of the party examined it in their ordinary garments. The water-proof dress probably acted by exciting electricity in the body, although this opinion is rather contradicted by the fact of a fur cap, which had been rubbed by the hand until it affected the gold-leaf electrometer, producing no change in the needle, and my approach to the electrometer not causing the gold-leaf to expand.'—p. 76.

Great Bear Lake, near which the expedition so long resided, is of very considerable extent, consisting of five arms, or bays; its greatest length is one hundred and seventy-five miles; greatest breadth, one hundred and fifty; depth is unknown. Near the shore, forty-five fathoms of line were let down without touching the bottom. The lake is principally fed by Dease river, which rises in the Copper mountains to the north; it communicates on the south with the Mackenzie, through the Great Bear Lake river.

The ice began to decay rapidly about the middle of May, and towards the latter end of June (24th), the whole party embarked in four boats (a new one having been built), once more in the Great Bear Lake river, which conducted them to the Mackenzie. It had been arranged that Dr. Richardson, Mr. Kendal, and ten men, should proceed in two boats by an eastern branch of the Mackenzie to the sea, for the purpose of surveying the coast between the mouth of that river, and the mouth of the Coppermine; while Captain Franklin should proceed with the other members of the expedition, as already stated, to the western coast. The two parties accordingly separated on the 4th of July; we shall follow, in the first instance, that of the commander, and afterwards revert to Dr. Richardson.

Captain Franklin arrived in sight of the mouth of the river on the 7th, and on an island, forming the east side of the bay into which the river opened, he discovered a crowd of tents, with many Esquimaux strolling amongst them. He opened a communication with them immediately, in the most frank, and we may add, in a most incourteous manner, for which he and his companions were afterwards near paying somewhat dearly. The Esquimaux surrounded the boats, and commenced a general pillage of the articles which they contained. The bay being shallow, and the tide going out, the boats were aground, and completely exposed to the depredations of the natives, until at length recourse was had to the fire arms. It is highly creditable to the officers and men, that though they received many provocations, they forbore from even threatening to use their muskets, until their lives were actually endangered. Even then they did not fire, and were content with seeing the Esquimaux fly from them in all directions. It was evident, that although the savages had never seen white men before, they were sufficiently informed of the destructive powers of powder and ball. Their first alarm, however, being over, they held a conference, as Captain Franklin was subsequently informed, at which it was agreed that they should fall on the boats in great numbers, plunder them, and then massacre the whole party. This design was fortunately frustrated by the precautions which were adopted. The boats were pulled into deep water, and quitted this unfriendly shore.

After proceeding some miles in a W.N.W. direction, however, their

farther progress was stopped by the ice, which appeared as firmly frozen as in winter. Some of the masses were piled up to the height of thirty feet. The boats were hauled on shore, where another party of Esquimaux soon presented themselves. An intercourse was opened with these with due caution; they were conciliated by some trifling presents, and afforded the expedition all the information in their power.

'Further to the westward, said they, the ice often adheres to the land throughout the summer, and when it does break away, it is carried but a short distance to seaward, and is brought back whenever a strong wind blows on the coast. If there be any channels in those parts they are unsafe for boats, as the ice is continually tossing about. We wonder, therefore, they said, that you are not provided with sledges and dogs, as our men are, to travel along the land, when these interruptions occur. They concluded by warning us not to stay to the westward after the stars could be seen, because the winds would then blow strong from the sea, and pack the ice on the shore.'—p. 116.

The appearance, dress, and manners of these people, were similar in every respect to those of the tribes described by Captain Parry. They were for the greater part furnished with knives, which were not of British manufacture, and were unlike those sold by the Hudson's Bay Company. They said that they received them principally from a party of Esquimaux, 'who reside at a great distance to the westward, and to meet whom, they send their young men every spring with furs, seal skins, and oil, to exchange for those articles.' They did not know 'from what people the Esquimaux obtained the goods, but they supposed from some "Kabloonacht" (white people), who reside far to the west.' Captain Franklin has no doubt that the articles in question were furnished by the Russian fur traders, who received in return for them all the furs collected on this northern coast. This is an interesting fact, as it proves the existence of an intercourse between Russia and the American continent.

The boats continued to advance along the northern coast during the remainder of the month of July, and the first fifteen days of August, but so slowly, and with such difficulty and danger, in consequence of heavy fogs, and the ice being so densely packed near the shore, that it was deemed advisable to persevere no longer, when they had reached about half way between Mackenzie river and Icy Cape, in latitude 70° 24′ N., and longitude 149° 37′ W. 'The summer, bad as it had been, was now nearly at an end;' during the night, 'ice of considerable thickness was formed,' and other symptoms indicated the commencement of autumn. Besides, Captain Franklin was directed in his instructions "to commence his return on the 15th or 20th of August, if in consequence of slow progress, or other unforeseen accident, it should remain doubtful whether he should be able to reach Koztebue's Inlet the same season."

From the official account of Captain Beechey's proceedings in advancing eastward from Icy Cape, it appears that Captain Franklin's determination to return was the wisest that could have been adopted. Mr. Elson, the master of the Blossom, left the ship in a barge off Icy Cape, on the 18th of August, and 'proceeded along the coast without interruption, until the 22nd of the month, when he arrived off a very low sandy spot, beyond which it was found impossible to proceed, in consequence of the ice being grounded upon it, and extending to the horizon in every direction, except that by which the boat had advanced, and was so compact, that no openings were seen in any part of it.' Mr. Elson effected his return, with a great deal of difficulty, to the Blossom, on the 10th of September, after reaching the most northern point of the continent yet known, in latitude 71° 23′ 39″ N.; and longitude 156° 21′ W., one hundred and twenty miles beyond Icy Cape.

'Could I have known,' says Captain Franklin, 'or by possibility imagined, that a party from the Blossom had been at the distance of only one hundred and sixty miles from me, no difficulties, dangers, or discouraging circumstances, should have prevailed on me to return; but, taking into account the uncertainty of all voyages in a sea obstructed by ice, I had no right to expect that the Blossom had advanced beyond Kotzebue Inlet, or that any party from her had doubled Icy Cape. It is useless now to speculate on the probable result of a proceeding which did not take place; but I may observe that, had we gone forward as soon as the weather had permitted, namely, on the 18th, it is scarcely possible that any change of circumstances could have enabled us to overtake the Blossom's barge.'*—p. 165.

The party returned to the Mackenzie without encountering any serious danger; having 'traced the coast, westward from the mouth of that river, three hundred and seventy-four miles, without having found one harbour in which a ship could find shelter.' They reached Fort Franklin on the 21st of September, after an absence of three months, during which they had travelled two thousand and forty-eight statute miles, six hundred and ten of these having been through parts not previously discovered. Dr. Richardson and his party had already returned from their expedition, the result of which we must very briefly notice.

The distance between the mouths of the Mackenzie and the Coppermine rivers, was known not to exceed five hundred miles.

* 'I have recently learned, by letter from Captain Beechey, that the barge turned back on the 25th of August, having been several days beset by the ice. He likewise informs me, that the summer of 1827 was so unfavourable for the navigation of the northern coast of America, that the Blossom did not reach so high a latitude as in the preceding year; nor could his boat get so far to the east of Icy Cape, by one hundred miles. The natives, he says, were numerous, and, in some instances, ill-disposed.'

The party, as they proceeded along the eastern channel of the Mackenzie, observed on its banks frequent traces of their having been recently visited by the Esquimaux. Dr. Richardson describes two encampments of these people, with whom he held communication. They were not very kindly disposed, though they appeared to be a shade farther advanced towards civilization than any of their countrymen who have yet been seen. Dr. Richardson thinks that the Esquimaux and the Indians are traceable to a common origin. The circumstances which at present form a strong apparent distinction between them, appear to him to have arisen from the necessity imposed on the Esquimaux by their situation, 'of associating in numbers for the capture of the whale, and of laying up large hoards of blubber for winter consumption.' Hence they have been induced to build villages for their common residence, and to acquire those social habits 'which are incompatible with the wandering and precarious life of an Indian hunter.' One of the boats having stranded on the shore, they attempted to avail themselves of the circumstance, and were about to commence a general attack, when the crews of the boats displayed their fire-arms, which had been concealed. There was no occasion to fire.

On the 9th of July, the ice-blink appeared on the horizon, an indication of their approach to the sea. Proceeding along the coast, Dr. Richardson found it chiefly consisting of 'level sands, inclosing pieces of water, which communicate with the estuary of the river, and interspersed with detached conical hills, rising from one to two hundred feet above the general level.' The party with great difficulty threaded their way for some days among islands and pieces of ice, frequently interrupted by storms and fogs. On the 16th they reached a remarkable island, rising to the height of four hundred feet above the level of the sea; from its summit they descried 'a piece of water, resembling a large river, and bearing south, winding through a country pleasantly varied by gently swelling hills and dales.' This large sheet of water appears to have been no other than the famous Esquimaux lake, or rather a portion of it, of which Mackenzie had heard so much. The following day Dr. Richardson describes the sun's rays as very powerful; 'the heat was oppressive, even while sitting at rest in the boat.' On the 18th they came up with another encampment of Esquimaux, whose conduct we must allow Dr. Richardson to describe.

'On nearing the shore we distinguished twelve Esquimaux tents, on an eminence; and a woman, who was walking on the beach, gave the alarm, but not until we were near enough to speak to her, her surprise having fixed her to the spot for a time. The men then rushed out, brandishing their knives, and, using the most threatening expressions, forbade us to land, and desired us to return by the way we came. Ooligbuck endeavoured to calm their fears, by telling them that we were friends, but they replied only by repeating their threats, and by hideous grimaces and gestures, which displayed great agility; frequently standing on one

foot and throwing the other nearly as high as the head. At length, on my bawling "*noowœrlawgo*," (I wish to barter), they became quiet at once, and one of them, running to his kayack, and paddling off to us, was followed by many of the others, even before they could witness the reception we gave him. They came boldly alongside, and exchanged their spears, arrows, bows, and some pieces of well-dressed seal-skin, for bits of old iron-hoop, files, and beads. They were not so well furnished with iron-work as the Esquimaux we had seen further to the westward, and very eagerly received a supply from us. In our intercourse with them we experienced much advantage from a simple contrivance suggested by Mr. Kendall, and constructed during our halt in Refuge Cove: it was a barricade, formed by raising the masts and spare oars eighteen inches above the gunwale, on two crutches, or davits, which not only prevented our Esquimaux visitors from stealing out of the boats, but, in the event of a quarrel, could have been rendered arrow proof, by throwing the blankets or sails over it. On a light breeze springing up we set the sails, and continuing to ply the oars, advanced at the rate of four miles an hour, attended by eleven kayacks. Three oomiaks with the women followed us, and we found that, when rowed by two women, and steered by a third, they surpassed our boats in speed.

'The females, unlike those of the Indian tribes, had much handsomer features than the men; and one young woman of the party would have been deemed pretty even in Europe. Our presents seemed to render them perfectly happy, and they danced with such ecstacy in their slender boats as to incur, more than once, great hazard of being overset. A bundle of strings of beads being thrown into an oomiak, it was caught by an old woman, who hugged the treasure to her breast with the strongest expression of rapture, while another elderly dame, who had stretched out her arms in vain, became the very picture of despair. On my explaining, however, that the present was for the whole, an amicable division instantly took place; and to show their gratitude, they sang a song to a pleasing air, keeping time with their oars. They gave us many pressing invitations to pass the night at their tents, in which they were joined by the men; and to excite our liberality the mothers drew their children out of their wide boots, where they are accustomed to carry them naked, and holding them up, begged beads for them. Their entreaties were, for a time, successful; but being desirous of getting clear of our visiters before breakfast-time, we at length told them that our stock was exhausted, and they took leave.

'These Esquimaux were as inquisitive as the others we had seen, respecting our names, and were very desirous of teaching us the true pronunciation of theirs. They informed us that they had seen Indians, and had heard of white people, but had never seen any before. My giving a little deer's meat to one of them in exchange for fish, led to an inquiry as to how we killed the animal. On which Ooligbuck showed them his gun, and obtaining permission, fired it off, after cautioning them not to be alarmed. The report astonished them much, and an echo from some neighbouring pieces of ice made them think that the ball had struck the shore, then upwards of a mile distant. The women had left us previously. Several of the men departed the instant they heard the report; and the rest, in a short time, followed their example. They applied to the gun the same name they give to their harpoons for killing whales.

'We learned from these people that the shore we were now coasting was part of the main land, and that some land to the northward, which appeared soon after we had passed their tents, consisted of two islands; between which and the main shore, there was a passage leading to the open sea. On landing to cook breakfast, and obtain a meridian observation for latitude, we observed the interior of the country to be similar to that seen from Nicholson's Island. The soil was in some spots sandy, but, generally, it consisted of a tenacious clay which cracks in the sun. The air was perfumed by numerous tufts of a beautiful phlox, and of a still handsomer and very fragrant cruciform flower, of a genus hitherto undescribed.'—pp. 224—227.

The boats steered for the passage which was described as leading between the two islands and the main land to the open sea. The opening was narrow, and nearly barred up; but, after pulling through it, the water appeared for the first time greenish, and perfectly salt. It had hitherto been only brackish. The cape forming the eastern point of this entrance lies in latitude 70° 36′ N., longitude 127° 35′ W.; it proved to be the most northerly part of the main shore which they saw during the voyage, and was named Cape Bathurst. Dr. Richardson thinks that it is, '*most probably*,' the most northern point of the continent, with the exception of the land near Icy Cape, discovered by Captain Beechey, in the Blossom.

It would seem, if the information furnished by the Esquimaux may be relied on, and which Dr. Richardson considers correct, that the eastern expedition had been hitherto, from the time they quitted the Mackenzie until they reached Cape Bathurst, actually traversing the Esquimaux lake, already alluded to. According to their account it extends from north to south more than one hundred and fifty miles, and from east to west one hundred and fifty.

'It is reported to be full of islands, to be every where brackish; and, besides its communication with the eastern branch of the Mackenzie, to receive two other large rivers. If a conjecture may be hazarded about the original formation of a lake which we had so few opportunities of examining, it seems probable that the alluvial matters brought down by the Mackenzie, and other rivers, have gradually formed a barrier of islands and shoals, which, by preventing the free access of the tide, enables the fresh water to maintain the predominance behind it. The action of the waves of the sea has a tendency to increase the height of the barrier, while the currents of the rivers and ebb-tide preserve the depth of the lake. A great formation of wood-coal will, I doubt not, be ultimately formed by the immense quantities of drift-timber annually deposited on the borders of the Esquimaux Lake.'—p. 228.

After doubling Cape Bathurst, the party observed several white and black whales. We must not pass over Dr. Richardson's note on this occurrence.

'The appearance of whales on the north coast, nearly midway between the nearest passages into Behring's and Barrow's Straits, and upwards of

a thousand miles distant from either, affords subject for interesting speculation. It is known that they must come frequently to the surface to breathe, and the following questions naturally arise:—Are there at all seasons large spaces of open water in the Arctic Seas? or do these animals travel from the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans immediately on the breaking up of the ice off Cape Bathurst, and so early in the season as the middle of July; while the sea, to the eastward and westward, is still covered with ice? If the latter is the fact, it is a very curious part of the natural history of these animals. The Esquimaux informed us, that they are rarely seen when the ice lies close, and in accordance with this remark Captain Franklin saw few to the westward, and we also lost them as we approached the Coppermine River, and met with more ice.'—p. 229.

Several large masses of ice were floating about, but they were no impediment to the boats. They moved briskly along the coast, which, to their great joy, they found running in a straight direction for Coppermine river. No land, nor fields of ice, nor even large floes, were visible to seaward. The coast consisted of precipitous banks of shale cliffs, which were on fire* in many places, and yielded much alum. 'The interior of the country, as seen from the top of the cliffs, appeared to be nearly level, and to abound in small lakes. Tufts of the beautiful phlox before mentioned were scattered over these otherwise unsightly wastes; and notwithstanding the scanty vegetation, rein-deer were numerous. Some of 'the young ones, to whom man was doubtless a novel object, came trotting up to gratify their curiosity, and were suffered to depart unmolested.'

As the party proceeded southward they experienced some disappointment, in being obliged to double a promontory, which took them considerably out of their way, in a northern direction. Here the coast, and the country in its neighbourhood, consisted almost entirely of limestone; the cliffs and points of land presented many caverns and perforated rocks, which strongly resembled the windows and crypts of Gothic buildings. On the eastern side of the promontory the voyagers observed 'many excavations, ornamented by graceful slender pillars, and exhibiting so perfect a similarity to the pure Gothic arch, that had nature made many such displays in the old world, there would be but one opinion as to the origin of that style of architecture.'

The navigation along the coast, at the eastern side of the promontory, became more difficult every day, in consequence of the closeness with which the ice was packed on the shore. At length the party succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Coppermine river on the 8th of August. Having ascended the river as far as it was practicable, which was not more than eleven miles, the rapids beyond that distance offering innumerable obstacles, the boats

* 'The shale takes fire in consequence of its containing a considerable quantity of sulphur in a state of such minute division, that it very readily attracts oxygen from the atmosphere, and inflames.'—*Dr. Richardson.*

were abandoned, and Dr. Richardson and his companions effected their return overland to the Great Bear Lake, which they traversed in canoes, and arrived at Fort Franklin on the 28th. The whole party spent a second winter here; and Captain Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson, set out by Canada and New York for London, where they arrived the latter end of September, in the following year (1827).

Having thus brought the narrative of this expedition to a close, we cannot take leave of the two distinguished officers, under whose directions it was carried into effect, without offering them the tribute of our unaffected admiration for the coolness and perseverance which they appear to have exhibited throughout the many perils which they encountered. To the officers by whom they were accompanied, as well as the men who assisted them, the applause of their country is also due, and we trust that they will receive the promotion which they have so well earned. Their united services have indeed lost somewhat of that brilliancy by which they would have been distinguished, if Captain Franklin had had the good fortune to reach Icy Cape. Nevertheless, the discoveries which they have made, and the length of coast which they have been enabled, under the most harassing circumstances, to delineate, must entitle them to be ranked with Captains Parry and Lyons, and the other eminent officers, who may now be said to have opened to the eye of science almost the whole of the Arctic regions.

ART II.—*Historical Sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and the Principal Personages of that period; illustrated by Fifty Lithographic Plates.* By W. D. Fellowes, Esq. 4to. pp. 517. London and Paris. 1828.

IT has often struck us as matter of regret that, in the distribution of the arts and sciences among the nine daughters of Memory, the province of History should have been allotted to so very dignified a personage as the Muse who has hitherto presided over it. On the score, we presume, of her primogeniture, she has really all along been in the habit of assuming an air and deportment greatly too majestic for the nature of the occupation assigned to her, and such as in fact quite unfits her for the performance of many of the duties to which she is expected to give her attention. Her business is nothing less than to study man in all the variety of his conditions and doings, to observe and note down whatever he has performed and suffered, to chronicle for us not merely his wars and more splendid crimes, but his domestic habits, his superstitions, his most unimposing weaknesses—to tell us, in one word, the story of humanity in all its mingled light and shade, wisdom and folly, grandeur and meanness. Yet, how has she in general acquitted herself of these multifarious duties? By confining her

discourse merely to a notice of a few of the more conspicuous incidents that cast their shadows on the surface of society; the movements of armies, for example, the intrigues of statesmen, the whims of kings—and passing over, as beneath her regard, almost every thing else that forms part of the goings-on of "this breathing world." And this is what we have learned to call History—a cold and pompous recital of what we may denominate the mere ceremonial of social life—a record of the heraldic shews and flourishes that have filled the eyes and the ears of men, to the exclusion of whatever has really come home to their bosoms, and formed the regular business of their hands and the daily bread of their affections.

Even in treating, too, of the matters with which alone she deigns to occupy herself, nothing can be conceived more frigid and unnatural than the mode of narration usually adopted by the historic muse. Whatever would lead us to think of the personages introduced as men like ourselves, and would thence engage us to sympathize most intensely with their fortunes, it is her fashion to pass over, as too much savouring, forsooth, of common life for the lofty tone of her delineations, in which nothing is individual or familiar, or picturesque, but every thing general, artificial, affected, and unaffecting. Her *dramatis personæ* are all the mere wooden images of a puppet-shew, having neither power nor volition, nor any other attribute of life or character, of their own, but moving to and fro as if some concealed hand were directing them by a string. You see them sometimes here and sometimes there, and it may be according to a certain rule and method that they perform their various evolutions; but if so, the laws of astronomy would enable us to calculate them nearly as well as those of human nature. The whole exhibition, in one word, looks almost as like a transcript of the rotations of the distant stars, as of the doings of beings of our own species, and dwelling on the same earth with ourselves. It has nothing about it of either the aspect or the din of earth at all—but is all over as cold as the glow, and as uninteresting as the music, of the spheres.

Yet even kings and statesmen, we need hardly observe, have human hearts in their bosoms, and are, in truth, servile to human passions in their high place, just as much as the humblest and obscurest of their fellow-men. Nor are those even of their public actions that seem to influence the fate and make part of the history of nations, less the result of feelings common to them with their kind, than are the most trivial or unobtrusive parts of their private conduct. They, and the multitudes whom they seem to lead and command, are one and all inheritors of the same bondage, and alike the sport, from their cradles to their graves, of that despotism which has its seat within the breast of each of them. Even the history of nations, then, is still the history of men—and is, indeed, in this respect alone distinguished from

chronology, which is the history of events. That mode of writing which professes to investigate the causes and consequences of events, seeking for one in another as its progenitor, but with hardly any reference to more than the names of the living actors, which is what is commonly called History, is, in truth, but a more philosophical species of chronology. Our best histories, in the highest and truest sense of the term, are the dramas of Shakspeare, and the Novels and Romances of the Author of Waverley. Here we have the living instruments as well as the incidents of the story—men bearing the countenances, animated by the feelings, and using the language of men—a picture of the real world delineated and coloured from life, and bearing upon it, accordingly, all the heat and stir of the busy original. History written on another plan, may exercise the memory and the understanding, like mathematics and algebra; it is thus only it can ever touch or mend the heart.

Mr. Fellowes does not, however, in the present volume, attempt so high a task as that of emulating those great masters of narrative, by laying before us either a regular history of the times to which he directs our attention, written in the spirit we have been recommending, or a picture of the manners by which they were marked, and the more extraordinary characters who moved in them, produced by mixing up the scattered intimations of records and tradition with the embellishments of congenial fiction. His aim is only the far more humble one of collecting and assorting a few curious documents, illustrative of the more neglected, but not for all that less interesting passages of the history of the period in question, and thus both inviting to them the public attention, and rendering them much more generally accessible than they have heretofore been. We have not observed that, in the course of his labours, he has even attempted the settlement of a single disputed fact, or added in any way whatever, by any suggestion or conjecture of his own, to the stock of information in regard to his subject of which the world was already in possession. With the exception, indeed, of a few *fac similes* of unimportant autographs preserved in private collections, we are not aware that the volume contains any thing of the least degree of interest or value which had not been previously printed in the very form in which it is here given to us. For as to the few biographical sketches that are here and there interspersed among the acknowledged extracts, and which *seem* to be from the pen of the editor, they are merely such compilations as are to be found in any common peerage, and can claim no rank either as literary compositions, or even as depositories of curious or forgotten information. We speak with some hesitation, however, as to the originality even of this portion of the publication—which, after all, may possibly be a mere reprint like the rest; for Mr. Fellowes has performed his task as a gleaner, in so very immethodical and slovenly a style, that it is not always

very obvious whether he is addressing us, as usual, in the language of another, or throwing in a few words of his own. We meet, occasionally, in the course of the volume, with whole paragraphs and pages, which have all the customary marks of quotation, except a reference to the authority from which they have been extracted; and it is not altogether improbable, therefore, that many passages may also be merely transcripts, which have not even inverted commas to distinguish them.

Although thus little more than a collection of extracts, we are not, however, to set down the book as one of no value. On the contrary, the lovers of our national antiquities, and of curious history in general, will feel themselves indebted, we are persuaded, to Mr. Fellowes, for the elegant and convenient form in which he has here reprinted a number of tracts of very considerable interest, which, owing to their extreme rarity, have been, till now, nearly as inaccessible to the generality of readers, as if they had remained in the shape of unpublished manuscripts. His duties, even in the humble capacity of a collector, might certainly have been more carefully, and, we will add, more learnedly performed; for he has, in fact, only skimmed the surface of a most abundant subject, and given us but a sample of the rich mass of precious, and as yet almost unused, materials that remain for its illustration. But the spirit, at all events, in which he has proceeded, is a right one, and deserving of all encouragement; nor should we be doing him justice to deny that the volume with which he has presented us, is, with all its imperfections, well deserving of a place in every historical library. But we shall best convey to our readers an idea of the instruction and entertainment to be found in it, by a short sketch of its more important contents.

There is scarcely, perhaps, any age within the range of history, with regard to all the more eminent individuals belonging to which we have such violently contradictory accounts, as have been handed down to us even by contemporary authorities, of almost every distinguished character who appeared on the theatre of public affairs in England, from the commencement of the reign of Charles I. to the Revolution. Never did the position in which men were placed in reference to each other, render it so difficult for them to form a correct judgment as to those even with whom they came most frequently into contact, but whom, nevertheless, they seldom or ever saw, except through the bedimming or discolouring medium of party prejudice. Even facts themselves, viewed through this deceiving veil, assumed, in many instances, to the eye of an observer, almost any shape which his prepossessions most naturally led him to bestow upon them. No wonder, therefore, that even in the most honest endeavours to form an accurate estimate of character and the motives of conduct, virtues were converted into vices, and vices into virtues, in the strangest style imaginable, and to such an extent as almost in every case to

reduce the whole process to uncertainty and confusion. The strange circumstances of the times, too, which necessitated and justified so many actions not altogether similar to those which usually command our approbation, constituted another source of perplexity to the eye-witnesses of the extraordinary proceedings of individuals and parties, which were thus occasionally exhibited, as they still do to ourselves, who have to form our opinions from their distorted and contradictory reports. In evidence of the amount of this perplexity, we need refer only to the irreconcileably opposite creeds and theories which divide us to this day, touching the characters of Charles I. himself, of Laud, of Cromwell, of Milton, not to mention many other contemporary names, nearly as much the subject of controversy. With regard to a few of these, Mr. Fellowes has here collected the judgments that have been delivered both by writers of their own age, and by those of succeeding times. The first he introduces to us is Charles I., in reference to whom, passing over the citations from Rapin, Clarendon, Hume, and other well-known authorities, we give the following extract from a very rare anonymous work, printed in 1655, the style of which certainly exhibits, in high perfection, all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of pedantry:

'King Charles was born November 19th, A. D. 1600, at Dun-Fermling, in Scotland, not next in call to the diadem. But the hand of God countermanded nature's dispose, and by taking away Henry, his incomparable brother, presented Charles, not only the succeeding, but the only male stud of sovereignty. The gallantry of Henry's heroique spirit tended somewhat to the disadvantage and extenuation of Charles his glory; who arriving at years, and wanting nothing of his princely institution, came yet short of him in the acquist of reputation with the people. Henry of a forward and enterprising, Charles of a studious and retired spirit; whereof the blame may be in part imputed to some organical impotences in his body; for in his state of increment and growth, he was exceeding feeble in his lower parts, particularly his legs not growing erect, but repandous and embowed, whereby he was unapt for exercises of activity. And though his vocall impediment accompanyed him to the fatall stroke, yet was it to wise men an idea of his wisdom: therefore, obloquy never played the fool so much as imputing folly to him, since there was never, or very rarely, known a fool that stammered. As for his intellectuals, he gave in the Spanish court (where was his first initiation into renown), a very satisfactory account.'—pp. 5, 6.

As to the intellectual character of Charles, so long a favorite topic of party contention, and one even which certain recent writers still appear disposed to debate with almost as much heat and acrimony as ever, the truth seems to be, that he was neither on the one hand distinguished by the extraordinary parts claimed for him by his admirers, nor on the other remarkable for any peculiar share of stupidity or weakness. He possessed, perhaps, rather more than the average amount both of talent and acquirement which royal personages have in general had to boast of;

but this is not saying a great deal. His conduct, even making allowance for the somewhat difficult circumstances in which he was placed, was, throughout, merely that of a very common-place character—of a man incapable either of emancipating himself from the weakest prejudices of education, or of producing any effect whatever on the age in which he lived, except as an instrument in the hands of others. Although not in some respects so absurd a personage as his father, he had probably less talent, and certainly less learning, even than that very foolish prince—in whom the hereditary genius of his family broke out at least in many a flash of eccentricity, if it produced nothing of more genuine brilliancy. Upon the whole, the first Charles, though a person of respectable understanding, was, we suspect, about the least extraordinary character his race ever gave either to the Scottish or the English throne. If he ever shewed the semblance of talent in any thing, it was as a speculator and practitioner in the science of morals. He certainly took a high and daring flight in his attempts to reconcile a strict observance of the letter, with a very considerable disregard of the spirit, of his professed principles—and to secure for himself the reputation of a very just and pious monarch, without subjecting himself to any of its more unpleasant or inconvenient embarrassments. But, even here, he must be considered as having made rather a bold than a successful effort—for even with his melancholy fate to interest us in his favour, and induce us to look with indulgence on his errors, the voice of posterity has already, we fear, decided, that he was not only a bad king, but a selfish, ungrateful, and faithless man.

What we may denominate the principal feature of the present publication, is a reprint which it contains of a very scarce work, entitled, "A True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice, for the Tryal of K. Charles I.; as it was read in the House of Commons, and attested under the hand of Phelps, Clerk to that infamous Court;—taken by J. Nalson. LL.D. Lon. 1684."—This account, which, as here given, occupies about 130 quarto pages, is a curious and interesting document, and, filling up as it does in an authentic form a most important chapter of English History, is, we think, well deserving of the distinction Mr. Fellowes has here bestowed upon it. It consists not only of the Journal of the Proceedings of the Regicide Court, as taken by their own clerk, but of a considerable number of explanatory annotations besides from the pen of Dr. Nalson, its first editor—so as to render it altogether the most minute and satisfactory history that has been given to the public, of the extraordinary transaction to which it refers.

The Commissioners, as appointed by the House of Commons, met for the first time on the 8th of January (1648); but during that and the seven immediately subsequent meetings, they were employed merely in the settlement of forms, and the election of

their president (Bradshaw) and other officers. The royal prisoner made his first appearance before them on the 20th January, when, as the record states, 'The Lord President of the High Court of Justice, his two assistants, and the rest of the Commissioners of the said court, according to the adjournment of the said court from the Painted Chamber, came to the bench, or place prepared for their sitting, at the west end of the Great Hall, at Westminster; divers officers of the said court, one-and-twenty gentlemen with partizans, and a sword and mace marching before them up into the court, where the Lord President, in a crimson velvet chair, fixed in the midst of the court, placed himself with a crimson velvet cushion before him; the rest of the members placing themselves on each side of him, upon several seats or benches prepared, and hung with scarlet for that purpose; the Lord President's two assistants sitting next of each side of him, and the two clerks of the court placed at a table somewhat lower, and covered with a Turkey carpet; upon which table was also laid the sword and mace, the said guard of partizans dividing themselves on each side of the court before them.' 'The court being thus sate,' it goes on to inform us, 'and silence enjoined, the great gate of the hall was set open, to the intent, that all persons (without exception) desirous to see or hear, might come into it; upon which, the hall was presently filled, and silence again ordered and proclaimed.' The roll of the court being then called over, it was found that, besides the Lord President, there were present sixty-six Commissioners, each of whom rose at his name. Of the rest of the interesting proceedings of the day, we have two narratives, one from the Journal, and a second collected from other sources by Dr. Nalson; but we prefer quoting the language employed by those stern republicans themselves, in describing this their grand triumph over humiliated royalty.

'This done, the Court command the Serjeant at Arms to send for the Prisoner; and thereupon, Col. Thomlinson, who had the charge of the Prisoner, within a quarter of an hour's space brought him, attended by Col. Hacker, and two and thirty officers with partizans, guarding him to the Court, his own servants immediately attending him.

'Being thus brought up in the face of the Court, the Serjeant at Arms with his mace receives him, and conducts him straight to the bar, having a crimson velvet chair set before him. After a stern looking upon the Court, and the people in the galleries on each side of him, he places himself in the chair, not at all moving his hat, or otherwise showing the least respect to the Court; but presently riseth up again, and turns about, looking downwards upon the guards placed on the left side, and on the multitude of spectators on the right side of the said great hall, the guard that attended him, in the mean time, dividing themselves on each side the Court, and his own servants, following him to the bar, stand on the left hand of the Prisoner.

'The Prisoner having again placed himself in his chair, with his face towards the Court, and silence being again ordered and proclaimed, the

Lord President in the name of the Court, addressed himself to the Prisoner, acquainting him,—"That the Commons of England assembled in parliament, being deeply sensible of the evils and calamities that had been brought upon this nation, and of the innocent blood that had been spilt in it, which was fixed upon him as the principal author of it, had resolved to make inquisition for this blood, and according to the debt they did owe to God, to justice, the kingdom, and themselves, and according to that fundamental power that rested, and trust reposed in them by the People, other means failing through his default, had resolved to bring him to tryal and judgment, and had therefore constituted that Court of Justice, before which he was then brought, where he was to hear his charge, upon which the Court would proceed according to justice."

'Hereupon, Mr. Cooke, Sollicitor for the Commonwealth, standing within a bar, with the rest of the Council for the Commonwealth on the right hand of the Prisoner, offered to speak; but the Prisoner, having a staff in his hand, held it up, and softly laid it upon the said Mr. Cooke's shoulder two or three times, bidding him hold; nevertheless, the Lord President ordering him to go on, Mr. Cooke did according to the order of the Court, to him directed, in the name and on the behalf of the People of England, exhibit a charge of High Treason, and other High Crimes, and did therewith accuse the said CHARLES STUART, King of England; praying in the name, and on the behalf aforesaid, that the charge might be accordingly received and read, and due proceedings had thereupon; and accordingly preferred a charge in writing, which being received by the Court, and delivered to the Clerk of the Court, the Lord President, in the name of the Court, ordered it should be read.'—pp. 74, 75.

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'The Prisoner, while the charge was reading, sat down in his chair, looking sometimes on the High Court, and sometimes on the galleries, and rose again, and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, and after sate down looking very sternly, and with a countenance not at all moved, till these words, viz. CHARLES STUART *to be a tyrant, traytor*, etc., were read; at which he laughed as he sate in the face of the Court.

'The charge being read, the Lord President, in the name of the Court, demanded the Prisoner's answer thereto.

'But the Prisoner declining that, fell into a discourse of the late treaty in the Isle of Wight, and demanded, "By what lawful authority he was brought from the isle thither?" upbraiding the Court with many unlawful authorities in the world, instancing in robbers and takers of purses, pleading his kingship, and thereby a trust committed to him by God, by descent, which he should betray, together with the liberties of the People, in case he should answer to an unlawful power, which he charged the Court to be, and that, "they were raised by an usurped power;" and affirmed, that "He stood more for the liberties of the People, than any of the Judges there sitting," and again demanded, "by what authority he was brought thither?"

'To which it was replied by the Court, "That had he been pleased to have observed what was declared to him by the Court, at his first coming, and the charge which he had heard read unto him, he might have informed himself by what authority he was brought before them; namely,

by the authority of the Commons of England, assembled in *Parliament*, on the behalf of the *People of England*:" and did therefore again several times advise him *to consider of a better answer*; which he refused to do, but persisted in his contumacy. Whereupon, the Court at length told him, that, "they did expect from him a positive answer to the charge;" affirming their authority, and giving him to understand, that "they were upon God's and the kingdom's errand, and that the peace stood for, would be better had and kept when justice was done, and that was their present work;" and advised him seriously to "consider what he had to do at his next appearance; which was declared should be upon Monday following, and so remanded him to his former custody.

'The Prisoner, all the time having kept on his hat, departed, without shewing any respect to the Court; but, going out of the bar, said, "He did not fear that bill;" pointing to the table where the sword and charge lay.

'The Prisoner being withdrawn, three proclamations were made, and the Court adjourned itself to the *Painted Chamber* on Monday morning then next, at nine of the clock; declaring, that from thence they intended to adjourn to the same place again.'—pp. 79, 80.

We learn from this Journal a number of particulars in regard to the attendance of the members of the court, which deserve to be noted. The Commissioners, appointed by the House of Commons, amounted to 135; but of these 47 do not appear to have ever been present at any sitting of the court. Only between fifty and sixty can be considered as having given a tolerably regular attendance—among whom may be particularly mentioned Cromwell, Ireton, Lord Grey of Groby, Harrison, and Ludlow. The fullest meeting of the court was on the 23d, the day of the King's third appearance at the bar, when seventy-one Commissioners were present,—seventy having been present on the preceding day. Sixty-eight took their seats on the 27th, the day on which the sentence was pronounced; and only fifty-nine subscribed the warrant of execution. These facts are sufficient, we suspect, to shew that the business the commission was appointed to perform, was not a popular one, or even very generally acceptable to those to whom it was especially given in charge. If the Revolution of 1648, however, was but the work of a faction, the same may be said of almost every other revolution recorded in history. The great body of the people are, on these occasions, generally disposed in their hearts in favour of things as they are, and seldom lend their aid to the few active and commanding spirits who are the real authors of the new arrangements, in any other way than by a passive acquiescence in what they are too timid or too indolent to oppose. In our own country in particular, had the nation been polled previous to each of the great political changes which have marked our progress as a people, it may be safely affirmed that the question would have been carried, and that by a mighty majority, against one and all of them. The bringing over of the Normans, the Reformation, the Revolution of 1688, the Union with Scot-

land, the settlement of the succession in the House of Hanover, the Union with Ireland, are all so many memorable events in our annals, each of which may be as truly described to have been the work of faction, as even that extraordinary convulsion which, in the middle of the 17th century, brought the monarch to the scaffold, and soon after lifted the boldest and ablest of his subjects to the vacant throne.

The most important document which Mr. Fellowes has reprinted, in relation to the times of the Commonwealth, is entitled, "A Catalogue of the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, that Compounded for their Estates," (between 1640 and 1659). It was compiled by a person named Thomas Dring, and first published in 1655—but, although it went through more than one edition, has now become a very rare work. It contains above three thousand names—but, probably, does not comprehend nearly the whole number of those who compounded. The sum affixed to each, as taken from the books of the committees of sequestration, is also said to be, in most cases, considerably under the amount actually levied. Among those who appear to have been most heavily mulcted, we observe Lord Cholmondeley; R. Culm, of Cannon Leigh, Devon, Esq.; Lord Cambden; C. Cockaine, of Rushton, Northumberland, Esq.; Sir Gervas Clifton, of Clifton, Nottinghamshire; Lord Kingston; and Earl Thanet; each of whom is recorded to have paid from 7000*l.* to 9000*l.* There are no others in the list, however, charged quite so high—and in many cases the sums recorded are exceedingly trifling. The money ascertained to have been raised in this way, amounts altogether to 1,305,299*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* The whole revenue of the Commonwealth from 1640 to 1659, is stated to have been 96,608,393*l.* 17*s.* 8½*d.*; but the summation from which this result is obtained, is one on which, we apprehend, little or no dependance can be placed. Indeed, it appears to us, that Mr. Fellowes has jumbled together, in one account, the different items of both the income and the expenditure of the government, in order to make up his ninety-six millions. Among the items composing this sum, we find such entries as 'The Armies,' 'For Defence of Parliamentary Counties,' 'Charge of Justice,' 'Gifts to the Saints,' &c., all of which, we imagine, must refer to expenditure; and yet, he unaccountably includes the sums affixed to them in an account which is, in other respects, a statement of the produce of the different sources of the revenue. We are confirmed in this view of the matter by the language (as quoted in another part of the volume), of the very authority to whom he seems to have been indebted for the information he gives on the subject, which expressly states the money raised during the period in question to have been, not ninety-six millions, but only about forty-five millions and a half. The subtraction from Mr. Fellowes's account of what seems to come under the head of expenditure, will just leave us about this latter sum.

One of the chief attractions of the publication consists in its numerous lithographic embellishments, which are, in general, uncommonly well executed. We would mention, in particular, the heads of Queen Henrietta Maria, Charles I. as seated at his trial, Oliver Cromwell, and the Earl of Strafford, as very successful specimens of the art. The *fac-similes* of letters and other writings, with which it presents us, are not, however, we suspect, to be always implicitly relied upon, appearing as they do to have been taken by persons ignorant of the language they were copying, and not, therefore, conveying in every case what we may call the *expression* of the original hand-writing, even when they seem to represent the lines of which it is composed, with a tolerable fidelity. The volume, indeed, which in regard to both its embellishments and its typography, is a Parisian production, betrays its foreign origin throughout, by so many inaccuracies, arising evidently from that circumstance, as to detract very considerably from the value of the reprints for which its meritorious compiler has in other respects entitled himself to so much of our gratitude.

ART. III.—*A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the French Revolution.* By the Editor of Madame Du Deffand's Letters. 8vo. pp. 462. London: Longman. 1828.

IT would be difficult to find, in the whole range of subjects on which intellectual ingenuity can be employed, a more interesting one than that introduced by the work before us. The state of society is another expression for the happiness or misery, the morality or vice, of myriads of individuals. It comprehends the characters of thousands in the general idea of humanity, and their interests in that of an entire, undivided commonwealth. The explanation of its meaning, in all its various bearings, carries the mind into a vast field of inquiry; and the full understanding of it, is an introduction to the most important branches of moral and political science. The want of just views upon the different causes which affect the social system, is the most fruitful source of all the errors and follies into which the powerful and influential members of the community fall, when legislating for its various classes. Education is hence perverted in its most necessary operations; wealth is estimated according to a false moral arithmetic, and the force of the community employed on objects which are either unattainable, or if attainable, answer none of the important ends of social life. Let the real causes be studied which, from time to time, agitate to its foundations the fabric of society; let it be discovered to what we are to attribute the existing state of manners in a kingdom; the spirit of learning which imbues all its people with a certain liveliness and inquisitiveness of character; the contrary one of sensuality, which characterises a nation by its

unprogressive, but steady, overwhelming force; or the speculative boldness, and irritability of a commercial people; let the causes which successively give birth to these characteristic qualities of different nations, and different periods, be carefully traced, and data will be discovered for the most comprehensive and the most important propositions in the science of social government.

The difficulties of this study are many and various, and there are not many minds either endowed with sufficient patience, or possessing the logical acuteness which it requires. Though society be an aggregate of individuals, it is not by the means through which we acquire a knowledge of individual character, that its state, or fluctuations, can be discovered. The mineralogist may break a fragment from a large mineral mass, and confidently presume and examine it as a specimen of the whole. Whatever he learns of the fragment, he knows of the mass; and the results of his examination will be as sure as if he had the rock before him from which the specimen was broken. And if mankind, under the general terms which are made use of to designate large assemblies, were as uniformly the same in the properties of their constitution, the same use might be made of individuals in the study of society, as of specimens in the study of mineralogy. But this is not the case, and we are inclined to believe that the imperfect views which are taken of society, result from a radical mistake in the manner of conducting the inquiry. The greater number of reasoners on the subject form their opinions of society from the condition of a few individuals, whereas the general state of society should be learnt, its average prosperity and morality, to give us a probable notion of the condition of individuals, both known and unknown.

There are but a very few men in every nation, whose opinions are strictly their own; and it is these few deep thinkers only, whose minds are not entirely dependent for support on those with whom they are associated. The rest are moulded by their relative position, cut by impulses received entirely from without, and are only intent upon internal objects. They receive impressions from every thing which passes before them, and if the impression be sufficiently strong, it is reflected upon other minds equally susceptible, and subjected to circumstance. It hence results, that not merely what is termed public opinion, but the idea of good, the notions of comfort and enjoyment, the standard of morality and honor are in each man's mind composed of notions which he would, in all probability, never have possessed, had he been left to the independent conclusions of his reason. That this would have been the case, we have good reason to suppose, from seeing that the few who think much, seldom or never place their desires on the objects which the great mass of mankind pursue; and that they as seldom conform to their habits and customs. That which is termed eccentricity, is the mere result of the mind's acting

according to its own conclusions. Fashion is the result of the mind's passive conformity to others, influenced by accidental occurrences.

There is, therefore, a character belonging to society, which is as distinct as possible from that of the individuals composing it, and which is not to be defined by the same terms, or examined by the same rules. The former has infinitely less relation to the latter than it seems to have. It is usually supposed to be derived from it,—to be, in fact, a vast accumulation of personal opinion, under all their various forms and combinations. But the character of society, and even that of a nation, is not derived from the people, but given to the people. It is not formed by their association, but consists of qualities added to it after its formation. It is the uniform colouring of an heterogeneous mass, or the varnishing of a picture, giving the same tone of shade, or brightness, to all its parts. From this national character, as at a common fountain, the individuals composing the society take those habits of thinking, those likings for particular modes of living, which give the appearance of a brotherhood, or one large family, to a nation. Did the state of society, or the national character, arise from the assemblage of a multitude of persons of various ages, habits, and dispositions, there could be none of this uniformity, for no bond but that of a common destiny, and that felt continually pressing and tightening, could insure it. But held together by this, being influenced and affected by the same general causes of prosperity or evil, the whole mass or assemblage of men is impressed with the same character, and made a community by the similarity of habits, as well as fears and hopes.

But while it is thus the colouring of the mass, and not of individuals, in which national character consists, the subject by no means loses any of its interest, as it respects the consideration of individual happiness or virtue. It is the general state and character of the people among which a man is born, that make his first chances of a good or evil condition. It is in incomparably the greater number of individuals the entire ground-work of their mental and moral constitution, for in nothing is the passiveness of the human intellect more evinced, than in its susception of these general impressions. But there is, in the investigation of this subject throughout, an essential distinction to be made, which cannot too constantly be borne in mind. National character is never to be confounded with the particular state of society at different periods. The former of these is of a fixed and permanent nature, being only gradually and slowly formed; and changing or receiving new modifications, only from the action of very powerful causes. The other is continually varying, yielding to the slightest impulse of circumstance, changing with every change of political system, modified by the genius of a few individuals, and becoming good or bad according to the occurrence of unforeseen

events. An Englishman, in the time of Cromwell, was the same in his national characteristics as an Englishman in the reign of Elizabeth, or in that of the second Charles. But manners and the state of society were as different as possible in those periods, the former being as it were the fixed centre of a continually moving circle.

The comparison which is instituted in the comparative view of the social life of England and France, between the state of manners in the one and the other country, during a certain period, presents us with many curious illustrations of this interesting subject. The period chosen by our author, is perhaps the most interesting that could have been fixed on, in the annals of the two countries, comprehending a view of the one nation as its manners settled after a great revolution, and of the other as it gradually approached the great catastrophe of its history. The writer expresses in his preface, some surprise that the countries, being so contiguous, should have so long been distinguished by the greatest dissimilarity of manners. We can see not the slightest cause for such a remark, had there been a much wider difference than we believe to have existed in the manners of the two people. At many times there is no doubt they have made great approaches to similarity, and the only real difference between them consisted in the radical and enduring qualities of a national character. But no difference has for many hundred years past existed between the state of society in England and France, so great as that in the social condition of the internal parts of the United Kingdom. The examination, consequently, of this subject becomes a much nicer and more difficult one than we think is apprehended. It is easy to say much on the difference of French and English fashions, but we imagine it is in the more evanescent, in the less palpable and more subtle differences of sentiment, that the same classes of people in the two nations have been most distinguished, or rather in regard to which it is more interesting to consider them. Thus in the time of Charles the Second, and in the corresponding reign of Louis XIV., there were some gross differences of manners, which are at once visible and known to every reader of history; but little profit can be derived from the knowledge; while by the examination of the less evident distinctions which then prevailed in the sentiments of the principal characters which figured on the two great stages, we have a wide field for interesting observation. The most convenient passage which occurs for our notice, in our author's observations on this period, is the following:

'Except within the circle of Whitehall, no habitual intercourse of society seems to have taken place in London, even among those whom similarity of taste or disposition might have made agreeable to each other. Persons formally visited and received visits from their own family and connections only. No women frequented the court, or formed any part of its society, except those attached to the household of the royal family, or whose parents

or connections were employed by them; indeed, the *Court* and *Country* soon began to form two separate parties, which had very little in common with each other. The differences observable in their manners, and habits of life, were most decided in every thing that related to female society. There can hardly be a stronger proof that women have never obtained any considerable influence on the national manners of England, than that even during the first popularity of a reign distinguished for its gallantry and devotion to women, the sex in general seem to have gained little or nothing on the score of social enjoyment. The mistresses of Charles acquired none of the consideration which he lost in their society: their venality made them despicable even to those who profited by it, and their example harmless to the rest of their sex. Lord Clarendon had forbidden his wife from visiting Lady Castlemain immediately after the Restoration, although her father Lord Grandison had been his friend. Pique, at this neglect, was supposed to have made her active among his enemies at the time of his dismissal from office.

'Many families of high rank and opulent fortunes continued living exclusively in the country; satisfied with the advantages of their restored possessions, and with the amusements that their hounds, their horses, and their neighbours, afforded. To such persons, London exhibited few inducements to draw them from their dignified residences in the country; and the metropolis and its society could derive little brilliancy from their occasional presence.

'All the old comedies are filled with the complaints of women against the dullness of their lives. Mrs. Hutchinson says, "her husband's design was to draw her into his owne country, but he would not set upon it too roughly, and, therefore, lett her rest awhile, when he had drawne her ten miles nearer it (to Richmond), out of the city, where she had her birth and education, and where all her relations were most conversant, and which she could not resolve to quitt, for altogether, to betake herself to the north, which was a formidable name among the London ladies."

'On the other hand, a *journey to London* was considered in times subsequent to those of which we are now speaking, as often involving in ruin, as well as ridicule, a country gentleman's family. The characters and the adventures of the Wrongheads, as first written by Sir John Vanburgh, in 1673, exhibit probably no very exaggerated picture. The pert conceit of Miss Jenny, and the low pursuits of Squire Richard, were to be found in many a mansion-house, in the distant counties, to the very end of the 18th century; and it may be doubted if the Lady Wrongheads, who believed that by imitating the vices of their superiors they assimilated themselves to their graces, are yet quite extinct.

'The respectable part of the sex in general, even those of the highest rank, were unknown out of the circle of their own families and relations; where they were occupied entirely with the concerns of their household, the management of their affairs, and the establishment of their daughters. This last object was, indeed, pursued by very different means from those which have been deemed expedient by the no less attached mothers of later days. The marriages of the young nobility were then contracted much in the same manner that they continued to be, long after, in France. The proposal was first made, and agreed to by the parents, before the parties had any opportunities of becoming acquainted, or making themselves

agreeable to each other. Sometimes, as may be supposed, this proposal was anticipated by the sentiments of the young people; and sometimes, again, as in France, recourse was had to royal favour and protection, to reconcile these sentiments to the interested views of prudent parents. In the diary of Lady Burlington, already cited, we find Laurence Hyde, the Chancellor Clarendon's second son, availing himself of the interest of his sister, the Duchess of York, and of his dawning favour with Charles the Second, to persuade Lady Burlington to permit his hitherto rejected addresses to the Lady Henrietta Boyle, her fifth daughter, under a promise from the King of especial favour and advancement. In cases of large fortune, and great connections, marriages were often contracted before the persons so disposed of could have any opinion or choice in the matter. Lady Arlington's only child, Lady Isabella Bennett, was formally married to the Duke of Grafton (son of Charles the Second by the Duchess of Cleveland) when she was only five, and he eight years old. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and the King and all the court were present. This wedding must have been meant merely as a sort of fête, for the amusement of the King; as it was thought proper to re-marry them, when she was twelve, and he sixteen years old. Mr. Evelyn, who was present at both the meetings, tells us, "the ceremony was performed in my Lord Chamberlain's (Lord Arlington's) lodgings at Whitehall, by the Bishop of Rochester, his Majesty being present. A sudden and unexpected thing, when every body thought the first marriage would come to nothing. But the measure being determined, I was privately invited by my Lady her mother to be present. I confess I could give her little joy, and so I plainly told her; but she said the King would have it so, and there was no going back. * * * * I staid supper, where his Majesty sat between the Duchess of Cleveland (mother of the Duke of Grafton) and the sweet Duchess the bride: there were several great persons and ladies without pomp."

'The Lady Elizabeth Percy, daughter and heiress of Joceline Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, was contracted, when only twelve years old, to the Earl of Ogle, only son of the Duke of Newcastle, and he dying the next year, she was again married to Mr. Thynne, the same person murdered by Count Koningsmarck before their cohabitation. The year after she married Charles, the sixth Duke of Somerset, and was thus twice a widow, and a third time married at the age of fifteen.

'These instances however were rare, and when we see, in the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, her account of her courtship and marriage, the admirable detail she gives of her husband's sentiments and conduct towards her, and her own appreciation of her happiness; we shall acknowledge with pride, as well as pleasure, that domestic felicity, founded on mutual and voluntary preference, was already domiciliated in England.

'It might seem that the accomplishments, and the various modes of occupying time, universally taught to our young women now, would have been more usefully and necessarily bestowed at a period when the whole female sex lived so much more in seclusion, both from the interruptions, and the improvement arising from worldly society. Certain it is, that, generally speaking, they possessed few of the means of self-amusement, now in the hands of almost all the world. Music was cultivated by none but those whose strong natural taste, and talent for it, made them overcome

all obstacles in its pursuit. Drawing, or any taste for the fine arts, seems never to have been thought of, either as an employment of the hands, or as a cultivation of the mind; although such a taste is perhaps the more peculiarly desirable for women, because it furnishes a source of conversation free from scandal, and from all idle and vulgar inquiries into the affairs of others. No woman really possessing such a taste will ever be a gossip. Reading, except for some express purpose, was hardly esteemed an amusement among the young men of the world, far less among the young women. The romances of the day, unlike the modern furniture of a circulating library, were serious voluminous works; whose perusal was scarcely undertaken except by those who had a turn for study, and solitary occupation, in the long leisure of a country life.'—vol. i. pp. 98—107.

It is impossible not to be struck with many curious reflections at the difference of female character at this period, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The English women were also during this reign, far below the French in intellectual accomplishments, and it may be added, in the state of their manners. The whole character, indeed, of society in England, during the time of Charles II. was degraded by a reckless profligacy, while that of France was concealed, and tempered, first by the ambition of the monarch, and secondly, and principally, by the wealth and prosperity of the nation itself. The one was the debauchery of a lewd drunkard; the other, of a rich, accomplished, and secure libertine. But, notwithstanding this difference, it is not impossible to discover a resemblance in all but the mere outward manners, in the moral state of English and French society, and we recommend the subject to our readers, as in this respect offering some interesting points for consideration. It is probable, we think, that if Charles had been succeeded by a monarch of the same character as himself, there would have been less outward difference between the courts of the two nations. Immediately after the restoration, the English nobility were so Gallicised, that it wanted but time, and the greater stability of affairs, to assimilate them entirely to the French aristocracy. The rudeness of their revels, and the grossness of their manners, in many other respects, are directly attributable to the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed. Their exile and misfortunes were bad tutors for men about to return to their homes in companionship with a prosperous monarch. Had not the agitation of political events which followed, turned the minds of all classes of men, from the revelry of Charles's reign to the determined defence of their rights, there is great reason to suppose that English manners would have retained the strong tincture they had received from the importation of French licentiousness, and that time would only have had the effect of removing the outward grossness which the thoughtlessness of sudden prosperity had suffered.

The change of manners which took place in this country, almost immediately after the revolution in 1668, was very great, but it was

one for which the English character was prepared, by all the previous circumstances of the nation. It had, and has still, a greater tendency to the plain and liberal virtues of social life, than to the polish and ornament of courtly refinement; and when the revolution introduced a settled code of behaviour, and domestic conduct, the nation seemed to have returned to its proper and natural state. This is well worthy of attention, as it shows in a very powerful way, the strong alliance there is between political events, and the state of morality among a people. The former may not be able for centuries perhaps to shake the national character, but there are very few, even slight, changes taking place, without a corresponding change in external manners, and with that a change in the moral sentiments of the people. Our author has given a good view of several of the particulars which confirmed the alteration.

'The religious education and sober habits in which both William and Mary had been brought up, made their court immediately assume an appearance of much decency and regularity of conduct. The short and distracted reign of James could hardly be separated, either in manners or morals, from the twenty licentious years which had preceded it. The stage, we find, had neither reformed its language nor its precepts; for some of our most defective comedies in these particulars, as has been before observed, date from the first ten years after the Revolution. This became a sufficient reason, why, when more refined manners and a better taste in morals prevailed, the theatres ceased to be a popular amusement in the upper ranks of society, and justified the neglect of them which continued during the early part of the last century. Several distinguished singers having visited this country during the reigns of Charles and James, a taste had been acquired for Italian music: it was now about to be established in a theatre exclusively dedicated to it, and patronised by the nobility and the good company of London, as a less exceptionable entertainment than the national theatre. It certainly had no chance of corrupting either the heart or the understanding, neither of which were at all called into action at these exhibitions.

'"Mrs. Tofts, a mere Englishwoman, in the part of Camilla, courted by Nicolini, an Italian, without understanding a syllable each other said; Mrs. Tofts chanting her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; and, on the other hand, Valentini courting amorously in the same language a Dutchwoman, who could neither speak English nor Italian, and committing murder on our good old English with as little understanding as a parrot, could interest nothing but the eyes and ears."

'These particulars may give us some idea of the strange incongruities which accompanied the infancy of the establishment of the opera in London. No wonder that, in the beginning of the next reign, Steele and Addison exerted themselves to recal the public taste to the English stage. They had both of them endeavoured, by example as well as precept, to purify it from that alloy of coarseness of sentiment, and of expression, which debased the otherwise sterling and incomparable comedies of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar. In the Tatler and Spectator, they strove to lead the public taste towards admiring such pieces as the "Haunted

House," "The Conscious Lovers," "Grief à la Mode," &c., &c. If a coarse thread is still sometimes found traversing the tissue of their dialogue, we feel sure that it was a compromise between the yet unsettled taste of the day, and the purity of that of the authors.

'During most part of the reign of King William, the young and active in the upper orders of society, those who must always give the tone to it, were so occupied, either directly or indirectly, with the political and religious parties, which still existed in the country, that they had little time for the quiet amusements of literature, and no need of fictitious excitements.

'Whig and Tory, Papist and Protestant, were then designations which struck so home to the interests, to the honour, and even to the life of those distinguished by them; so much depended on their triumph or defeat, and their ulterior success was yet so uncertain, that every lively feeling of the gay and thoughtless, and every serious speculation of the cautious and wise, must have been concentrated on these subjects. They pervaded the whole mass of society. Every thing connected with literature or the arts, and every trifling incident, received a colour from the party that was supposed to favour or to oppose it.

'Of the strong impression permanently made by the circumstances of this period of our history, we may best judge by observing that even now, when *Whig* and *Tory* are become mere names for two modifications of political opinion, both admissible in our well-poised government; when *Papist* and *Protestant* are become mere differences of creed, unconnected with any political inferences; when the whole bearings of these questions are so entirely changed, that the protection of religious toleration, now claimed by the Whigs, was then exclusively the doctrine of the Tories; that even now, the former ideas respecting religious differences still remain engraved so forcibly on a great portion of the public mind.

'Taverns and coffee-houses were then the rendezvous of the men, for the discussion of business, as well as convivial motives. A house had been opened for making and selling coffee as early as the year 1652, by a Greek servant of Sir Nicholas Crisp, a Turkey merchant, whom he had brought to England with him. During the Protectorate, and probably till the Restoration, coffee-houses, if they were much increased in number, were merely places in which coffee was to be found by those who happened to like this new beverage. Immediately after the Restoration, however, they rapidly multiplied, and soon became the separate resort of societies of persons united in the same pursuits, or sentiments, or pleasures.'—pp. 269—273.

But while the manners of a people are thus continually fluctuating in seasons of political trouble, a comparison between the state of society in two different countries, is only of use as leading to a just estimate of the value of the various political systems which have prevailed. It is hence that the comparative view of the social life of England and France, which the volume before us affords, derives its chief interest. If the two nations were farther apart; had they been less involved together in contests for superiority; had there never existed the close intercourse between the higher classes of society in each country, or had they been separated by antipathies to their respective manners, as by political

jealousies, it is very certain the state of society in the country would have been different in many periods of our history. But though every thing at several times conduced to assimilate the manners of the most influential classes of society in England to the same in France, these have never passed a certain boundary. But of what, then, is this boundary formed? Has it not all along consisted of the differences of government and policy, of political security and national interests? If this be the case, the manners of two countries, under two forms of government, or having separate interests, can never become entirely similar, for England and France have had a closer intercommunication than ever existed between two other countries. We have, therefore, only to gain clear and distinct notions of the actual state of society in these nations, during corresponding periods, to acquire one of the most useful manuals of moral and political philosophy that could be put into our hands.

From the above considerations, it appears that the distinction which prevails in manners, is mainly attributable to difference of political condition. The near approach which a close view of the subject leads us to believe has been sometimes made between the society of the two countries, contradicts any idea of impossibility in their still nearer similarity. But the following remarks open the subject in a new point of view.

'It is not meant here to recal to the fatigued remembrance the horrors that accompanied the political agitations of the first twelve years of the French Revolution, when crime became familiar, and almost ridiculous, from the egregious folly that often accompanied it; and folly became odious, from the atrocious crimes it often dictated. It is our business only to observe on the remarkable differences in the conduct and feelings of England and France under similar circumstances of popular excitation, and its effects on the social life and character of the two nations.

'During the whole period which elapsed in England from the meeting of the long parliament in 1642, to the Restoration of the house of Stuart in 1660, while the political discontents of the nation were increased by the strong excitement of religious differences—while it was agitated by two sects equally enemies to each other, and to the established worship of the country,—but one solitary instance can be adduced of assassination from political or religious motives,—that of Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrew's in Scotland,—nor of the people forcing the arm of power, and taking punishment into their own hands. The occasional rencontres of the military with the conventiclers and religious enthusiasts of that nation, collected in arms to support their covenant, and defend themselves from the establishment of episcopacy, cannot be called individual murder or private revenge. The national character of England suffered much more from the abuse of juridical power and of the forms of law under the re-establishment of the house of Stuart, that it did during the most agitated moments of civil dissension.

'Charles the First, while yet in possession of undisputed power, when he made his fatal attempt on the individual liberty of his subjects, in the

person of five members of the House of Commons, came himself, and openly demanded them of the body of which they formed a part: when they were as openly withdrawn from his indignation, he found no power to further its effects, nor no individuals to espouse its cause.

'When religious fanaticism at its height in Edinburgh, forcibly rejected in a popular tumult the form of worship which the government had dictated, joint stools and benches were the missile weapons which served the wrath of the triumphant party; but the dagger was as little thought of as the lamp-post by either side. When their fanatical associates in England defaced the magnificent Gothic cathedrals, which, having been constructed for the Roman Catholic religion, recalled to them all its abuses, the ministers who officiated in these cathedrals, although suspected of wishing to recal such abuses, were left unmolested.

'When the infatuated James the Second had abandoned his metropolis, and it was known that no accommodation was on foot between him and the Prince of Orange, already in the heart of the kingdom—while a habit of obedience to the laws was in fact the only executive government in London—a rabble of apprentices and populace assembled in crowds, and broke the windows of such houses as they believed harboured priests or papists, not sparing even those of foreign ministers; but no one was killed except by accident, few houses were burnt, and still fewer robberies committed.

'Even Jefferies, the hated Jefferies, who was known to have been the ready and unrelenting engine of the misgovernment of his master, and had outraged the laws committed to his administration, when he was discovered in Wapping, under the disguise of a sailor, endeavouring to make his escape from a justly-irritated people,—even he was only kicked and cuffed about by the mob, and carried by them immediately before the Lord Mayor (Sir John Chapman), who they insisted should commit him to the Tower.

'In France, at the first tumultuous meetings at the Hôtel de Ville, the lamp-iron was unhesitatingly resorted to, to inflict summary punishment on those who had fallen under the displeasure of the mob; and the first proof of their having always within their reach so ready an engine to execute the dictates of their savage vengeance, was received with universal acclamation. The lamp-iron yet remains at the corner of the Place de Grêve, to which Foulon (one of the first who thus perished), was suspended in July, 1790. He had been joint Secretary at War after the first exile of Neckar. He knew himself to be so unpopular, both from a reputation of avarice, and from professing despotic sentiments, that he had circulated a report of his own death by apoplexy, and had concealed himself in a country-house at Viry, about four leagues from Paris. The syndic of the village arrested him, and sent him under an escort of the inhabitants to Paris. They obliged him to walk on foot the whole way during the night. He had been reputed to say, that "*un royaume bien administré étoit celui où le peuple broute l'herbe des champs*, and that if he were minister, *il feroit manger de foin aux François:* his tormentors, therefore, put a collar of *nettles* round his neck, gave him a nosegay of *thistles*, and loaded him with *hay* on his back. Thus accoutred he was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, where every effort was made in vain by the magistrates to save him from the popular fury. In vain La Fayette harangued, in

vain the wretched man showed himself at the windows in the power of the police, and willing to be conducted to prison. The mob overpowered all resistance, broke into the Hôtel de Ville, and dragged their victim to the lamp-iron. Here his sufferings were prolonged by the rope twice breaking; and while a new rope was sought, he lay near a quarter of an hour on the pavement where he had fallen, overwhelmed with blows and outrages from the infuriate populace, who, after at last hanging him, cut off his head, and paraded it through the streets of Paris.'—pp. 408—413.

This remarkable opposition in the demonstration of excited popular feeling in the two nations, is a much stronger, and more evident proof of an essential difference in the state of their manners, than any other. There may be variations in the form of social intercourse, while the spirit of society is the same. And, again, the fashions of two countries, both in dress, and in the favourite sentiments of polished life, may be similar, while whatever lies beneath the outward garb, is perfectly different. Both these cases appear to have existed in the relations of France and England. The truth is, the state of society is incessantly varying, as one set of men gain the ascendant, or various circumstances give a temporary charm to certain objects. There is, however, a limit to these changes, and every nation in a certain state of civilization, experiences them all by turn. The difference which exists in their manners at the same period, is owing to the causes which at one time or the other operate on both not operating on both at the same time, or with the same force. In the passage, however, which we have just quoted, it is clearly proved, that, to whatever degree similar circumstances may assimilate the manners of two nations, in the slighter matters of social life, the operation of like causes, when those causes are great and powerful, serves in a remarkable degree to show the distinctions of national character. In courtly manners and sentiments; in the luxuries of dress and the table, English manners have frequently tended to a close imitation of those of France. They have so tended whenever the circumstances which introduced luxury and its corresponding vices into the latter country, have operated on the former; but when the causes to which the revolutions and breakings-up of society are attributable, have affected both nations in the same degree, very different results have been the consequence, and the national characters of the two countries have been seen distinctly apart.

The style of 'the Comparative View,' will be understood by the passages we have given from its contents. The author has evidently not over-rated his ability, or the opportunities he possessed of observation, in presenting his work to the public. Judiciously avoiding the example of the writers who, in treating of such subjects, fill their pages with inapplicable or trite stories, he has selected from the records of the period he describes the most striking and the least known facts that could be found. The style of the work is clear, and the sentiments temperate, and it well

deserves to be considered as a supplemental volume, to the histories of France and England, from 1660 to the revolution of the former country. The author has given us to understand in his preface, that it is his intention, should the present volume be received with approbation, to publish another containing a view of the social state of the two countries since the period at which the one before us closes. This, we doubt not, would to many readers present a subject of still greater interest, and from the manner in which the former part of the undertaking has been completed, we have reason to urge the author to a speedy renewal of his labours.

ART. IV.—1. *Herbert Lacy.* By the Author of Granby. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

2. *The Roué.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

3. *Pelham; or the Adventures of a Gentleman.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

SUCH was the influx of novels, fashionable, historical, romantic, and sentimental, upon us during the publishing season, which may be said to have expired only with the session of parliament, that we found it impossible to read, still less to review them, with that attention which they required. We now propose to go gradually through the pile, a formidable one, of those publications which crowd our shelves, under the impression that, as the public has had time to consider their character and merits, it will be the more readily disposed to acquiesce in the opinions which we shall take leave to express concerning them. As it is not the object of this journal to usher forth new works into the world with high sounding eulogies, like auctioneers whose business it is to describe all the wares which pass through their hands as the very models of perfection, we shall make no apology for being thus tardy in our criticism.

The number of novels which have appeared during the last and the preceding season, forms, indeed, a remarkable feature in the literature of the times. Twenty years ago, a few shabby circulating libraries received the whole stream of inventive genius, and dispensed it out in penny draughts to the superannuated spinsters of the neighbourhood. Three, four, or, at the utmost, five pounds a volume, was the price paid for the copy-right of a promising romance; and the generality of authors were well satisfied with their treatment, if the publisher gave them half a score copies for their friends. But this was before the great middle-class of readers, which now form so large a proportion of the literary world, came into existence. There were then but two kinds of readers, and those as opposite to each other as light and darkness: the men who studied for reputation, or who read for profitable information; and the women who read novels all their

lives long, to save themselves from an ennui of equal duration. There were none of those active minds at work, which, without being studious, read away a vast portion of their leisure time, and without ever thinking of turning authors, or belonging to debating clubs, devour every subject that the art of printing can bring into discussion. This portion of the reading public owes its existence, as such, to the concurrence of the same causes as those which have brought the middle classes of the community into respectability and opulence, and diffused the spirit of inquiry as widely as the love of freedom, through the whole body of the English public. The lightest work of fiction, the most ingenious theory of the political economist, and the profoundest inquiry of the historical antiquary, are, at present, almost equally sure of finding readers; the one satisfying the ever-restless, ever-craving appetite for novelty which characterizes the public mind; and the other furnishing it with the materiel of thought and speculation; the substantial truth, as it supposes, out of which the rules are to be evolved of public action and public justice. The principles of political feeling at present prevalent in England, are all in close, permanent connection with the intellectual state of the community, and the scale which measures the one will give accurate results as to the other. The consequence is, that they aid each other; the prevalence of inquiry on all matters of state and national interest giving a spur to literature, and the diffusion of knowledge increasing the spirit of public debate.

The most unfortunate effect of this state of things, with regard to literature, is, that having become a fashionable and popular pursuit, it is liable to all the fluctuations, the rise and fall of excellency, to which every thing depending on public caprice is subject. Thus, at one time, a good style may obtain the patronage of the people, and at another one equally vicious. One season may bring forth works of the purest taste and the noblest principles, and the next, publications equally disgraceful to their authors and detrimental to public morals. This holds true in respect to the highest species of literature, and it is well deserving of attention in how important a degree every kind of science, both moral and natural, is dependant in such periods on moods of the popular mind. As soon as they are removed from the cloister, and become the pursuit of the world at large; as soon as they have begun to shed their light, not through the equal medium of long cultivated learning, but in direct, uncertain flashes of novel opinion and discovery, the advantages appendant to the diffusion of knowledge become, to a considerable extent, counterbalanced by an instability of opinion and principle that may almost always be discovered in a country so circumstanced. But the effects of fashion and popular caprice are, of course, still more perceptible on all the lighter classes of literature, which are, by their very nature, dependant on the factitious judgment of a self-tutored taste. A

breath destroys them, as a breath calls them into existence. They are the gossamer stuff of letters; the work of a thousand busy insects, whose productions depend on the chance brightness of the favouring sun. It is not talent, but tact, which is wanted to secure success. The public is not to be surprised into admiration, but flattered into it; and the first requisite in such works is, that they come out at the right time, not that they are formed on right principles. The fact is, that it is in literature as it is in morals, the correct-minded, as well as the pure-hearted, will always be by far the smaller number in a community; and as in a matter of business it is usually more profitable to please the many than the few, magazine writers, novelists, and publishers, will seldomer be found to lead than follow the public taste. There is, again, another circumstance to increase the evil. The love of science, and of the purer kinds of literature, is a calm, steady, easily regulated passion. It can rest on one object for a long time. It has no cravings after perpetual novelty, but seeks its gratification in objects that have long fed the flame. A very few works, therefore, of such intrinsic worth and beauty as would meet the approbation of minds of this class, would be sufficient for a season. More would not be desired or looked for. They would be a solid, palpable addition to the intellectual treasures of the country, and those who are capable of appreciating their merits would brood long and contentedly over them. But this is very far from being the case in a different style of literature. The lighter, the more frivolous and unsubstantial it may be, the greater will be the mass called for. Not only will every body be able to comprehend, and so far enjoy it, but every body will be perpetually craving for fresh supplies of the highly flavoured food. There is no necessity for a tutoring of the appetite to catch the proper relish, and no one, therefore, will even think of abstaining from it. Accordingly, booksellers, and their employés, the purveyors of the literary feast, pour out their viands without any fear of causing a glut in the market, and to their satisfaction find that there is no modern luxury forming a better source of regular commercial speculation, than the articles of intellectual pleasure.

We should almost feel ourselves guilty of an absurdity were we to set about formally deprecating the conduct of either booksellers or authors, in pandering, as it is called, to the public taste. It would be quite as reasonable to expect your tailor should stop from making nankeen trousers, for fear of people getting the rheumatism, or that a silk-mercer should recommend the ladies to wear camlet instead of silk, as that a certain class of booksellers should insist on publishing only such works as a correct critic might approve. It is the same with authors. A new race has been called into existence in modern days;—a race of writers, who not only owe their materials but their very wit and invention to the fashion of the day;—who, had they to rest their claims to

attention on the true qualities of good authorship, or on their powers of reasoning or invention, would never have escaped obscurity,—but who, finding that a careful observation of the words and sentiments of certain classes of society, together with a bold, dashing style of writing, are sufficient to carry both town and country, at once seize upon the most profitable walks of literature. It is not probable that writers of this kind will ever be persuaded into changing their style, or sitting down to the composition of works, in which their tact or their licence would be of little use. Not like their predecessors, who, as we have said, were contented with fifteen or twenty pounds for a novel in three volumes, they are able to bargain successfully for their three or four hundred pounds; and, once favourites with the publisher, are as well off as if they possessed the cap of Fortunatus.

But though circumstances have thus called into vogue a class of writers who are incessantly sowing the field of literature with tares, and though we should think it a very useless task to attempt the reformation of either a fashionable author, or a fashionable publisher, we are not inclined to imagine that the evil is without a remedy, or that it will long continue in equal force. If, however, it be ever lessened, the improvement must be effected by the good sense of the public itself, by its learning to reject that which adds a canker to a tree already corrupt, and to seek its amusement where it can be found without danger. There are states of society in which novel reading, and such like employments of time, are as natural as drinking French wines, and eating desserts; and he would be a wretched philosopher who should reason upon it as if it were an accidental vice, instead of the necessary consequence of the particular condition of certain ranks of society. Amusement must be had and provided, but it is their choice of amusements, rather than any strongly marked virtues or vices which shews men to be virtuous or vicious; it is, still further, in the choice of certain objects of the same class that the nicer distinctions of character may be perceived. It so happens, that at present, a taste in literary matters prevails in England, which has led to the patronage of the worst and the most inferior kind of fictitious composition. Now, it is not the call for amusement, even the lightest kind of amusement, nor the passion for novel reading, we would attempt to destroy, but the viciousness of taste which has made the fashionable amusement directly dangerous to good manners, and novel reading subversive of correct feeling. This is not to be done by taking arms against the public, and putting them upon the defensive, as if we were determined to rob them of their baubles, and drive them at the point of the bayonet from their theatres, but by demonstrating to them their mistake, and proving, that more amusement, and of a better kind, may be obtained by the employment of a more delicate and discriminating judgment. Let the public be convinced of this,—let them be

shown that fashionable slander repeated *usque ad nauseam*, the disgusting details of an adulterer's progress, and all the insipid inventions of a tale of *ton*, are the materials which only the most inferior novelist would select. Let them be convinced that it is themselves only who have nursed this kind of writers into confidence, and that if they withdraw their patronage from them, the purses of the west-end publishers will soon fill the market with productions of a choicer kind. Let this be done, and circulating libraries will be deserted, and the occupation of half the novel-writers in the United Kingdom be gone, if a vast improvement be not made in their style and choice of subjects.

We believe there are some signs of a disposition of this kind beginning to rise in the public mind, and we would have the warning taken by those whom it most concerns. We have no expectation of seeing the licence, at present reigning, giving way to any sudden fastidiousness, or Della Cruscan nicety; but we do expect to see such a reformation of literary taste as will utterly extirpate, and blot out the remembrance of, a very large tribe of novel-writers and their works. We should willingly lend a hand in bringing about such an event. We should rejoice in seeing such a resuscitation of strong vigorous feeling in the English mind, as would render the greater part of fashionable novels, prominent and full of flaring witticisms as they are, too tame and insipid to give amusement. It would be, in our minds, a glorious sign of better days for literature in general, a prognostication that the old noble spirit of poetry was about to stir again the heart of the land, and that we were returning to a devouter worship of truth and nature.

We should be inclined to add a word or two on the moral part of this subject, but we will not insult the understanding of our readers by such a procedure. We must believe, that they who have given themselves up to the perusal of the novels of the day, or put them into the hands of others, could never mistake, but were indifferent to, their tendency; that they never examined them but in regard to their amusing qualities, and finding all they expected in them of this nature, were content and satisfied. We can never for a moment imagine that the wives and daughters of our English gentlemen were suffered to read them, after the lessons they convey were correctly considered, or that they were put on a drawing-room table after they had been compared with any thing in the study. We incline to suppose that all this was done before a thought was taken as to their fitness to succeed Æsop's Fables, or Mrs. Hannah More's Sacred Dramas, in the course of juvenile study; that they were purchased, or hired, on the faith of a newspaper laudation, and left to produce what effects they might on the tender feelings and budding virtues of sentimental mothers and romantic daughters. We are quite aware that, in either preaching or reviewing, the parson and the critic would be losing their time to point out the weak

morality of the present school of fashionable novels. All that is necessary, is, to give them over to the plain good sense and correct feeling of any right-hearted man—of all men, indeed, who believe that any wrong sentiment can be inculcated in books of this kind, and would wish to stop its influence. Let attention be once secured to this subject, and the thorough reformation of all the lighter species of literature will follow. There must always be works as light in their texture, as fitted to catch popular notice, and to amuse, which, after all, is the most easily recognized purpose of fiction; but they will be light in air and manner, without being frivolous, and make the young heart throb quicker without endangering its being heavier when it grows old. English manners have, of late years, tempted the artisans of every species of manufactory to give the greatest possible glitter to their goods: those have been most eagerly purchased which had been most skilfully varnished; but it will not be long, we trust, if rather more value be still attributed to external polish than a philosopher would think right, before the polish will not be valued unless the material which receives it be good.

The publications which stand at the head of this article, are true and proper representatives of the class of novels to which they belong. They have all its faults and merits most strongly and distinctly developed in their several contents, but they are all of them, more or less, superior to the general run of publications proceeding from the same school. The comparative merits of each, as well as their general character, we shall endeavour to point out as we proceed.

We have put 'Herbert Lacy' first on the list, because it is, in our opinion, the best, and because the author of 'Granby' has already established his character for ability with the public. His present production is not in any wise likely to diminish his reputation; and in classing it with fashionable novels in general, we are led to do so, rather because the characters it describes are persons in the higher walks of life, than because it resembles the other works, in company with which we have enumerated it. The principal personages in the novel are—the hero, who gives the name to the work, Agnes Morton, the heroine, and their parents: the father of the former being a baronet of ancient descent, that of the latter, the wealthy and highly connected grandson of an iron-founder. The characters next in consequence are—a Mr. Sackville, and one Allen a land agent, three or four lords and their respective ladies, and supplementary brothers and sisters to the principal actors. Having thus given the names of the several figures, we must endeavour to set them in motion, under guidance of the author. It would be a remarkably difficult task to find a good starting point for our abstract of this tale, as it appears to us to have no sufficiently strong circumstance in the plot to form its proper and distinct ground-work. Instead, there-

fore, of being able to catch at once some end of the silkin skein which would unravel the whole, we are reduced to the painful necessity of beginning with the beginning, and following the narrative with regular though rapid steps. The first, then, which we take, brings us acquainted with Sir William Lacy and Mr. Morton, each living within a few miles of the other; but, owing to different opinions on the relative value of family honors and family wealth, very far from possessing any neighbourly feeling. It so happens, however, that Miss Morton, while staying at Huntley Park, the seat of Lord Appleby, meets among the visitors the son of her father's neighbour. Both had no small share of family prejudice, and neither was prepared to accord to the other the smiles which it seems were deserved. But whatever disinclination was at first felt by the young representatives of the rival families to form any intimacy was very speedily removed, and a few weeks of every-day intercourse gave birth to a mutual attachment. Many circumstances, however, prevented the open declaration of love, the principal of which was the known distance of feeling in their families. The first object, therefore, with Herbert Lacy, was to remove the objections of his father, and as he was soon after called home respecting the purchase of an estate in the neighbourhood, an opportunity almost immediately occurred of commencing his designs. His father not being willing to purchase the estate in question, till it had been offered to the Earl of Radborough, sent Herbert to consult with his Lordship upon the business. While in conversation with the Earl, Mr. Morton is ushered into the apartment. An introduction takes place, and the lover returns highly delighted with the prospect of bringing about a reconciliation between Mr. Morton and his father. He succeeds, and to his joy, he visits, in company with his family, the house of his mistress. All things thus go on well. His attachment is made known to Sir William, and his full consent obtained. He can harbour no doubt of the disposition of Agnes to love him, and nothing remains but the formal declaration and acceptance of his attachment.

But while the stream is thus running smoothly on, a storm is brewing in the sky, which is to blight at once every hope of the lovers. Mr. Morton, though the descendant of a tradesman, has the pride, and something of the dignity of a nobleman. This leads him into extravagance. The alliance of his daughter with the son of the Earl of Radborough, was not calculated to diminish it, and he becomes by degrees involved in inextricable difficulties. His daughter Agnes had a fortune left her by an aunt, but it was so tied up, that she could not touch it till four and twenty, and if she married before then, without consent of the trustees, the whole sum, eighty thousand pounds, with the exception of ten thousand for herself, was to be forfeited to her brothers and sisters. One of the trustees was Mr. Sackville, a man of great intelligence and talent, but of more wit than integrity. He had,

almost from her childhood, determined on obtaining Agnes and her fortune for himself, and the time now appeared to be arrived for bringing his projects to bear. In league with Allen, the land agent, a most cunning and cautious villain, he had taken into his own hands the various bonds which had been given by Mr. Morton at different times to his creditors. One day, after dinner, to the astonishment of that gentleman, Sackville declared himself to be a ruined man. An explanation taking place, the latter mentioned his having bought up Mr. Morton's debts to save him from an arrest, and it seems that both are on the verge of instant ruin, unless means be taken to satisfy Sackville's creditors, the principal one of whom is said to be Allen. After some deliberation, the skilful plotter declares his love for Agnes, points out his marriage with her as a sure means of delivery from their troubles, and induces the distracted father to give a written promise of marrying his daughter to him, that the ruin of his house may be averted a little longer. The meeting between Mr. Morton and his daughter was a trying one. The former had every reason to suspect the attachment of Agnes for Herbert Lacy, and it was despair only which enabled him to induce her, almost broken-hearted, to make herself a sacrifice to his prayers. An alteration after this was immediately visible in her conduct towards Herbert, who on discovering the cause, was filled with astonishment at the strange occurrence. One event after another tended again to separate the families of the lovers, and first a duel, and then a contested election, in both of which Mr. Morton and Herbert were antagonists, destroyed every hope of any real reconciliation.

It was during the election just mentioned, that the consummation of Mr. Morton's distresses took place. An execution was served upon the house, and the family driven to take refuge in an obscure part of London. While here, Agnes endeavoured to obtain the consent of Sackville, and the other trustee, to relieve her father's distresses out of the proceeds of her fortune. This, however, was strenuously resisted by the former, and unluckily for him, he in this overreached himself. Agnes determined upon personally intreating the other trustee, and for that purpose set out to visit him at his house in the country. On her way she was to stop a night at Sackville's house, the master being still in London, and here an incident occurred, before mentioning which, it will be requisite for us to go back to some circumstances we could not introduce in the outline. It has been said, that Sackville's confederate was Allen. This man had by cunning and dishonesty acquired considerable wealth, but he was held in a perfect and terrible slavery by Sackville. The power which the latter possessed over him was obtained by the possession of a draft which Allen had some time before forged on the aunt of Agnes, and which had fallen into Sackville's hand, as the executor. An injunction had been left by the lady to burn it, but it was too good an

instrument of authority in the hands of a practised rogue to be lost, and it was ever after the scourge which was applied whenever Allen shrunk from his infamous work. Perhaps the most striking chapter in the novel before us, is the description of an attempt made by him to obtain possession of the draft by force, and we shall therefore give it. The scene of the dialogue was the study in Sackville's country house. After some little restiveness on the part of Allen, and of threatening on that of Sackville, the former continued—

'"I do not wish to disobey you, sir," said he, "and I will give you a proof of it. Here, sir, at this moment, I am ready to promise to do what you ask, upon condition that you will first grant me one little favour."

'"I cannot listen to conditions; I asked for compliance, without reserve."

'"Nay, but the favour is so trifling."

'"Well, then, name it."

'"Then, sir, I ask you to let me first see that paper."

'Sackville regarded him with surprise and suspicion.

'"You have made a strange request," said he, "what profit or pleasure can you find in looking at your own forgery."

'Allen returned no answer.

'"This is mere trifling, Allen. If you have a sufficient reason, tell it; but dont suppose that I can go out of my way to gratify an idle whim."

'"I am sorry to hear it, sir, because, in this case, neither can I go out of my way to do as you desired me."

'"Good God! but consider the consequences."

'"Yes, sir, I do consider the consequences, and I shall leave them to follow as they may. I am very sorry to seem to thwart you, but I really cannot comply unless you grant me this favour."

'I understand it, thought Sackville. The rascal has taken it into his head, that I have not the power I assume; that the paper is defective, or not in my possession. Perhaps it is better to undeceive him. A refusal would only confirm his suspicions. "Allen," said he, sternly, "I cannot commend the reasonableness of your request; but nevertheless, it shall be granted;" and so saying, he quitted the room, leaving Allen alone to all the gloomy retrospect of guilt, and the fearful hopes which he had then before him. His motives were partly such as Sackville had conjectured; but in addition to these, he had also proposed to himself the bold measure of forcibly seizing and destroying the forged paper. In a set struggle with Sackville, who was a strong and well-made man, he could have little chance of succeeding; and he could therefore depend only upon craft, and the unexpectedness and rapidity of his movements. While he was arranging his plan of attack, and nerving his courage for the encounter, Sackville re-entered the room.

'The first thing he did was to lock the door. Allen's anxious eyes were instantly turned towards him in expectation of the paper; but he saw no such object in Sackville's hand; he saw only the startling spectacle of a pistol, a powder horn, and a bullet. Sackville neither spoke nor

looked at him, but walked to the other end of the room, and deliberately began to load his pistol. Allen's heart shrunk within him.

'"Mr. Sackville! the paper?" said he, inquiringly. Sackville neither looked up, nor answered him a word.

'"Mr. Sackville—I trust—I don't understand—I hope you will oblige me."

'Still no answer.

'"Mr. Sackville, for God's sake—pray explain?" said Allen, advancing.

'"Stand back," interrupted Sackville, sternly.

'"I am not alarmed, sir," continued Allen; "I am still prepared to ask the same; it will do you little credit, sir, to attack a defenceless man. Pray consider——"

'"Peace! peace!" cried Sackville, with a look of scorn. "Do you think if I wished to shorten your miserable life, it would not be the easier way to let the gallows do its office! I shall not take the trouble to hurt you:" and then having loaded his pistol, he rose and went to a large bureau which occupied a recess in the room. This he opened, and drew forth the ominous paper which contained Allen's forgery. He then turned towards that person, and approached him, holding in one hand the paper, and in the other, the loaded pistol.

'"Allen," said he, with a milder air, "you must excuse my precautions. Documents like this, which hold the power of life and death, are not to be shown lightly, especially to those who are interested in destroying them. I will not suppose that you thought so meanly of my discretion, as to imagine that I should put this into your hands as I would a newspaper. No—first look here," and so saying, he presented the pistol, levelled it at Allen's breast, and cocked it. Allen started, and shrunk backward in alarm. "Compose yourself," continued Sackville, coolly, "and listen to what I am going to say. You are aware, that with one slight motion of this fore finger, I could put an end to your existence; yes, I see you are aware of it—good—and now I am going to gratify you. Here is the paper you wished to see. You shall not only see it, sir, but you shall hold it in your own hands. You may read, scrutinize, spell every syllable, count the letters if you choose; but, if you make the slightest attempt to destroy it—move but one finger with such an intention, and that minute will be your last. There, receive your forgery."

'So saying, he placed in Allen's hand the paper on which hung his life. A death-like silence ensued. Allen stood motionless, holding before his eyes the fatal document, with the muzzle of Sackville's pistol about a yard from his breast. The situation of Allen was inconceivably tremendous, and thoughts of the most terrible nature were conflicting in his mind, while his eyes were wandering over the writing, of which he distinguished not a line. Even at that moment, and in spite of Sackville's awful threat, he was meditating the destruction of the paper; and once he looked up to try if he could discern any symptoms of mercy or irresolution in the aspect of his opponent; but he was met by a glance of deadly determination from Sackville's eye, which indicated at once that he had not threatened one tittle that he would not execute.

'Allen's countenance fell; his resolution seemed to be blasted by that glance, and he felt his flesh creep with terror. All the awfulness of his

situation burst at once upon him. He held in his hand one instrument for his own destruction, and another was before him. The deadly paper, and the deadly pistol—death by the law, and by the hand of Sackville—were present to his mind at once, and he seemed like a wretched captive, so environed by forms of death, that he could in no way fly from its influence. This impression, and the terrible risk he was meditating, were too powerful for his resolution. Cold drops started from the forehead of the miserable delinquent; his lips quivered; his eyes looked glazed and wandering; his whole frame seemed to totter; and with a trembling hand, he restored the paper to Sackville. The latter received it in silence, and surveying, with a look of contemptuous compassion, the pale and trembling figure of the unfortunate Allen, he poured out a glass of water and offered it to him to drink.

'"Take this," said he, "you have need of it; you have exposed yourself to an unnecessary trial, but you little thought it would be so severe. You will be wiser for the future. And now," pursued Sackville, after a short pause, "I conclude that you will not refuse to do what I require."

'"I submit," replied the other.

'"Then you have nothing to fear; and if you second my views effectually, you shall have much to expect."

'Here ended the conversation, and the worthy confederates separated.'

On the night that Miss Morton and her brother slept at Sackville's house, the former, kept awake for some time by the anxiety of her mind, endeavoured to amuse herself by looking out upon the moonlight scenery of the surrounding plantations. Suddenly she was startled by the sound of footsteps. She distinctly saw a figure approach, heard the window shutter of the room beneath undone, and as plainly observed the retreat of the mysterious intruder. This our readers will have already guessed was no other than Allen. He had carefully remarked the bureau in which Sackville had put the draft, and by a large bribe had persuaded a supposed faithful valet, to admit him into the house on the night above mentioned. The consequence of all this was, that on the next meeting of the confederates, Allen treated his former tyrant with complete contempt, a quarrel ensued, and an opportunity soon after occurring of making an attempt on the liberality of Lacy, he exposed the whole of the nefarious projects in which they had been employed. Herbert accordingly instantly repaired with him to the Mortons. A complete ecclaircissement took place. It was discovered that the basest means had been taken, both to bring Mr. Morton into his present situation, and to make the Lacys seem instrumental to his fall, and that Sackville was the author of the whole. It may easily be supposed that not a moment's time was lost by Mr. Morton in declaring to his false friend, that the engagement between him and his daughter was at an end. Even now, however, Herbert Lacy seemed very far from the completion of his desires. By some strange, and we must confess very improbable, circumstances, he had become en-

gaged to a lady out of pure complaisance to the wishes of his sister. Fortunately, however, for him, the lady chose to elope with another gentleman, and he was in consequence left free to pursue his first attachment. The offer of his hand was made, and as promptly accepted, and Sackville, determining to retrieve something of his character, by an extraordinary act of forbearance, did not insist on retarding their marriage for four years, or making the fortune of Agnes a forfeit to her disobedience.

Were we to give our judgment on this novel, with a sole, or indeed any great regard to its story, we should have spoken in terms little savouring of approbation. It is, in fact, almost as badly constructed as a story could be. Its plot depends on circumstances insufficient to support it, and the incidents by which it is helped on are inconsistent and incredible. But the characters on the contrary, are almost all well and strongly drawn. Some, indeed, are introduced merely for the sake of being drawn, but the work may really be regarded as a portfolio of portraits, all taken from the life, and all by the hand of a skilful artist. There is, again, another quality which preeminently distinguishes this, as well as the other productions of the same author—it is free from any tinge of immoral sentiment, conveyed either in the language of romance or fashion, and there are few books which could be read with more approbation by the austerest advocates for fiction being made the handmaid of morality.

We are sorry we cannot speak in the same terms of the next work on our list. To say that it is without any of the attractive features of what are considered the most popular novels of the day, would be unjust: to decline saying that it is fuller of their most vicious qualities than almost any we have yet seen, would be to abuse our office. Knowing, as we do, how little regard is paid to the particular sentiments, or the ideas, which their works may convey, by the modern writers of light fiction, we yet had to learn, that a work like *the Roué* could be presented to the English public as one fit for general reading, and to occupy a place among publications professedly addressed to persons of any age or sex. To give an abstract of this tale would be impossible, without making our page look like the columns of a newspaper, when filled with the worst matter it could contain. We shall therefore content ourselves with selecting a passage or two, and offering a few remarks which they seem to suggest. Take, for example, the following introduction of the Roué to the notice of the reader.

'Had he been a veritable Don Juan, we might have given him the advantage of a trap door, and a handful of flames. But as he is neither more nor less than one of those wild spirits, who are to be found everywhere spending a princely fortune, and mispending time, with considerable talents in the pursuit of any pleasure that presented itself, travelling out of the beaten track in quest of new sensations, and rushing into every thing that gave

Hope of a pleasure, or peril of a grave;

why we must content ourselves with the introduction which one of his own mad acts gave him to the notice of society. An act which was conveyed to the public through the following mysterious paragraphs in the morning and evening papers,—paragraphs which about this period excited a great deal of surprise and scandal in the fashionable world; and a great deal of speculation in that portion of the world which could not claim this enviable distinction:—

'PARAGRAPH I.

'"The circles of haut-ton are much occupied just now with a discovery which implicates a young and lovely countess, with a certain notorious, dashing, and elegant baronet."

'PARAGRAPH II.

'"The parties alluded to in our columns yesterday, are supposed to be the young and lovely countess of M——, and Sir R—— L——e. The lady was married only three years since to her present lord, who is the head of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom. The gallant Baronet has distinguished himself as much in the fields of Mars as in the bowers of Venus; and it is whispered that this is the third time that he has given some hopes of a profitable cause to the gentlemen of the long-robe."

'PARAGRAPH III.

'"Many of the circumstances connected with the late faux-pas are of such a nature, as to throw a particular interest over the whole affair. The youth and beauty of the guilty pair—the violence of their passion—the contrivance of their stolen pleasures—their hair-breadth escapes—their moonlight interviews—together with the sworn gallantry, and acknowledged bravery of the gay Lothario, have given to the whole adventure a tincture of romance, which has rendered it the most interesting occurrence of the kind that has happened for half a century.

'"It is said, that certain gentlemen of the long-robe are already retained; that Mr. B—— has, in conversation, expressed some portion of the bitter sarcasm for which he is famed, and with which he hopes to induce the jury to mitigate the damages: while Mr. C. P—— is dressing up a most affecting account of the domestic felicity which has been violated by the spoiler, and of the virtue that has become the prey of the destroyer." '—vol. i. pp. 255—258.

The reader will be able to judge what a novel must necessarily be, the hero of which is thus introduced. Its plot and incidents are, in fact, but a long development of an adventure similar to the one described in the paragraphs above quoted—an adventure, to the account of which there is a short running commentary added by the writer, but which is given in by far too light a manner to suffer us to regard it as fit for the amusement of ordinary novel readers. We have no doubt that the author considered himself perfectly safe from giving any wrong impressions, guarding his story as he has done, with a moral conclusion; but we can give him no credit for being judicious either in choosing the life of a professed adulterer for his subject, or in filling a very

large proportion of his work with the letters and opinions of such a hero. We are not, let it be observed, intimating that the author is answerable for sentiments given in the name of one of his characters, but reprobating a novel in which it seemed necessary to introduce such matter so abundantly. Take the following specimen of these letters.

'"What a pity, Fred, to make such a woman a wife! What a pity, in such a soul as hers, to make love nothing but the cold performance of a duty! What a mistress has here been spoiled by the absurdity of those human ties which fetter the heart, and would convert the gratification of our most natural feelings into a crime! Did Nature bestow upon us passions, warm as those with which my heart is now beating, and pleasures glowing as those which my imagination is anticipating, only that we should enjoy them, as the dancing bear does the little liberty his keeper allows him—in chains?

'But let us look to the philosophy of the thing—to the moral, the virtue: aye, laugh, Fred, laugh if you will; but I mean to say, that morality and virtue are both in favour of my argument. For instance, could there have been such a crime as adultery, if there had been no marriages? Certainly not. It is the law, Fred, that makes the crime, and not the thing itself; that, as we all know, is natural enough: and what is natural must be good; and I again leave the ergo to your own logic.

'Marriages, says some sage or fool, and sages and fools are very much alike, upon the same principle that two extremes generally meet, are made in heaven. Why the devil then didn't they keep them there? and not come to trouble our earth with them? for my part, I am very willing to wait till I get there, for a taste of matrimony; arn't you, Fred?

'It is astonishing in what different ways different people speak of this same marriage: some describe it as a banquet of never ending enjoyment; some call it a curse, and some a blessing; but I rather think he was in the right who described it as a feast, in which the grace was better than the dinner.

'Marriage appears to me, Fred, in the light of one of those expensive locks which teaches a thief where the treasure lies, by the very care that is taken to preserve it. It is the lock and not the treasure, that forms the temptation; and every mechanic in that line sets to work to invent a picklock that shall undo it."'—vol. ii. pp. 184—186.

We suspect that the least fastidious patrons and patronesses of circulating and subscription libraries, will hardly attempt a justification of novels composed of such matter as this. With regard to the general composition of the *Roué*, it manifests talent which might have been much better employed, and furnished amusement to the public without making the dangerous experiment in which it has failed. In consequence of his bad choice of subject, the writer has been forced to have recourse to an apologetical style of writing, which by introducing much vapid sentimentality, is the most tiresome thing one could meet with in a novel. The philosophy of writers of this class is very seldom worth a straw, and

when it is crowded upon us at every page, and made eloquent on every subject, from the putting of a child to school, to the good or evil of matrimony, we are ever ready with the exclamation, hold, enough!

Professing, like the *Roué*, to relate the adventures of a man of fortune, and of the world, *Pelham* takes the reader through every scene which it may be supposed such a character can witness. But unlike the author of the *Roué*, the writer of this novel never lets his readers remain for more than a few minutes looking at objects, about the propriety of shewing which there can be any doubt. His sketches are all closely drawn, and full of life and animation, but they follow each other so rapidly, that it is almost the reader's own fault if he picks out any thing offensive. The great merit of this work is in its separate descriptions of social manners and individual character. For this it deserves very high commendation, and the uninterrupted flow of wit and lively observation which fills its pages, renders it really one of the most amusing pieces of light reading which we have as yet been able to find among the productions of modern novelists. We shall select one or two of the passages in which the author has displayed his favourite style to some advantage, merely stating by way of preface, that Henry Pelham, the hero, is the son of Mr. Pelham the younger son of an Earl, and of Lady Francis, the daughter of a Scotch peer. After finishing his studies at Cambridge, Henry goes to Paris, endowed with little learning, a good deal of wit, and something more of conscious and acknowledged self-conceit. His character may be learnt from his behaviour at the first dinner he went to in Paris.

'I was placed, at dinner, next to Miss Paulding, an elderly young lady, of some notoriety at Paris, very clever, very talkative, and very conceited. A young, pale, ill-natured looking man, sat on her left hand; this was Mr. Aberton, one of the *attachés*.

'"Dear me!" said Miss Paulding, "what a pretty chain that is of your's, Mr. Aberton."

'"Yes," said the *attaché*, "I know it must be pretty, for I got it at Brequet's with the watch." (How common people always buy their opinions with their goods, and regulate the height of the former, by the mere price or fashion of the latter).

'"Pray, Mr. Pelham," said Miss Paulding, turning to me, "have you got one of Brequet's watches yet?"

'"Watch!" said I, "do you think I could ever wear a watch? I know nothing so plebeian; what can any one, but a man of business, who has nine hours for his counting-house, and one for his dinner, ever possibly want to know the time for? an assignation, you will say, true; but (here I played with my best ringlet), if a man is worth having, he is surely worth waiting for!"

'Miss Paulding opened her eyes, and Mr. Aberton his mouth. A pretty lively French woman, opposite (Madame D'Anville), laughed, and immediately joined in our conversation, which on my part, was, during the whole dinner, kept up exactly in the same strain.

'"What do you think of our streets?" said the old, yet still animated, Madame de G—s. You will not find them, I fear, so agreeable for walking, as the *trottoirs* in London."

'"Really," I answered, "I have only been once in your streets, at least *à pied*, since my arrival, and then I was nearly perishing for want of help."

'"What do you mean?" said Madame D'Anville.

'"Why, I fell into that intersecting stream which *you* call a kennel, and I a river. Pray, Mr. Aberton, what do you think I did in that dangerous dilemma?"

'"Why, got out again as fast as you could," said the literal *attaché*.

'"No such thing, I was too frightened: I *stood still and screamed for assistance.*"

'Madame D'Anville was delighted, and Miss Paulding astonished. Mr. Aberton muttered to a fat, foolish Lord Luscombe, "what a damnation puppy,"——and every one, even to the old Madame de G—s, looked at me six times as attentively as they had done before.'—vol. i., pp. 62, 63.

This is very good, but it is almost excelled by the following description of Henry Pelham's visit to the rooms at Cheltenham. It would be difficult, we believe, for our readers any where to find a better picture of such a scene.

'Upon entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking, to the tune of "Cherry ripe." A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of bon ton.

'"Ah, Ritson," said another young Cheltenham main to him of the woodstock gauntlets, "haven't you been dancing yet?"

'"No, Smith, 'pon honour!" answered Mr. Ritson, "it is so overpoweringly hot; no fashionable man dances now;—*It is'n't the thing.*"

'"Why," replied Mr. Smith, who was a good natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, a gold pin in his neckloth, and knee breeches, "why, they dance at Almack's don't they."

'"No, 'pon honour," murmured Mr. Ritson, "no, they just walk a quadrille or *spin* a *waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob calls it, nothing more—no, hang dancing, *'tis so vulgar.*"

'A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvellously fine waistcoat, and a badly-washed frill, now joined Messrs. Ritson and Smith.

'"Ah, Sir Ralph," cried Smith, "how do you do? been hunting all day I suppose?"

'"Yes, old cock," replied Sir Ralph, "been after the brush till I am quite done up: such a glorious run. By G—, you should have seen my grey mare, Smith. By G— she's a glorious fencer."

'"You don't hunt, do you Ritson? interrogated Mr. Smith.

'"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Ritson, affectedly playing with his woodstock glove; "yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend,

Lord Bobadob; 'tis not the thing to hunt any where else, 'tis so vulgar."

'Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt, while Mr. Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing betwixt the opposite merits of the Baronet and the beau. Meanwhile a smiling, nodding, affected, female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

'"Now, really Mr. Smith, you should dance, a fashionable young man like you. I don't know what the young ladies will say to you," and the fair seducer laughed bewitchingly.

'"You are very good, Mrs. Dollimore," replied Mr. Smith, with a blush and a low bow, "but Mr. Ritson tells me, it is not *the thing* to dance."

'"Oh," cried Mrs. Dollimore, "but then he's such a naughty, conceited creature—don't follow his example, Meester Smith," and again the good lady laughed immoderately.

'"Nay, Mrs. Dollimore," said Mr. Ritson, passing his hand through his abominable hair, "you are too severe; but tell me, Mrs. Dollimore, is the Countess St. A—— coming here?"

'"Now, reely Mr. Ritson, you who are the pink of fashion, ought to know better than I can; but I hear so."

'"Do you know the Countess?" said Mr. Smith, in respectful surprise, to Ritson.

'"Oh very well," replied the coryphæus of Cheltenham, swinging his woodstock glove to and fro; "I have often *danced* with her at Almack's."

'"Is she a good deencer?" asked Mrs. Dollimore.

'"Oh, capital," responded Mr. Ritson; "*she's such a nice genteel little figure.*"'—vol. ii. pp. 13—16.

This is excellent badinage, whatever the good folks of Cheltenham may say of it. There are, however, a few sprinklings of serious passages in this novel, still better than its lighter portions, and we regret our limits will not permit us to quote some. On the whole, Pelham is the very best novel we have seen of the class to which it belongs.

Our readers will have been able to perceive from the observations which have fallen from us during our notice of these works, that we hardly regard them as in any way redeeming the class of publications to which they belong, from the general censure implied in our introductory remarks. Herbert Lacy is unexceptionable in its sentiments throughout, and is written in the true spirit of a gentleman. But there is in this novel a weakness of design, a want of propriety and connection in the several incidents, which considerably weakens its effect, and compels us to regard it as very strongly manifesting the marks of the period to which it belongs—a period in which even authors of talent are as well contented with deceiving the public by a specious appearance, as commanding its respect by true brilliancy. The *Roué* is a bold attempt at making the public bear any thing that pretends to describe fashionable manners, or which has pinned to fifty pages of insupportably vicious description, ten lines of doggrel morality as a salvo. There

are many gleams of strong good sense in the 'Memoirs of a Gentleman,' many shrewd observations on men and things dispersed through the work, and it has considerable spirit. But with all this, the adventures related are those of a libertine, the lesson most eloquently inculcated by glowing example, is that of fashionable profligacy, and the reader is very likely to close the work with impressions, that confound the whole truth of actions and sentiment with the doubtful axioms of duchesses at home, and young men on their travels. The truth of it is, the subjects of this school of novels are in most instances badly chosen. The main circumstance of the plot is either outrageously improbable, or insipidly commonplace. If the former be the case, we are disgusted to find ourselves, in the nineteenth century, and among the men and women of our own day, dreaming of Mrs. Radcliffe's marvels; and if we be tormented with a plot that is itself destitute of invention, we are sure of being led through a series of incidents loosely strung together, and in very many instances, only to be imagined novel because they are found in a novel. Let any reader of good sense peruse with attention only the three works we have noticed above, and we are persuaded, that he will not only find our remarks to be true, but leave off reading novels of this kind, till both publishers and authors learn respect for the improved taste of their readers.

ART. V. *Seven Years of the King's Theatre.* By John Ebers, late Manager of the King's Theatre of the Haymarket. 8vo. pp. 395. London: Ainsworth. 1828.

THIS book may be looked upon as the confession of a tradesman, who, having amassed a little fortune in the pleasant and respectable business of a bookseller, suffered his head to be turned by a taste for Italian music, and by an ambition to figure as the manager of the Opera. Mr. Ebers might have remained snug enough, all his life, in his shop at Bond Street, if he had been content with his original vocation; but choosing to ascend from being the mere vender of box and pit tickets for the King's Theatre, to the superintendence of the whole concern, he has completely sacrificed to his folly, the acquisitions of a life of honest industry, and in consequence has been obliged to seek the usual and pitiable refuge of the Gazette. The imprudence with which a man of staid and thrifty habits, like our author, suffered himself, after his first year's woeful experience, to be tempted onward in a career of ruin from season to season, is one of the most remarkable features of his volume. It would seem, indeed, that he depended in some measure upon the promises of a few noblemen, to give him effectual assistance—promises which, we need hardly say, never went beyond vague general expressions, and were uttered only to

be broken. Perhaps also he conceived, that personal access to a few peers, and a familiar acquaintance with the stars of the musical and dancing world, conferred upon him a degree of importance, which was equitably purchased by pecuniary losses, however serious and embarrassing they might be. To this unhappy vanity we must add the influence of a fatal feeling, similar to that which actuates the losing gambler, when he lays down stake after stake, under the feverish hope that some brilliant gleam of good fortune might at length compensate him for his reverses. It is however but justice to Mr. Ebers to add, that whatever may have been the motives of his connexion with the Opera, he has sustained his disappointments with a degree of manliness and good temper, we might add, with a philosophical dignity, which cannot fail to awaken the public sympathy in his favour. He endeavours to make out no case for compassion; he conceals nothing that can tend to throw light on the history of the theatre during his management; and he discloses every thing fairly, without measuring the extent to which it may tell for or against himself.

But although the manager has raised up the curtain, and freely admits his readers behind the scenes, and even into the green room, they will discover little that is calculated to repay their curiosity. We own that we expected more of anecdote, more of the personal history of the stage, if we may use the expression, and much more of musical chit-chat than we have found in this volume. We fear, after all, that if Mr. Ebers be an amateur of Italian music, and of the French ballet, his prosperity arises rather from the profit and loss which they bring to the *Entrepreneur*, to borrow an appropriate French expression, than from the delight which they afford to the taste or the imagination. Hence we have very detailed accounts of the pounds, shillings, and pence, which were expended on the singers, dancers, decorations, and scenery, and of the receipts of extraordinary nights; but of the recent history of Italian music in this country, of its well known progress amongst us during the last ten or twelve years; of the composition of the favourite pieces, and the science and endowments of the best performers, we have no digested report, nor any thing in the shape of criticism, except what has been, or might have been, extracted from the newspapers. It is perhaps not difficult to discover the pen of Mr. Ainsworth in a few of the more elaborate pages, which are devoted to Pasta, Camporese, Signora de Begnis, and Caradori, but with the exception of these and a few other passages, we have met with but a very inconsiderable portion of that kind of amusing matter which one would wish to gather from a history of seven years of the King's Theatre.

In saying thus much, we are far from desiring to encourage that reckless disregard for private feelings, that insatiable curiosity for prying into the domestic history of individuals, whether they be on the stage or off it, which it is too much the vice of the day to solicit

on one side, and to gratify on the other. We entirely approve of the sentiments which Mr. Ebers has conveyed on this subject in his preface.

'It would not, certainly, have been difficult for me to render the work one of amusement, had I, in pursuit of this object, thought proper to disregard the feelings of those to whom it would be unpleasant to have their names or the names of friends dragged into publicity. There are cases where individuals so place themselves in prominent and observable stations as to become public property; but a private individual has reason to complain of being, without his own concurrence, placed before the public, and his actions and motives made the subject of general comment. Upon this principle I have endeavoured to act, and am the less inclined to regret having done so, because I do not perceive that the omissions made in conformity with it at all diminish the information which it is my object to convey on the affairs of the King's Theatre.'—pp. xv. xvi. Preface.

It is not scandalous anecdotes that we wished to look for in such a work as this. But there must have been a thousand little incidents characteristic of the taste and talents of performers, and many matters connected with the patronage of the theatre, and the getting up of the operas, as well as the manner in which they were represented and received, which a manager who had a real love of music could hardly have failed to remark during an administration of seven years. Gossip of this description would not only have been free from reproach, but might have assisted to the diffusion amongst us of some portion of that enthusiasm for beautiful sounds, which enters so largely into the every day enjoyments of our continental neighbours. There is hardly a line in the Musical Memoirs of Lord Mount Edgecumbe which the most scrupulous moralist would wish to erase; and yet it is one of the most engaging little volumes in our language.

As far as the pecuniary history of the opera is concerned, it is but a painful speculation to inquire into the causes 'of the uniform failure which has hitherto attended the endeavours of its managers.' We are told that 'the experience of Handel and Heidegger afforded results little different from that of Taylor and Waters,' and we may add of Ebers. 'Why, when the price of admission to the opera is higher than to any of the theatres, and the gross receipts certainly of no mean amount, is it found that the expenditure almost always preponderates, and that ruin or immense loss is the fate of the enterprizer?' It is certain that Handel and Heidegger failed, because in their time the taste for foreign music, or indeed for any music at all, save that of glees and ballads, was confined to a very limited circle in this country. The circle grew wider during the government of Taylor and Waters; but even to the latest period of the management of Waters, it must have been evident to any person who frequented the King's Theatre, that it was not sufficiently supported by the public. The eternal chancery suits in which the property was involved by Taylor and his

representatives, added a hundred fold to the difficulties of the concern; and when it is considered, that in consequence of the embarrassments with which it was attended, the proprietor was frequently unable to pay his band, and obliged to allow the scenery and the house itself to tumble almost into ruin, we need not wonder if it was finally abandoned in despair. The principal impediment to Mr. Ebers' success, appears to have been the enormous amount of the rent. The first year of his lease, it was moderate enough; but his spirit of enterprize, and the exertions which he made in order to raise the Italian stage into favour with the public generally, were so conspicuous, and so well supported, that the cupidity of the lessors was inflamed, and they raised the rent to an amount which left Mr. Ebers no hope of remuneration. They have since been convinced of their folly in this respect, and the present managers, Messrs. Laporte and Laurent, hold the theatre upon terms which, under all the circumstances, are perhaps heavy enough, though not absolutely oppressive. Their success is however as yet problematical.

Mr. Ebers commenced his unfortunate connection with the opera in 1821, under the auspices of the principal subscribers. The Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Marquis Cholmondeley, Earls Mount Edgecumbe and Fife, Count St. Antonio, and Viscounts Lowther and Hampden, went so far as to declare "their readiness to lend him their best assistance and countenance in the conduct of so arduous an undertaking, commenced under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, arising from the retarded state of the necessary preparations." The noblemen above-named signed a resolution in these words, and five of them were formed into a committee for the purpose of carrying it into effect. It has now become almost a mere truism to say, that the government of a committee, no matter how respectably composed, is the very worst to which the affairs of a theatre can be subjected. As to the individuals who constituted his committee, Mr. Ebers deemed himself the most fortunate of managers, in being honoured by their assistance; but 'as regards the system itself,' he very truly observes, that 'it is, perhaps, more than questionable, whether the advantages attendant on a committee, preponderate over the objections to it.' The patronage which they afford can never compensate for the want of decision and of unity of action; which necessarily arises from a dissimilarity of tastes, and sometimes perhaps from a discordance of interests.

'As it is not presumable that the opinions of all will coincide on subjects so little reducible to a fixed standard, as the merits of one singer or dancer, as contrasted with another, each member will probably desire to introduce the performer whom he prefers. The nominal manager, actually so only in his responsibility, must offend a part of his committee, by non-compliance with their wishes, or incur ruinous expense by the engagement of artists, of whose services he has no need, and whose places

are already supplied. And this will be the case, though private favour or prejudice be supposed to be out of the question.

'The performers of a Theatre can never be induced to observe the necessary subordination to a manager, while an authority exists independent of him, to whom an appeal may, in effect, be carried against his regulations. It then becomes his part to pay immense sums of money, to persons over whom he can exert no efficient control, but whose deficiencies and irregularities are duly placed by the public, before the scenes, to the account of the manager only.

In a word, is it not obvious, that he whose property is alone at stake, is the person most interested, and, consequently, most likely to exert himself to gratify the public, upon whose gratification his own success depends?'—pp. 41—43.

To this question we decidedly answer in the affirmative; we hope to hear no more of committees in the management of our theatres.

Several engagements, which had been entered into by his predecessor (Waters), Mr. Ebers was obliged to take upon himself. Those of which he could have had little, or no reason to complain, were the engagements of Camporese, at one thousand five hundred and fifty pounds; of Angrisani, at six hundred pounds; of Spagnoletti, at two hundred and fifty pounds, and Dragonetti, the famous bass-player, at one hundred and fifty pounds for the season. Of these performers it is hardly necessary for us to speak. Camporese, who continued to bear that name, although she had married a member of the family of Giustiniani, had already established her reputation in this country in 1817. She was a general favourite both here and on the continent, although she decidedly wanted genius. Talent and science she certainly possessed; she was remarkably correct in her execution, and attentive to her business; but she never seemed to be inspired by her art; hence she seldom moved others, although she induced many to admire her. The amiability and strict propriety of her private character, procured her a great abundance of friends. The following anecdote which is told of her, we can easily believe to be true.

'An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the Hospital for the Insane, a man was confined, literally *fanatico per musica;* he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. For awhile his representations passed unnoticed, he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state, Camporese's friend had beheld him.

She was dressing for an evening party, when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it. Then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, "Come then." "Whither?" "To the Ospedale." "But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or the next day." "To-morrow—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly." And they went.

Being shown into a room, separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed, at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music, but Camporese running it over, sang to it some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. "Sing it once more," said the maniac. She did so, and departed accompanied by his prayers, and the tears of the spectators.'—pp. 46—47.

Nevertheless, with all her amiability, Madame Camporese seems to have had in some part of her head, a strong tendency to that organ of "acquisitiveness," by which most foreigners are more or less influenced in their transactions with Englishmen. In addition to her salary, which was quite adequate to her merits, she required a sum weekly for dresses, which was allowed her; leave to sing at all concerts, which was yielded; her salary to be paid in advance, which was also consented to. It must, however, be admitted, that there is no real inconsistency at all events in this exorbitance of demand; for gain is the great object to which singers and dancers direct their hopes; they look upon their voices and limbs only as the means of procuring them fortunes.

We confess that we were a little startled at the high notes of praise which our author, or rather as we suspect, his more practised coadjutor, sounds when he comes to mention Madame Ronzi de Begnis.

'Ronzi de Begnis—who does not know her as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for a time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, pencilled when she sang with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel—it was rich and full—ineffectual terms

to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly she must be seen.

'The remuneration given to this attractive performer, for the part of the season in which she performed, was six hundred pounds. Her vivid delineation of comic characters made her the best *artiste* in the opera buffa I have known. And much as may be said of her beauty, more, much more, may be said of the talent of a performer, who was alike able effectively to sustain the characters of Fatima, in Il Turco in Italia, Agia, in the Mosè, or Pietro, and Donna Anna, in Giovanni. In the first, her beauty, gaiety, and that little touch of the devil so exquisite and essential in a comic actress, were almost too bewitching; but admiration was blended with astonishment, when the representative of the coquettish Fatima, changing her walk, exhibited, with a life and force that spoke to the soul, the wretchedness of the bereaved Donna Anna, when in thrilling accents of despair, she calls on her dead father, and invokes her lover to avenge his fate.

'It has so happened, that the very walks in which Ronzi was most singularly adapted to charm have, by coincidences as peculiar as unfortunate, never been fully open to her. Camporese, qualified by nature to sustain comic as well as serious parts, was too jealous of her station as prima donna absoluta to suffer a rival nearer her throne than was unavoidable. Camporese disappeared, but causes, similar in nature and operation, have too often debarred Ronzi from opportunities of displaying her talents to the utmost advantage.

'Madame de Begnis came to this country along with her husband, leaving behind her a brilliant reputation at the Italian Theatre of Paris, where she held the rank of first woman.'—pp. 50—54.

If we were maliciously inclined, we should say that this was the language of an admirer, not of a critic. But how are we to reconcile so much ardour of homage with the concluding sentence? 'Madame de Begnis came to this country along with her husband, *leaving behind her* a brilliant reputation at the Italian Theatre, at Paris, &c.' It were much to be desired that she had not only brought so precious a treasure with her to England, but that she had also deserved and retained it. To us, she always appeared much more attentive to her personal appearance than to her vocal fame. She always kept her mouth so closely shut, that it was impossible for her voice, which as far as it went was a very sweet one, to be done justice to. She latterly made it, by her affectation, so mincing and reedy, that it was sometimes even painful to hear her. Her husband was an admirable comic performer, though it must be confessed that his manner occasionally bordered on buffoonery.

With the assistance of these singers, of Torri, Begrez, and Ambrogetti, the latter particularly an established favourite, and of some others, Mr. Ebers commenced his first season auspiciously. He had besides, in the opera department, the invaluable aid of Mr. Ayrton, as stage-manager: a gentleman of the purest taste, and peculiarly adapted, from his experience and activity, for the situation which he filled.

Those of our readers who have seen Ambrogetti at the King's Theatre, and remember the astonishing vivacity which he displayed in every character which required it, will, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that off the stage he was 'the most wretched of men, a prey to the horrors of hypochondria.' He 'left the profession while his reputation was still in bloom, though it must be admitted that his voice appeared to have suffered considerable deterioration, probably from the effect of our humid climate. It was reported, but incorrectly, that he had retired to a monastery. Our Liston is another strange example of a melancholy temperament, forming, as it were, the substratum of comic powers, quite unrivalled for their effect, and unique in their drollery.

The Ballet department was filled up with more difficulty than the vocal. This was an affair of as much intricacy and manœuvre, as the negociation of a commercial treaty. It assumed all the air of a diplomatic arrangement. France has long had a monopoly in this class of theatrical entertainments. The French have certainly a natural genius for dancing, which no 'other people can pretend' to claim. During the war, we had no chance of seducing their *artistes* to our stage; and during the interval that elapsed between the peace and Mr. Ebers' accession to the King's Theatre, no efforts, worth notice, were made to improve the Ballet by importations from our lively neighbours. To this point our new manager directed his earliest attention. He selected, as his ambassador, M. Boisgerard, his 'second ballet-master,' who was directed to proceed to Paris, armed with various letters of introduction, and with full powers! The history of his embassy would, if fully detailed, be extremely amusing. We regret that it has not been disclosed at greater length, as it would be an admirable satire on European diplomacy.

'The French Theatres, it is well known, are under the immediate control of the Government. The performers for the Italian Opera and Ballet, educated at the schools of the Royal Academy of Music, and thence selected to fill the parts for which their talents may adapt them, are so far the property of Government, as to be unable to form engagements elsewhere, without leave of the ministers who preside over the theatrical department. Mr. Waters had made repeated efforts to prevail on *artistes* to come over, either with the required *congé*, if attainable, or by such clandestine means as could be carried into effect. His measures, however, failed, and his want of success appears to have been one cause of the disagreement between his committee and himself.

'It was, indeed, a task of no small difficulty to procure the sanction of the French authorities to an engagement. The ballet is an object of so much consideration, with a people with whom dancing is one of the essential supports of the graces of life, that any attempt to withdraw an artist of note is watched with extreme jealousy, and many engagements concluded between the parties were abandoned, in consequence of the refusal of the requisite license.

'To facilitate to the utmost the acquisition of French dancers of greater celebrity than had hitherto appeared at the King's Theatre, it was pro-

posed that M. Boisgerard, who held, under the new management, the situation of second Ballet-Master, which he had before filled, should proceed to Paris. It was rightly supposed, that his practical knowledge, and the consideration in which he was held in Paris, would enable him to enter into treaty for performers with some chance of success. This plan was warmly approved of by the noble Lords on the Committee, who assisted in its execution, by furnishing M. Boisgerard with introductions, which proved of great service, to those personages who might be considered most willing and able to forward the object of his mission.

'M. Deshayes, afterwards engaged as first Ballet-Master, was then at Paris, and would aid Boisgerard in his undertaking.

'So important do all matters connected with their ballet appear to the French, that the correspondence incident to these negociations was required to be transmitted, through the medium of the English Ambassador, at Paris, to the Baron de la Ferté, the intendant of the Royal Theatres.

'Boisgerard, having arrived at Paris, lost no time in commencing his labours in conjunction with Deshayes. They directed their endeavours towards forming an engagement with Albert, *premier danseur*, and Mademoiselles Bigottini and Noblet, from all of whom, in the first instance, they received a refusal to quit Paris. This ordinary method of angling for advanced offers did not discourage our agents, who finally agreed with all three, conditionally on their *congés* being obtained from the administration of the Academy of Music. This was a task of more difficulty, and as to Bigottini, their endeavours were rendered nugatory, at first by hesitation, and, finally, by the decided refusal of the administration to allow her to visit England.'—pp. 63—66.

The result of the negociations was, that Albert and Noblet were permitted to come over for two months only—the former at the moderate sum of fifty pounds a night, and the latter for thirty-five! These were to be succeeded by Coulon and Fanny Bias, and, upon the whole, a capital ballet-school was furnished out. It was crowned with brilliant success. Noblet was greatly and deservedly admired—almost worshipped. Lord Fife, a celebrated connoisseur, presented her with a carriage for her accommodation during her residence here. He gave a dinner on Sundays, at the Pulteney Hotel, where he then lived, 'at which Noblet and the other principal dancers were regular guests, to testify his regard for the talents of this accomplished performer.'

The wardrobe of the theatre was replenished—an improvement much wanted—the scenery, which had absolutely faded from old age, was retouched; and the dingy red, in which the audience part of the house had appeared from time immemorial, was replaced by a light blue ground, and it was opened on the 10th of March, with *La Gazza Ladra*. The house overflowed. Every thing went on with flying colours. On the 20th, the King visited the theatre, and all our new manager's anticipations of prosperity seemed likely to be more than realized.

The next opera was that of *Agnese*, in which Madame Camporese's performance of the principal character was universally applauded. The story is taken from Mrs. Opie's "Father and

Daughter." The part of Hubert was sustained by Ambrogetti, who was said 'to have studied this horrible character in a mad-house.' His performance of it was sometimes too painfully correct. The King again visited the theatre on the 15th of May. *Il Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro* were revived with great success, and such was the reception experienced by Noblet and Albert, and so profitable did they find their *pirouettes*, that when the term of their congé expired, they were very willing to remain longer. The French administration was enraged; we were almost threatened with a renewal of the war; the Baron de la Ferté was sent over 'to negociate for the restoration of the absentees,' but as the English manager had now the cards in his own hands, a compromise was agreed to, by which it was arranged that 'the absentees' should remain until the end of the season, and that 'two first, and two second dancers should be allowed annually to come to London, from the schools of the academy.' This was a great point gained in the Terpsichoral intercourse of the two countries. Upon the conclusion of a season, apparently crowned at all points with entire success, our manager was overwhelmed with congratulations. He only lost, upon the whole, about seven thousand pounds! The abstract of his accounts for the season, which was a remarkably short one, having terminated on the 18th of August, is a curiosity.

'1821. Receipts.				1821. Payments.			
Boxes	£20,516	1	0	Engagements for the Opera	£8,636	7	6
Pit	9,714	12	0	Ballet	10,678	15	6
Gallery	1,017	15	0	Orchestra	3,261	0	0
	31,248	8	0	Expenses of Benefits	833	3	3
Masquerade Concerts, &c.	975	5	1	Directors	1,737	12	10
	32,223	13	1	Secretary, Treasurer, &c.	840	8	0
				Servants, &c.	493	4	7
				Scene Painting, Wardrobe, &c.	5,372	17	9
				Lighting	1,281	7	11
				Rent, Taxes, and Insurance	3,878	13	6
				Repairs	205	12	8
				Licences	119	3	0
				Upholsterers, Printers, &c.	1,218	11	6
Balance, being the loss on the Season	7,075	5	0	Military Guard, Police, and other Expenses	742	0	1
	£39,298	18	1		£39,298	18	1

'The total number of persons who attended the theatre this season, was calculated to be 82,632.'—p. 113.

One would think that his first year's experience would have deterred our manager from seeking a renewal of his lease. His pecuniary losses were by no means the only *désagréments* of his situation.

'The jealousies, the intrigues, perpetually at work behind the scenes of a theatre, cannot be detailed, any more than the fluctuations of the currents of air along the streets. They form the atmosphere of the place.

'Let a new opera be intended to be brought forward. Signor This will not sing his part, because it is not prominent enough; so, to enrich it, a gathering must be made of airs from other operas, no matter whether by the same composer or not, nor whether there be any congruity between the style of the original piece and the adventitious passages introduced. De Begnis, who, from some cause, or no cause, was disliked by the other performers, chose 'Il Turco in Italia,' for his own and his wife's debut. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of its representation; at last, all the best parts of 'La Cenerentola' were forced into it, to add importance to the parts of the other performers. Indeed, from the same cause, I never had the full advantage of that valuable performer's services. If the sense of an opera is worth any thing, let the effect of this curious process be imagined. Do not let it be supposed that the manager has any power to decide in a case like this. Probably the opera is already advertised for performance, in which case, "I will not play this part," must have its way. The opera being announced, must go on, and concessions must be made, as it cannot be represented without the performer in question.

'Imagine the Director entering: "Sir, Mr. A. B. won't go on with the rehearsal." Indeed? why not?" "He says you ought to do so and so for him, and he refuses to go on till it is done." While this is in discussion, behold an ambassador from the other performers. "The singers, Sir, say they can't wait at the Theatre all day; if the arrangement with Mr. A. B. is not settled, they must go home." What is the refuge of the manager? If he remains steadfast, an appeal to the committee is an engine of confusion quite at hand, especially if the complainant happen to be a *jolie danseuse*.

'It is the office of the ballet-master to design the ballets,—to lay out in detail the story they involve, and direct the character of dance appropriate to each step of the piece. Here, as in the opera, a performer who imagines his part too meagre in opportunities of display, makes no scruple of introducing an excrescence in the shape of a *pas seul*, or whatever else may strike the fancy; and unless this is consented to, there is an end of the performance. Hence it is not very unusual to see a despairing lover express his grief in a pirouette, or a beauty, flying from pursuit, effect her escape in a minuet, so judiciously are these gratuitous additions often introduced.

'The ballet-master, knowing too well that he cannot guard against these derangements of his productions, consoles himself by making his ballet as splendid and decorative as possible, in order to reap *some* credit from his performances. The expense of all this, not being borne by himself, is, of course, no object, though he *may* consult the manager as to the limits of expenditure. If he does this, it is, however, only to go beyond the prescribed boundaries in every way. A composer is to be engaged to furnish the music for the ballet. "Give him twenty pounds," says the manager;

and the ballet-master forthwith goes to him, and says, "Write down thirty, and let the music for my ballet be so much the better." The day before the performance the composer presents his demand; being half as much again as the manager prescribed, he demurs; "Very well," says the composer, "then my music shall not be played to-morrow night." But no other music can be got in time, and, *par consèquence*—the conclusion is obvious.

Thus it is, that from the *prima donna* to the guardian of the lamps, every body has views to answer, and a reputation to support or extend, at the expense of the unfortunate individual who is blamed for every failure, but not credited for any success.

'I was dining one day with Taylor, when the subject of capital punishments was started; during the discussion of which Taylor remained in a reverie. A gentleman at table strongly advocated the abolition of capital punishments in all cases.

'"What would you inflict, then, on a criminal of the worst kind?" asked another.

'"By ——," said Taylor, starting up, "make him manager of the Opera House."'—pp. 116—120.

Taylor said something worse, but we cannot quote it. Nevertheless, such was the fascination which his new pursuit possessed for Mr. Ebers, that he resolved to continue in it, although his rent was raised to ten thousand pounds, and he had lost the benefit of Mr. Ayrton's services.

Paul and Mercandotti were the principal new stars of the ballet in 1822; in the opera, Caradori appeared, who is still a great favourite, and Zuchelli, who left us too soon. The most delightful opera of the season was *Pietro l' Eremita*, which still supplies our drawing rooms with pieces of exquisite music, that never tire on repetition. The loss on the season amounted to upwards of five thousand pounds. The loss on the succeeding season (1823), was still larger, upwards of nine thousand pounds; yet such was the general impression in favour of the state of the property, that Mr. Ebers had several applicants who wished to take it off his hands. Among these were Mr. Benelli, who ultimately obtained the transfer of Mr. Ebers' interest in it for the sum of ten thousand pounds. This arrangement which, at first, promised to afford some compensation to our author for his losses, only led him into new embarrassments. Into the history of these it is not our province to enter. Suffice it to observe, that at the termination of 1824, the situation of Mr. Ebers was a great deal worse than ever. The season had been a disastrous one; notwithstanding that Benelli's experience, as a theatrical agent, had enabled him to engage a brilliant list of performers:—Catalani, Pasta, Madame de Begnis, and Caradori; however, all failed, from some cause or another, to attract full houses, and Benelli decamped.

Mr. Ebers, however, still persevered under circumstances of difficulty that would have appalled any other man. The season of 1825 was rendered particularly disadvantageous, the opera having

been removed for a while to the little theatre in the Haymarket, in consequence of the King's Theatre having been surveyed and reported insecure. The necessary repairs were, however, rapidly made, and the Opera was restored to its own stage in April, under the direction once more of Mr. Ayrton. But though every exertion appears to have been made to attract the public, the conclusion of the season exhibited a loss of more than six thousand pounds. The loss of the season 1826, was upwards of seven thousand five hundred pounds; that of 1827, was under three thousand, although in point of novelty and talent, with the exception of Pasta alone, little was done with the view of exalting the merits of the performance. That distinguished woman is, indeed, a host in herself, and when we remember the dense houses which she usually draws, we are surprised on looking at the accounts to see the balance so constantly against the manager. Well might Mr. Ebers exclaim, on concluding his narrative of misfortune—

> 'Maledetta l'impresa
> De musici teatri! Onor, contento,
> Piacer non somministra; è grande il risico,
> Il guadagno è miseria
> L'ingerenza e follia, capricci, impegni,
> Precedenze, raggiri,
> Ci sconcertano ognor; guerra ci fanno
> Ingiusti protettori,
> Insolenti protetti,
> Piccosi amanti, abbiamo
> Fra color che paghiamo
> I più fieri nemici, ognun ci biasima,
> Ci deride, c'insegna,
> Ci da consigli. Ad ogni prima recita
> Il cor ci trema: ad ogni fin di mese
> Ci tocca a sospirar—
> ————Oh se n' esco una volta!'—p. 355.

Art. VI.—1. *Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, Ministre de la Police sous Napoleon.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Bossange. 1828.

2. *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo* (*M. Savary,*) written by himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vols. 2 and 3. London: Colburn. 1828.

The first volume of the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs was noticed in our number for July. The most interesting portion of its contents were the defences set up for Napoleon by M. Savary, against the accusations which have strongly affected his character in every country in Europe. The affairs of the Duc D'Enghien, of Captain Wright, and of the massacre of the three thousand prisoners, are those from which by far the greater proportion of the public in

England have taken their general impression of Napoleon's character. Was the spirit of the nation to be roused, or new aid to be sought, against the increasing terror of his crimes? As a matter of course, every ministerial paper became eloquent on one of the subjects above mentioned. In the succession of triumphs which preceded his fall, they were always alluded to, to give the last black dye to the tyrant's character; and when his final overthrow and peace were proclaimed, there was not a transparency so frequent or so devoutly gazed at by the shouting multitude, as that representing some interview of Napoleon with the ghosts of the murdered D'Enghien and Captain Wright. There is, therefore, not a passage in M. Savary's work, which will be more likely to give the translation of it a value in the eyes of the English public, than the portion in question. The author is, throughout, a panegyrist, almost renewing the ancient apotheosis in favour of his master, praising him to extravagance whenever his actions admitted of approbation, and, whenever they were doubtful, labouring, till either by finesse or argument, he convince, or think he has convinced, the reader of their propriety. Such is especially the case in all those miserable affairs which have so strongly associated some of Napoleon's actions with the ideas of murder—secret, private murder, and cold-blooded barbarity. There is no doubt that, in respect of each of the instances most strongly dwelt upon, the arguments of M. Savary have all more or less weight, and that a degree of doubt must always remain, which will leave the question debateable for the unlimited admirers of Napoleon's name and genius. If M. Savary's book had come out a century or two after the period it refers to, it would have been an excellent companion to the celebrated apology for the character of our own Richard the Third, by Horace Walpole.

The account of battles, or of the most brilliant campaign, when it has been once read in a tolerably faithful recital, has little after-interest. It is like the description of a geographer, the principal merit it can possess is accuracy. The former part of M. Savary's work, therefore, with the exception of the passage we have mentioned, has little real interest. It is the soldier's story of battles ten times fought; and had the author held no other situation than that of a general in Buonaparte's army, his book would have been equally wanting in interest and usefulness. The conflict seen by half a million of men can never fail of historians, and the determinations of a council of war apply very faintly to the real history of nations. But the Duke of Rovigo, in his civil capacity, had an opportunity of making observations on points of the Imperial government which were hidden to other eyes, and any thing like the fair detail of which must be highly curious, and in many respects important. As a great part of the second volume of these Memoirs is occupied with the military part of the narrative, we shall pass very rapidly over it, paying our attention principally to

the more interesting accounts which the author has given, as minister of police.

The second volume commences with an account of the conduct of Napoleon, on the threatening appearance of Austria, notwithstanding the previous success of his arms and her professed neutrality, Taught as much by the naturally suspicious character of his mind, as by the experience he had had of such situations, he increased the number of his forces, disposed them in a manner the most likely to make them effective in case of an irruption, and took such measures with regard to Prussia, as might secure her co-operation in case of necessity. By these vigorous measures, he was prepared for the war being continued, and pushed to extremity. Soon after this, Napoleon hastened to Poland, and attacked the Russian army near Pultusk, and then formed his head quarters at Warsaw, where he sat down Jan. 1st, 1807. The winter passed at Warsaw is celebrated by M. Savary as one of almost Parisian festivity, and is distinguished by one of Napoleon's affairs of the heart, which is singularly contrasted with the severe attention which he at that time paid to business. Not only was the festivity of the winter quarter thus mixed with toil, but it met with a severer attack on the part of the Russians, who made an attempt on the French army about the end of January, on which occasion our author was appointed to the situation of General in chief, and the command of the 5th corps, in place of Marshal Lannes. While the war was being actively carried on, Talleyrand and the other ministers were at Warsaw, zealously labouring in the service of the Emperor, whose loss of the battle of Eylau had occasioned at Paris the greatest agitation. Successes, however, soon followed, which effectually removed these impressions: but we must hasten over these details, stopping for a moment only to allude to the praises which M. Savary has bestowed upon Napoleon's management of his wounded soldiers. So excellent was the system that he introduced into the hospitals, that the author, while governor of Konigsberg, states himself to have received sometimes seven thousand recovered invalids in a day, and in the course of a month no less than fifty thousand. The extract which he has taken from the report addressed by the intendant general to the Emperor, is well worthy of attention, and affords another proof of the abilities of that extraordinary man.

The Duke of Rovigo's account of his master's return to Paris, after the peace of Tilsit, is given with great liveliness. Napoleon reached St. Cloud two days before he was expected. Every thing, says the author, was prosperous; every thing improving. The feeling of the public was in harmony with the happy condition of the state. More than a fortnight was taken up with the receiving of congratulatory addresses, and the theatres were employed to repeat the flatteries which had been more formally heaped upon the conqueror. This is an amusing part of M. Savary's narrative,

as he introduces in it a mention of Fouché, the then minister of police, whose errors he seems to have much pleasure in describing.

During the Emperor's absence with the family, Fouché had shown himself, in two or three instances, negligent of the duties of his office. On his master's return, he dreaded the effects of his conduct, and, how wisely we cannot say, thought of saving himself from disgrace by the vulgar expedient of dramatic flattery. He accordingly had an opera got up in a most magnificent style, in which Napoleon was compared to Trajan, but the adulation was too gross for the good sense of the Emperor to sustain it, and it produced no effect but disgust.

About this time, M. Savary was sent to mediate a peace with Russia. His situation on his arrival was curious enough. The most violent hatred of the French every where prevailed; prayers were offered against them in the churches, and Savary himself attended service, in which he heard his countrymen denounced as the most detestable of enemies. It may easily be supposed that the press was not suffered to rest during such a season, and what the literary spirit of Russia could not supply in sufficient abundance, was plentifully furnished by that of England. Our author speaks very amusingly of these things; and whether it be from the true independence of a philosophic mind, from conscious integrity, or from indifference, it is well worth while hearing what any man will say under the circumstances in which he was placed. The following passage will also give some idea of the author's mental calibre:

'As a relief from the dullness with which, during my stay at St. Petersburgh, I was frequently oppressed, I one day visited à bookseller's shop. While I was searching for something which I did not find, I happened to cast my eye on several pamphlets, printed in England, against the French, and particularly against the Emperor. I purchased the whole collection, and returned home with my carriage completely filled. I read them all from beginning to end. They presented a tissue of falsehoods, the meaning and application of which I often could with difficulty guess, though I knew all the individuals alluded to. The task of perusing this trash, therefore, did not call for any great exercise of philosophy.

'Yet, from these contemptible productions, public opinion, on the subject of the French revolution, had been formed both in England and Russia, and our police minister had done nothing to refute falsehoods so extensively circulated. In one of these publications, I found a biographical sketch of myself, accompanied by my portrait, physical and moral. Neither the one nor the other was a flattering likeness. It was stated that I was the son of a porter to a hotel; that, having committed some crime, I enlisted to escape the punishment of the law; and that I had a certain shrewdness, which I turned to some account during the disorders and sanguinary scenes of the revolution. A certificate of my birth would have been a sufficient refutation of these assertions, which, however false as they were, obtained general credit.

'My moral portrait was still worse; and, according to these luminous guides of public opinion, no hangman better deserved than I the epithets which they lavished on me.

'Though in reality I felt annoyed at being exhibited in these colours to the eyes of foreigners, whose opinion might possibly in some degree re-act on that of my own countrymen, I adopted the only course which became me; I searched my conscience, which is always the best judge to which an honest man can appeal, and on this occasion it taught me to despise the unmerited accusations of which I was the object. It counselled well, for my heart has retained no resentment; and I never sought revenge, though I have had more than one opportunity of taking it.

'I resolved then to smile at all these matters, and to take my share in the pleasantry which others wished to turn against me. A man who is conscious of his own integrity, has always an advantage over impostors, and I came off successfully in all explanations. I recollect that dining one day with the Emperor of Russia, whose dinner-party was never less than twelve or fifteen, that the reigning Empress did me the honour to address herself to me, saying, "General, pray what country are you a native of?" "Madam, I am from Champagne." "But is your family French?" "Yes, madam, it also belongs to Champagne, to Sedan, the district in which the fine cloth is made." "I thought you were a foreigner: I was told that you were a Swiss." "Madam, I understand what your Majesty alludes to. I know that such a story has been published, for I have read it; but I beg of your Majesty not to form your opinion by publications of that description." The Empress saw that I had discovered what was passing in her mind. By mere accident I had that very day read every thing relating to myself in the pamphlets of which I have spoken. The Empress of Russia probably wanted to ascertain how far their statements might be depended upon; and she had too sound an understanding not to perceive to which side justice was due.

'Various trifling circumstances of this kind contributed to render the society of St. Petersburgh less unfavourable to me; and I gradually succeeded, though not without difficulty, in getting thrown open to me the doors of houses, before which it had seemed, on my first arrival, necessary that I should open trenches; but as people are every where apt to run into extremes, and particularly in Russia, I had, in the sequel, as much trouble in avoiding the officious attentions of the higher circles, as in the first instance I had need of patience, to enable me to endure their incivility.'—vol. ii. pp. 106—108.

We, after this account, again meet with M. Fouché, who, it is said, took upon himself, and without any instruction from Napoleon, the delicate task of sounding Josephine's mind upon the subject of a divorce. Whether or not Fouché had the little ground to go upon, which M. Savary seems to think, we cannot tell; but, certainly, an affair of the kind could not have been managed worse by the most illiterate rustic. Having mentioned to the Empress the gratitude which the nation would feel by her voluntarily sacrificing her private good to that of the nation, he was altogether disconcerted by receiving at once a plain reply, that she was ready immediately to assent to the Emperor's wishes.

Had the minister of police been authorized with a commission, such an answer would have been every thing desirable, but acting by his own suggestion, it was altogether the contrary. In the course of the day, Napoleon found the Empress in tears, and the answer to his query, respecting the cause, being, "Can you ask, after what you have made me say?" the whole affair came out, and the disconcerted minister was called into the presence of his master, to hear the severest rebukes for his misapplied sagacity. If, however, we take all M. Savary says for granted, the most benighted sovereign never employed a minister guilty of more open knavery and foolery at the same time, than M. Fouché. We are not at all disposed to play the part of his advocates; but the pettishness, and almost childish passion, with which M. Savary speaks of his predecessor in office, makes him look almost as ridiculous as his unmeasured adulations of Napoleon. This great enmity may obviously be traced, we think, to the circumstance of Fouché's having put some slight upon the gendarmerie, which had been instituted by Savary, and had for eight years been under his command.

M. Savary had much to do in the affairs of the Spanish war, but every detail of interest has been already too often before the public, to leave any thing in his book worth the trouble of gleaning. The same may be said with respect to the interview of Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander at Erfurt; which, however, gives occasion to the author to moralize on the bad faith of rulers, and to express his conviction, that if England had sent a representative to the meeting, Europe would have been spared all the miseries which followed. The conversation between Napoleon and Prince Metternich, which took place previous to the renewal of hostilities on the part of Austria, is interesting, for the display it affords of the Emperor's manner with foreign ambassadors. Nothing could have been more prompt or more severe than his rebuke of the minister.

Napoleon's return, after the cessation of hostilities, is related by our author with not less delight than his return from the former campaign. He arrived at Fontainebleau, October 29, 1809, and was almost instantly surrounded by a most brilliant court. He soon after went to Paris; and it is now that we approach the most interesting portion both of Napoleon's history, and of M. Savary's work. The latter is, throughout, the panegyrist of his master, and it was not without curiosity we commenced the perusal of the pages which he devotes to the subject of Josephine's divorce. There is little doubt that Napoleon was influenced in the measures he took, entirely by his ambition; that the generality of explanations which have been given of his conduct in this affair, have been void of probability; and that he suffered all the pain which an unaffected attachment to his first wife could occasion, when a separation, as a matter of policy, became necessary.

M. Savary would make it appear, according to his usual method of reasoning on Napoleon's actions, that the divorce was thought of and prosecuted out of a pure patriotism; that it was an entire self-devotion of the Emperor's feelings to the public good; and that he thought of nothing but the stability of the state. Few men, we believe, will be inclined to go so far as M. Savary in these opinions, however ready to agree with him in his belief of the good policy on which the determination of the Emperor was founded. Josephine had two children; one of whom, the Viceroy, had succeeded in gaining Napoleon's perfect confidence and esteem, and on whom it seems he had at one period some idea of conferring the imperial crown. From this, however, he was deterred by the dread of causing dissentions in his own family after his death, and by the necessity he saw of confirming his power, by uniting it with that of an older established monarchy. The Viceroy was the first person who spoke to his mother decidedly upon the subject. 'According to the custom which prevailed at the time of his marriage,' says the author, 'there existed between him and the Empress no other bond than a civil act.' The ceremony of the divorce was a very summary one. A few persons of state were called together in the Emperor's apartments; he declared aloud that the marriage between him and Josephine was dissolved; and the latter, with many tears, declaring the same, the ceremony was completed by the Arch-Chancellor reading the article of the law on the subject, and sanctioning the proceeding by his authority. In little better than a month after this event, Napoleon directed his attention to the formation of his alliance with Maria Louisa. It was shortly after his marriage with that princess that our author was appointed to the situation of minister of police. Information was given the Emperor that Fouché had been in correspondence with the English court, and that M. Ouvrard had been the negotiator. Our author was ordered to arrest the latter immediately, which he succeeded in doing; and is so excessively angry at Fouché's having shown himself annoyed at his zeal, that he says he determined from the instant he should suffer for it. This is another indication of that littleness of mind which is so constantly showing itself throughout Savary's Memoirs, and which is quite sufficient to explain all his servile flatteries of Napoleon, and his blind devotion to his will. The reward, however, of all this, was his preferment to the office of minister of police. Every particular respecting his appointment is given with admirable precision. Whom he saw, whom he dined with, what he said, thought, and felt on the occasion, and even his having silk stockings on, is told with an air of the most ludicrous importance. His appointment caused considerable sensation in the French capital. It was looked upon as one of the worst omens, that a general officer should be appointed to such a situation; and if he was hated in Russia on account of his nation,

he was now both hated and dreaded because of his office. Savary suffered the ex-minister to remain in his hotel for three weeks after his dismissal, under the expectation of receiving some important instructions from him; but he was disappointed, and another occasion is thus given him for further observations on his predecessor's character. The instructions which Napoleon gave the new minister are distinguished for good sense and ability. Although expressing, at first, some disgust at the nature of his office, Savary appears very soon to have entered with great spirit into all the processes and secret intrigues which it required. The whole system of spying and information seems to have developed itself in a most extraordinary manner to his mind, and we find him in a little time as *au fait* at the business, as if he had been born to it. The following will give a tolerably clear notion of what were the duties of a minister of police in the time of the Emperor, and what methods the then head of the department employed in the exercise of his functions. We could hardly find a more curious passage in the whole of these Memoirs. It will be remembered, that Fouché had left his successor without giving him any information which could serve him in his new functions, and that he was, therefore, left entirely to the exercise of his ingenuity, to discover the wheels of the machinery under his control:

'In all extensive branches of administration there is to be found a register of addresses, in order that the letter-carriers employed *ad hoc*, may know from what point they are to set out, in order to shorten their rounds. The register of the ministry of police presented an ample display of that nature. It was kept by the office messengers; and, as I felt desirous of disguising my plan, I selected a particular night when I could dismiss the people about me; and I gave a long errand to the messenger whose turn it was to be on duty, allowing him afterwards to retire to rest, instead of waiting upon me. He was no sooner gone than I took away the register, as well as the bundle of receipts which the police commissioners carefully preserve, in the event of any demand being made respecting the non-delivery of letters.

I shut myself up in my study for the purpose of making a statement of those addresses, which, in some cases, pointed out the professions of the parties. I passed the night in taking a copy of the register, and in selecting from the bundle of receipts all those which bore the same date, and that date corresponding with the day on which M. Fouché drew up the lists of the guests invited to his official dinners, which took place on Wednesdays, and during the winter only: these attracted my curiosity much less than the names of those for whose visits to the ministry of police I was at a loss to account. When this work was gone through, I returned the papers to the place from whence I had taken them.

'I had a long legend of names and addresses, some of them not unknown to me, though I should as soon have sought for them in China as upon this catalogue.

'The description of several names was only given by a capital letter; I

readily treasured them up as being the most valuable, and succeeded in discovering the parties by the stratagem I shall have to relate, and which the embarrassment of my situation rendered the more excusable, as it originated in another motive than mere idle curiosity.

'I divided my catalogue of addresses into districts, or twelve portions, and desired an agent in each district to furnish me a detailed note of the rank of each individual set down, his country, the time he had been in Paris, his means of existence, his occupations, and character; without alleging any motive for my inquiries, they fully answered my object; for there is no city in Europe where a person can be so easily found out as in Paris, if once known there. It required no conjurer to discover the utility of that information, and I felt no apprehension of considering some individuals as being well calculated to serve my views, who had been the very agents of my predecessor. I summoned them to appear by notes, written in the third person, and without fixing any hour for giving them audience; merely taking care to send for them on different days. They were exact to the appointment, and naturally fell into their old habits of coming at night. The door-keeper of my closet, when he announced them, handed me the notes I had written to them, and which had been their means of admission into my hotel. Previously, however, to receiving them, I detained the messenger for a moment, and asked him if such a gentleman or lady often came to see the Duke of Otranto, and at what hour they visited him. He was in general well acquainted with every one. I thus contrived to discover what kind of reception I ought to give the person whose name was announced to me, and who came with the impression that every thing had been repeated to me by my predecessor, as otherwise they could not have been found out. I always pretended as if my information was derived from M. Fouché himself; and by the promise of perfect secresy, I soon procured the renewal of their intercourse with my department.'—vol. ii. pp. 250—252.

Means equally skilful were employed to discover the other agents of Fouché, and the minister soon found that by the plentiful distribution of bribes, all the mystery and difficulties of his office would vanish. The manner in which he distributed the legion of spies, the co-operation of which he had thus obtained, is still more illustrative of the character of a government which is once obliged to have recourse to such means for its defence.

'The information, however limited, which I thus acquired, gave me the courage to seek the means of extending it. I soon discovered that I had been frightened at a mere shadow. I had carried my inquiries so far, that I could hardly trust to my success. After having thus furnished my oratory with votaries, it became my object to find employment for them. The higher society, as well as the society composed of commercial people and citizens, is divided into coteries. I was not long in making the requisite classification, and did it in so effectual a manner, as to be rarely mistaken in the names of those who had attended an assembly, a ball, or what was then termed a *bouillotte*, whenever I came to be apprised of the existence of one in any private house. It is not to be inferred from this, that great importance was attached to all that was said at such parties; it would have been as difficult to collect, on those occasions, any

matter really useful to my purpose, as to count the grains of sand on the sea shore. The utmost degree of watchfulness was, however, exerted to discover if those meetings were not taken advantage of to spread evil reports, or unfavourable intelligence, such as projects of war, or fresh financial schemes. The mischievous hawkers of bad news generally took especial care to disseminate them in those societies which they knew to be composed of persons, whose interests were more likely to suffer from the events reported to them. When an opportunity presented itself, the official looker-on would listen to the news-bearer, and, by engaging to (in) conversation with him, seldom failed to discover where he had picked up the news with which he took so much pains to alarm the peaceful part of the community. This is the manner in which a list was eventually formed of all the reporters of idle stories; and when they exposed themselves to punishment by their conduct, they were called to a very severe account for all their past indiscreet language.

'There is to be found in Paris a certain class of people who subsist upon the credulousness and good nature of others; they have a decided interest in being apprised of every thing, whether true or false; they put down in their account-current, if I may use this figurative expression, every thing they happen to learn. These trifles are the coin in which they pay for their dinner, or their admission to the theatre; they bring for their stock some piece of news which they exchange for another. These are truly valuable men for a minister of police; he makes sure of their aid, in return for helping them out of some scrape in which they never fail to involve themselves. Their employment is to give publicity to whatever news it is wished to spread abroad, and to find out the source from whence has emanated any news which it is desirable to suppress. The progress of intrigue never slackens, because there are never-ending wants which compel its promoters to have their minds incessantly at work. An intriguer who is inactive soon finds his way to the hospital; an active one, on the contrary, would reap an harvest from an egg-shell.

'An intriguer is thoroughly informed of the tender connexions of all his friends; always ready to advise either lover, he sets them by the ears in order to bring about a reconciliation between them; he watches every feeling of animosity and passion; he invites some to partake in his own unbridled pleasures, and watches on those occasions the looseness of their morals, for his vigilance is particularly directed to places of improper resort. If in the night time you desire to find out a man of pleasure, he instinctively knows at what rendezvous of gallantry he is to be found, the restorateur he may have patronized, the theatre he has frequented. If a giddy woman is the object of inquiry, the mere description is enough for him to point her out.

'In no town in the world, however small, can a person be found out more quickly than in Paris.

'In summer time, when the higher society have retired to their country residences, there are less facilities for discovering what it is wished to find out; but even then an infallible resource presents itself. Country parties possess attractions in very great variety. A little familiarity with good company is sufficient to procure, before the close of the season, a correct knowledge of all country parties intended to be given, from the end of June until the month of November. It is known that such a company is to

assemble at a certain residence, in such a month; it proceeds to another residence in the succeeding month, and is replaced by other company. They thus travel the round of a province, and those visiters seldom omit, on their return, to report all they have seen or heard in their excursions; and if it be particularly desired to obtain information of what has occurred at every one of those country houses, it generally happens that what is thus innocently related, will lead you into the track of what it is of much greater importance for you to discover.'—vol. ii., pp. 254—257.

M. Savary, soon after his appointment, determined upon a reorganization of the police. For this purpose, he took upon himself the nomination of the inferior officers in the department, and the appointment of the commissaries of police in large and small towns. He also formed what he terms a police of servants, introduced a system of laws, extremely strict, among the hackney-coach drivers, and raised a legion of horse and foot gendarmes, to be placed under the Prefect of Police. After a few months, the system was found to work so well, that the author of it says, not a person could arrive by the public coaches, or take his departure, without his receiving instant information. Several interesting details follow, respecting persons under sentence of banishment and state prisoners, which will well reward the reader for the trouble of perusal, as they give very striking ideas of the Imperial government, both during and before this period. But the watchfulness of the minister was not confined to Paris or the surrounding towns; it extended itself to the bathing places of Bohemia, and Italy even. By dint of perseverance, he became acquainted with all the characters and secrets of the societies which frequented them. From these places he extended his system to the German universities. M. Martin was the great assistant of Savary in respect to England. It is said that he helped prisoners to escape who were fifty leagues inland, and that scarcely an event occurred in this country which was unknown to him, however secret its nature. This active agent discovered, from his watching place at Boulogne, that an intercourse was carried on between persons in that place and in England. Another correspondence was also discovered between Bordeaux and Lisbon. One of the principal means by which Savary secured his information from England was, his giving full protection to those who carried on the trade in guineas. Whenever any neglect occurred on the part of his commercial friends, he punished them by retarding their letters, while, as a reward for diligence, he gave them such early information in return, as enabled them to anticipate the rising or falling of the funds. Another method he employed, was to obtain the names of all foreigners at the principal hotels in London; and so perfect and unfailing was his information, that scarcely a person of distinction could arrive from any part of the continent without his becoming acquainted with the circumstance. So true is what he says, that he was tolerably well acquainted with his chess-board, both in the provinces and beyond the frontier.

In relating the events of the year 1812, our author has another opportunity for exercising his skill, in describing the festivities and rejoicings of the French people in honour of Napoleon. In April, the young king of Rome was christened, on which occasion the fountains, we are told, flowed with wine; and M. Savary takes the opportunity of observing that Maria Louisa, both now, and at all times, looked so graceful that he had no occasion to pay the populace to secure her their applause. Almost immediately after this, Napoleon took his departure for the campaign of 1812, before which Savary received instructions which, by a strange obtuseness of vision, he seems to think neutralized all the tyranny of his master. He was still to employ all his former methods of aiding the Imperial government, but he was not to imprison when there was no occasion. He was always to see justice done, but justice herself was to receive her rule of decision from the Emperor. Passing over the memorable events of the campaign which was then commencing, we come to a transaction which gave M. Savary some foretaste of the troubles which were impending. It is remarkable that, on the very day the French army evacuated Moscow, a report was spread that Napoleon was killed. In consequence of this a disaffected party took upon themselves to break down the door of the Minister of Police, arrest him in his bed-chamber, and carry him off to the prison of La Force. The affair, however, soon ended by the counter-arrest of the offending parties, and the execution of fourteen of the ringleaders. It is remarked by M. Savary, that the news of the Emperor's death produced but very little apparent sensation, and that not a thought seemed directed towards his son. Napoleon found public opinion, on his return to the capital, in a very different state from that in which it had been on former similar occasions. Every one wore an air of despondency, and even his ministers partook of the general gloom and dissatisfaction. Savary himself was closely examined by his master respecting the affair of his arrest, and the conference ended by the disbanding of the paid horse and foot guards of Paris. Soon after this the author confesses means were resorted to by the Emperor, which could not be justified according to the usual rules of right government, but adds, that he must not be judged by the two last years of his reign. A council was called to consider the alternative of peace or the continuation of the war. The Arch-Chancellor, Cambacérès, declared for the former. Talleyrand would not speak out, but recommended a negotiation. The Duke de Feltre strongly urged the necessity of war, and so agreeable did the advise appear to the Emperor, that the measure was carried almost unanimously. While describing the events of the campaign, our author takes occasion to make a few observations on Madame de Stäel, no great friend of his, and whose enmity towards him seems to have considerably affected him. He attributes all her abuse of him, in her works, to a want of knowledge

of his real character and actions, and to some offence he had given to her vanity. But she had recourse to imagination, he says, while memory would furnish him with plentiful means of retaliation. She expressed a wish, it is said, to go to America, and from thence to England; but she did not, and then complained of a persecution which she need not have suffered. She treated the Emperor badly; but, adds the author, 'she could never hurt him.'

Savary was not at all blind to the real state of things in France, during Napoleon's absence; and when the latter sent for the Empress to Mentz, his Minister of Police earnestly sought permission to accompany her, that he might lay before him a faithful account of what was passing in the capital. His great object in doing this, was to persuade the instant adoption of measures likely to secure a speedy peace. The answer to the request was in the negative, and M. Savary lost the opportunity of doing what would probably have been the greatest service which the Emperor could have received from one of his ministers. After Napoleon's return, he gave the same advice; and there is a real earnestness, and approach to dignity, in the manner in which this part of the Memoirs is written, which impresses the reader with a higher opinion of the author than any other portion of his work. He advised Napoleon instantly to employ the experience and abilities of Talleyrand to meet the diplomatists of the other courts, saying that he would then have 'the same logic, the same morals, the same religion, wherewith to oppose them.' But the whole of this conversation is so curious that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the conclusion in which we, for the first time, learn that it was proposed to bribe the Duke of Wellington, by a prospect of the English throne.

'The conversation, however, continued. M. de Talleyrand, who knew the object which had been aimed at by all the preceding coalitions, was not deceived respecting the views of the present. He related to me what he said to the Emperor: "Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by successively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time, treating at their expence, and at all hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recal fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe.

'"There are, however, among them different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means, of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion."

'The Emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued: "There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or at least, that by showing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient number of adventurous men to run the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might

bring about changes which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing solid, except with new men, connected from the beginning with your system."

'The Emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, "look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped so long as there is something to be desired." '—vol. iii. pp. 152, 153.

Buonaparte prepared himself, as well as he was able, for the approaching storm; and the Minister of Police observes that his former advices now appeared in their true light. He, in fact, it would seem, was the only one who remained still equally devoted; and when the Prince of the Asturias, whom it would not, at that time, have been convenient to suffer much in public, had an earnest desire to ride on horseback, M. Savary proved his professional ingenuity by contriving to have every one of the prince's saddle-horses lamed. The time was a busy one. Intrigues, diplomatic conspiracies, assemblies, and councils followed one another in quick succession. The results which followed are too well known to need any detail. It is the repeated observation of the author, that had Napoleon but had two months longer to complete his measures, his empire might have been preserved. While he was absent on the frontiers he was in continual correspondence with the Empress, whose character is on this, as well as on all occasions, most highly lauded by the author. Her firmness, diligence, and devoted attachment to Napoleon, are all declared to have been in the highest degree conspicuous, and to have deserved the admiration of all who beheld them. The catastrophe of the drama soon after followed, and the Minister of Police was without a master, and France without an Emperor.

The Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo are an interesting piece of cotemporary history. Their author is a man who had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the minutest features of the Imperial government, and he possessed that kind of shrewdness which well fitted him both for an observer, and the situation to which he was appointed. In all other respects, however, he seems to have been a man of very moderate talents, easily deceived in matters of principle, and presenting a strange composition of feeling and self-interestedness in most of his actions. His book is a good representative of the character of its author. It is shrewd, garrulous, vituperative, and complimentary by turns. It is full of anecdotes and observations, which are highly entertaining to the reader, but which give a poor opinion of the wisdom of him who employs himself in telling them. He was altogether the very man

that was likely to prove useful, and to be attached, to Napoleon. He had sufficient talent of a particular kind to merit employment; sufficient warmth of nature to become faithful in extremities; and an equal quantity of vanity to make him love glory in his master, and be delighted with every circumstance that made him seem a sharer in it.

ART. VII.—*Parriana; or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. Collected from various sources, printed and manuscript, and in part written* by E. H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 695. London: Colburn. 1828.

WE have to return our best thanks to Mr. Barker for this amusing octavo. It presents the richest display the public have had for a long while, of the coxcombry and pomposity of the small fry of literature, and, although not certainly written by the brightest wits of the age, contains numerous passages, the comic effect of which it is quite impossible to resist. We request, therefore, that our readers will not be terrified by the title of the volume—as we ourselves very nearly were when we found we had again got into contact with the everlasting Doctor, of whom the trumpet of gossip has brayed so long and so vociferously, and inflicted on us already so many blasts of unparalleled emptiness. The subject, we can assure them, has assumed, in Mr. Barker's hands, a freshness of interest that is altogether surprising—and to be accounted for only by the magic power of genius, and the original and *sui generis* style in which it is sure to treat even the most hackneyed topics to which it deigns to direct its attention.

It is not, in fact, Dr. Parr alone that we have here. The representation Mr. Barker has given of him is rather a dramatic than a historical one—the great scholar being introduced to us in the midst of a crowd of attendant luminaries, not a few of whom are, fortunately, as entertaining personages as one could well desire to meet with. It is these subordinate characters, indeed, we confess, that are our greatest favorites throughout the piece. The *humours* of the Doctor himself are, to our taste, rather solemn and elaborate—and, besides, have now been described so often, that they have lost whatever attractiveness they at any time possessed; but those of the other *dramatis personæ* to whom we allude, besides being now presented to us for the first time, have in general the merit of being perfectly natural, and are often as superlatively ridiculous as those of Shakspeare's fools themselves. The book in this way, which would have been a dull enough one had it been occupied solely with Dr. Parr, has been actually rendered very exhilarating reading upon the whole, simply by the accommodating kindness of the other very good-natured gentlemen who have consented to exhibit themselves for our gratification in its pages.

They, and the Doctor together, make a very passable farce of it indeed.

The scheme or plot, of the production, is a sufficiently simple one. Dr. Parr, while alive, seems to have possessed a peculiar attraction for the ninnies of the literary world—who, accordingly, found their way to him from all quarters as naturally as so many crows to their carrion. These worthy persons were in the habit of repaying the Doctor for his 'solid pudding,' by abundance of 'empty praise'; and he appears to have swallowed the one commodity at least as greedily as they could possibly have done the other. Nay, so highly delighted was he with their boisterous paeans that, not satisfied with dispensing to them in return his good cheer and Greek quotations, he was actually wont almost to echo their own adulation, and if they insinuated to him, by many a stare and gape of admiration, that he was something more than man, to thunder out to them in reply that, for mere men, they might rest assured they themselves were among the most extraordinary productions of the age. Now the work before us, in so far as it bears any relation to its title page, (for a great deal of it is merely 'about things in general,') consists of a series of gospels by these faithful disciples, touching themselves and their defunct deity, in which all the particulars of the intercourse between the parties are chronicled with the most unreserving simplicity, and the mysteries of the Hatton idolatry laid open to the gaze of the profane, with the most unaccountable disregard that can be of all the feelings and rules of conduct in reference to such matters that have been sanctioned by the practice of preceding ages. Each individual narrator gives us his own part of the performance, and is sure, at all events, to tell us enough about himself, whatever else may form the burthen of his memorabilia. Indeed, this habit of frank communication respecting themselves and their own concerns, is one of the most remarkable points of character about Mr. Barker and his associates—nor will those of our readers who have ever looked into any of the publications of the great Doctor, at whose feet they used to worship, be much at a loss to account for the origin of the propensity. Dr. Parr never thought he could entertain his readers better than by treating them to some oracular expression of his own feeling or opinions, or some anecdote, no matter how insignificant, about his private history or habits; and he seems to have bequeathed his egotism to his surviving followers who figure in the present volume, each of whom evidently imagines himself to be an object of the very first magnitude in the eye of the public, and is accordingly as pompously loquacious in the enumeration of his various personalities, as if he were describing to us the eighth wonder of the world.

Let us listen, in the first place, to the style in which Mr. Barker himself descants upon his own intellectual character, in the preface to the volume. If he had been one of a superior order of

beings come down to announce to us a new revelation, he could not have addressed us on the subject of his qualifications for the high task he had undertaken, with more particularity or solemnity. By him, with a seductive shew of modesty he sets out by informing us—'such is the imperfection of his nature, or the failure of his endeavours—we must be content to be shewn the mere broken arches and columns' of Dr. Parr's great mind—his publication, forsooth, 'with reference to the grandeur and the importance of the subject, standing a fair chance of disappointing our expectations, and of injuring the little literary reputation which he possesses in our eyes.' Nevertheless, he does hold himself to be not without some requisites for the right execution of his undertaking, in those qualities of mind which he has made it the business of his life to cherish and cultivate. 'He so accustoms himself to look at human nature,'—'is too sincere a lover of candour and of truth,' &c. &c.—in short, is exactly the person to do all manner of justice to any subject he may choose to take in hand. 'The reader,' he then proceeds, 'will also remark, that the author manifests no particular zeal for one branch of literature more than another; and he has never been disposed so to narrow his mind, as to condemn what he does not understand (*damnant quod non intelligunt.*) All literature, and all science, however imperfectly he may be acquainted with either, (and the imperfection may be supplied in time) are equally dear to him, from men of every tongue and every clime, of every church and every sect. With him, truth has no gradations—he finds no pleasures, which this world can afford, superior to the acquisition and the communication of knowledge—and in disposition, though not in means, he is a determined promoter of talent and learning.' All which, we dare say, may be very true—as well as the additional piece of information that the *author* 'fears he will still continue to be employed for several weeks on *The Index to the Greek Thesaurus of Henry Stephens*,'—but who is Mr. Barker, that the world should be thus magniloquently advised in regard to his character and doings? The picture he has drawn of himself is, doubtless, an imposing enough one, particularly when we add to it the finishing feature of his enthusiasm,' with its 'vitality, activity, energy, and brightness;' but when did the public ever express a wish to be favoured with any such delineation? Mr. Barker lived, to be sure, for some years in habits of intimacy with Dr. Parr—but really this circumstance alone is hardly enough to entitle him to set up as one of the lions of the day. He and his brother paw-lickers (we do not use the term offensively) were only, he should remember, at best, the puppies in the lion's cage—nor, even if their lion had been a much more extraordinary animal than he was, would it have been possible for him to have reflected upon them any very large share of his own greatness.

But we leave Mr. Barker, or the *author*, if he will have it so,

though really it is the first time we ever heard of a man calling himself the *author* of a book, on the score merely of having written the preface to it—and proceed to introduce to our readers one or two of the more remarkable characters among the other contributors to the volume. The first to whom we shall direct our attention, is the Rev. John Stewart, Curate of Sporle cum Palgrave, in the county of Norfolk, whose name, it mortifies us to acknowledge, we have for the first time become acquainted with by finding it in the work before us. This Reverend gentleman, it appears, is actually one of the most distinguished of our living poets! A long list of his works is given by Mr. Barker, which begins with "The Pleasures of Love," published in 1806, and ends with "Bible Gems," which were scattered, we fear, before a very ungrateful world, in 1827. By the bye, the remarkable contrast between these two titles seems to evidence a decided improvement in the moral character of Mr. Stewart's Muse, during their twenty years' connection, whatever progress she may have made in other respects. It was a poem called "The Resurrection," in five books, which first made our author known to Dr. Parr. The Doctor, after designating it as an elegant production, had quoted from it a dozen execrably stupid lines in allusion to Mr. Fox, in his "*Characters by Philopatris Varvicensis*," and Mr. Stewart immediately took advantage of the circumstance, to write his discerning eulogist a letter of acknowledgment for his kind notice, which, in due course, produced for him an invitation to Hatton. Never, certainly, were two men made for each other as were the Doctor and the bard. Their mutual suitableness shewed itself almost in the first moment of their first interview. Scarcely had they exchanged a few words together when, as Mr. Stewart expresses it, they were old friends. Whether they owed this instantaneous establishment in each other's affections to some happy barter of compliments the first time they opened their mouths in each other's hearing, or simply to an intuitive sagacity which did not need even a tone to direct it, we are not informed. But commence in what manner it might, their intercourse seems very soon to have become a continued discharge of adulation on both sides, such as human vanity has certainly not often broken out into. As a single specimen of the style in which this sort of thing was carried on between the two, we quote the following portentous scene, as detailed by our Reverend Poet:—

'Doctor Parr retained a love for poetry to the last. His taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. How delightful was this bewitching relaxation to a mind, that was so much wont to expatiate among the researches of philosophy—to be immersed in the depths of metaphysics! It was when on my last visit to him, that he ordered a port-folio to be brought forth, from which he took a MS. poem of considerable extent, and paid me the compliment to solicit my opinion of it, significantly assuring me, that few indeed had ever seen it. I read it aloud. It betrayed the towering independence of Parr, in the nervous eloquence of

Dryden. It revealed its author. I characterised it in the language of truth. He was very reserved about it.

'In a late periodical work, containing details of Dr. Parr, his opinion of the living poets is given. The account is perfectly correct as far as it goes. It contains the truth, but not the whole truth. I shall briefly state his conversation with me on the subject.

'One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantle on the opposite, and a chair placed for me between them. "Mrs. Parr," (he began,) "you have seen Moore in this spot, some time ago; you now see Mr. Stewart. The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you," (turning to me,) "and Moore, and Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell,—I hardly know of another. You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here," (shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger,) "I tell you, again, it is here! As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not out-live the next centuty; it is namby pamby. I do not enumerate him with poets!"'—vol. i., pp. 86, 87.

It is impossible not to admire the serene and unfaltering consciousness of genius with which all this is narrated, and which, very properly, prevents the reporter from either introducing or dismissing it with any of those apologies for its insertion which would certainly have suggested themselves, on such an occasion, to a person less entitled to think loftily of his own powers. It does, to be sure, jar a little with the popular prejudices of the day, to find the author of the "Pleasures of Love," announced as one of the only four or five 'true poets,' in existence, and his unknown verses characterised as full of genius and destined for immortality, by a critic who tells us in the same breath that Sir Walter Scott is no poet at all, and that the "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" are mere jingle and namby-pamby;—but these antiquated scruples will not, of course, annoy our posterity in the next century, when, the very name of his unworthy rival being forgotten, Mr. Stewart shall divide the veneration of his country with our Miltons and our Shakspeares, if indeed he and his compeers, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, and Campbell, do not extinguish altogether the fame of these older and ruder bards. We request the reader also to remark the laudable sense of what he owes to himself, which determines our tuneful clerk to lay before the public 'the whole truth' of Dr. Parr's 'opinion of the living poets.' Some previous reporter, it would appear, had in his ignorance understood the expressions of the learned Doctor, respecting the bard of Love, and the Resurrection, as if they had been merely uttered in jest or banter, and had accordingly omitted them altogether in his detail. But Mr. Stewart repeats them to us with the most commendable gravity and minuteness, as conveying the sincere and deliberately formed sentiments of the person by whom they were spoken, and that person one whose taste for poetry, we are at the same time assured, was 'exquisite,' and his judgment in

regard to it 'infallible.' Of a truth, if the world continue any longer to treat Mr. Stewart's pretensions with neglect, he may at least console himself with the reflection, that he does not owe his obscurity to any faint-heartedness he has shewn in sounding the trumpet of his own praises.

We take the liberty of passing over, without comment, the paper from the Spectator, on Dreams, and the ten or twelve pages on the same subject from Mr. Green's 'Diary of a Lover of Literature,' as well as the Extracts from the 'Birmingham Chronicle,' the 'Monthly Repository of Theology,' the 'Sunday Times,' the 'Lady's Magazine,' the 'Catalogue of Five Hundred celebrated Authors,' and a great variety of similar important records and works of authority, which occupy considerably above a hundred pages in this part of Mr. Barker's book—and only stop for a moment at his 17th article, entitled 'Recollections of Dr. Parr, by a Pupil,' to remark that the writer, notwithstanding his zeal as to some points of theological belief, about which he sermonizes at rather too much length, is upon the whole a person of talent and good sense; and although not altogether uninfected by that spirit of absurd exaggeration, in reference to the merits of the Reverend Doctor, which pervades the communications of most of his associates, does not offend us by any thing like the same imbecile idolatry to which they are so incessantly in the habit of descending. He details, too, the few anecdotes he has to communicate, in an easy, gentlemanly, and spirited style, and occasionally with a good deal of point and humour. The next of our author's anonymous contributors, however, is a person of a very different sort—and with regard to his reminiscences we must speak a little more at length.

This Reverend gentleman, whatever he may be called, is one of the most poetical story-tellers we have ever chanced to encounter in prose or verse. As Doctor Johnson said of poor Goldsmith, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* What the phrenologists would call, we suppose, the bump of hyperbolism, must in him have truly a gigantic development. Like Hudibras himself,

> "he cannot ope
> His mouth, but out there flies a trope."

Every person he has occasion to mention is, in his phraseology, a non-pareil. His rector, for example, was 'the most fascinating preacher that ever entered a pulpit.' Then nothing can be more authoritative or *prononcé* than the style in which he discusses, also like that celebrated authority, all sorts of subjects that present themselves. Thus, he does not profess to be conversant with the writings of Warburton, but he does 'not think that he will long continue to be much read; he has had his day—his *Letters* are poor, meagre stuff.' But the subject upon which he heaps his superlatives most lavishly, is the towering genius of Dr. Parr. In one of the Doctor's printed works, he assures us, 'are to be found, and that not here and there, thinly scattered, but blazing

excellences, such a rich display of splendid eloquence, and such profound reasoning on political subjects, as have no equal from any other pen.' In another place he becomes so enthusiastic in his declamation, that he absolutely forgets to finish the sentence he had begun, telling us that, in a particular sermon 'he (Dr. Parr) described in the finest style of eloquence that ever flowed from mortal pen;' but what might be the subject of the description the deponent sayeth not. But we must give at full length, for the edification of our readers, the comparison drawn by this consummate critic between the style of Johnson and that of Parr:

'I have studied,' says he, 'with some degree of attention, the genius and gradual history of the English language, and do not hesitate to say, that *by Johnson and Parr it has been brought to its present high state of perfection.* Johnson at times astounds by his awful solemnity; *Parr captivates, delights, enraptures his reader, by sudden bursts of heavenly splendour, never before beheld by mortal eye.* In the style of Parr there is a greater variety and originality; *he has twisted our language into an endless variety of fascinating allusions;* he has made it express more than ever Johnson did. *General utility predominates in the Johnsonian scale;* he balances his sentences with the nicest accuracy. So also does our Grecian sage; *but he often makes one scale kick the beam by his sudden coruscations of wit,* his matchless union of Athenian elegance with English manliness, of Spartan simplicity, with English policy and English liberty'!!!—vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

Our friend, Mr. Stewart himself, could have written nothing better than this, which indeed as a display of self-conceited, pompous, and precipitate ignorance, it would not, we verily believe, be easy to parallel in any language. After such an effusion we fear any other extract must seem tame and common-place; but the compositions of this anonymous scribbler are singularly rich in the absurd, and we shall venture therefore to submit one specimen more. We may give for this purpose his rhetorical description of the Doctor's personal appearance:

'In speaking of the prints of him, that had been published, he observed, "All the artists, to whom I have sat, fail in one feature—none of them give me my peculiar ferocity." O that an artist had taken him, when he had assumed the ferocious in S. P.'s pulpit! M. G. and W. D., two young bankers, were quizzing him, as he mounted the pulpit—his figure, his wig, the fulness of his dress, &c.; they still kept playing the fool, after they were discovered. The Doctor *set* them like a pointer; but still they were undismayed. At length the singing is ended,—there is silence,—no preacher's voice is heard,—all eyes are directed to the pulpit,—there stands the Doctor; he turned direct to the offenders, ferocious as a lion ready to dart at his prey. The poor puppies are soon abashed, chop-fallen, and have no courage to lift up their heads during the remainder of the service. Here was his ferocity in all its wildest grandeur. An artist could not express it, while it was dormant. To express it properly, he must have seen it, as when excited into full action in S. P.'s pulpit.

'To me he never appeared more striking than when some emotion in-

duced him to throw up his eye-brows, and exhibit his eyes. Thus have I seen him sometimes fascinate with a bewitching smile—sometimes you gazed in amaze, while he laughed outright—his whole frame then shook in convulsive motion—he did not, as somebody observed of Johnson, "laugh like a rhinoceros;" no, it was all good-humour without any sarcastic sneer. Sometimes when thus with brows elevated, he appeared absorbed in some secret admiration—the sentiment, which he then inspired, was awe—it forbade a word, or a breath—but the flash of his anger was inexpressibly terrific.'—vol. i. pp. 354, 355.

But would any of our readers like to peruse a composition which, for the matchless ability which it evinces, would do honour, as we are here assured, to the pen of the Devil himself? Our anonymous letter-writer had frequently alluded in his previous epistles to a certain testimonial to his character and talents, which had been drawn up by Dr. Parr, but which at the same time he seemed to consider as a document almost too precious and too sacred for general perusal. At last, however, he is prevailed upon to trust Mr. Barker with a copy of the invaluable lines, the communication being prefaced after the following fashion:—'*Imprimis*,' says he, 'the Testimonial from the great Doctor in my favour. As a composition it possesses such superlative excellence, and so great is my own interest in the preservation of so highly flattering a paper, that I cannot prevail upon myself to trust a document, to me of infinite value, to the precarious mode of conveyance by coach, or through the medium of friends. I therefore, to satisfy my own fears, and to ensure its security, shall in this sheet send you an exact and literal copy.' Our readers are by this time, we dare say, burning with impatience to behold this prodigy of a certificate, and we shall not longer torture their natural anxiety. Here is the inimitable effusion:

'Gentlemen,—Though I have not the honour to be personally acquainted with you, yet I trust that you will excuse the liberty I take in bearing my sincere and decided testimony to the character of Mr. ——, who is now a candidate for the vacant Chapel of H. I am happy and proud to call him my friend; for I have heard his public instructions,—I have been pleased by his private conversation; therefore I know the purity of his principles upon subjects the most interesting to the honour of the Established Church, and to the influence of religion upon the understandings and the hearts of those, by whom it is reverentially considered as the rule of their actions, and the foundation of their hopes.

'With unfeigned and serious approbation I have long observed his diligence and zeal in the discharge of his clerical duties. They have impressed me more strongly, because they were unaccompanied with selfish views, or ostentatious display; because they were uniformly directed to the improvement both of the rich and of the poor; and, above all, because they were enforced by the authority of virtuous example.

'Few clergymen have more deservedly and more extensively obtained the esteem of their hearers, and the confidence of their friends; and sure I am, that if Mr.. —— should be thought worthy of your support, his

good sense, his good manners, the uprightness of his intentions, and the activity of his exertions, will amply justify your choice, as well as my own recommendation.

'I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, with great respect,

'Your most obedient humble Servant,

'SAMUEL PARR.'

'*To the Trustees of the Chapel of H. S.*'—vol. i. p. 370.

We cannot for the life of us, we confess, see any thing extraordinary in these plain sentences. But 'There, sir,' exclaims the delighted possessor of the treasure, 'though it be only a transcript, its internal evidence testifies its authenticity. For the author must be *aut Parr aut Diabolus!*'

Seeing the sort of character we have here to deal with, we must take his anecdotes of course, *cum grano salis*. With regard to his principal one, indeed—that, we mean, about the well known case of Oliver—which he calls 'a glorious historical anecdote,' and professes to give as he heard it from the lips of Dr. Parr himself, we have abundance of evidence to prove that his version is very nearly a fiction from beginning to end. It is quite impossible, in fact, that Dr. Parr could have told him the story which he pretends to have heard from him, and which he repeats in so very fluent a style. For any thing that we know, his imagination may have played him the same trick in other cases which it has done in this; but the character described in the following paragraph is at the same time so new and so ludicrous, that, whether it be delineated from nature or from fancy, our readers, we think, will thank us for giving it.

'Kett was my tutor, a strange compound,—his *Classical Lectures* excellent,—his *Bampton Lectures* of the first order. His gravity was unnatural for his years. When not thirty years of age, he was called "Father Kett." He was industrious, and very persevering in his study. Thus far all was well. But, as he advanced in years, he advanced in folly; he affected to be a man of the world, the gay *Lothario*, and to dance attendance upon the ladies. We were amused at beholding trophies of gallantry suspended about his paintings and prints—here a piece of green, there blue, and there a piece of pink ribband. To add to the ludicrous, he put himself in London under the tuition of a dancing-master. You may trace the same graduation of folly; for, after his *Bampton* and other *Lectures*, and his *three Volumes on Prophecies*, he published *Juvenile Poems*, his *Novel of Emily*, and his *Flowers of Wit*. He lost his former character, was an object of general ridicule, despised in his own College. He was senior fellow. Twice the headship became vacant, and twice he lost his election. This mortification was too much for his mind: for some time he was under the care of a medical friend; but he was miserable in the head and heart. At length he married. I never knew why he had not a College living, for he rejected many. He had no preferment, and no fortune but what he had saved and got from his works. He had not been married long, when he destroyed himself. This I was told by a bookseller in Paternoster-row. Poor man! vanity and the world gained an undue ascendancy—at length reason tottered, and the

anchor of the soul was lost! Alas, poor Kett! I often think of him with amazement and pity.'—vol. i. pp. 424, 425.

But we must conclude. We have not entered into any detail respecting the life and character of Dr. Parr, in examining Mr. Barker's pages, both because his rambling and declamatory correspondents do, in fact, supply us with very little matter of any novelty or interest in illustration of these topics, and because they have already occupied our attention at considerable length in a recent number. Dr. Parr was a great scholar, but had little or no pretension to any other species of greatness. His extraordinary memory and command of language, aided by certain tricks of manner and deportment, enabled him to show off as a man of splendid genius in the eyes of the very shallow persons by whom he was generally surrounded, and whose admiration, too, he took pains to bribe by requiting them abundantly in kind for the flatteries they lavished on him. That he was, in truth, nothing more than we have thus described him, is evident to all the world, except Mr. Barker and his association, who would make a god of one who was only a very ordinary mortal. As for the present volume, it will be merely read, laughed at, and forgotten. The only portion of its contents that can be considered as of any real value or importance, is the account furnished by Mr. Fearn of his correspondence with the late Professor Dugald Stewart, which might certainly, however, have been laid before the world through the medium of any other publication of the season, with quite as much appropriateness as through that of the present. We shall be glad, however, if even this rather awkward proclamation of his existence should have the effect of calling any measure of public attention to the speculations of a philosopher, who has shown at least as high powers and as much originality as any other metaphysical inquirer of the age, while he has had to prosecute his investigations under the discouragement of a neglect that is any thing but creditable to the taste and discrimination of his countrymen. This is not the place to enter into any discussion of Mr. Fearn's peculiar opinions; but we cannot help saying, that the treatment he experienced from Mr. Stewart, as here detailed, reflects no honour upon the memory of that distinguished writer. His claim to originality, in regard to the particular position which Mr. Stewart affected to consider as having so little merit in point either of novelty or importance, was long ago maintained in this Journal, and is put beyond the reach of controversy by the statements here published.

ART. VIII.—*Duranti ou la Ligue en Province.* Par M. Baour-Lormian, Membre de l'Academie Française. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris: Delangle. 1828.

BAOUR-LORMIAN is the poet-laureat of France. Births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, peace, war, and congresses, are all by turns

the subject of his muse. He has praised in three different pieces, and in a different style, the Emperor and the Bourbons. The funeral hymn on the death of General Hoche; the epithalamium on the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, and the epistle to Louis XVIII., show with what flexibility of talent he could celebrate the republic, the empire, and the monarchy.

M. Baour-Lormian has passed through these three epochs without suffering the excesses of the revolution, the wars of the empire, or the saturnalia of the restoration, to injure his fortune, affect his courage, or menace his liberty. The son of a publisher at Toulouse, he cultivated poetry from his boyhood, and whilst his father, Baour, made a fortune in the book-trade, his son played the fine gentleman, and despising the name of Baour, which he thought too short, too common, and unsonorous for a poet, he added to it that of Lormian, the name of a little estate possessed by his ancestors; and still further to play the gentleman, he gave dinners to some complaisant friends, who praised his verses which nobody bought. His conduct gave rise to the following epigram:

"Baour libraire de province,
Dans son commerce a fait un joli gain;
Mais son fils poete assez mince,
Dans le même traffic se ruine à grand train.
Or savez vous comment les deux apôtres
En sens contraire ont gouverné leurs biens?
Le père debitait les ouvrages des autres;
Et le fils ne vend que les siens."

Satire was at first the favourite pursuit of the young poet. The attacks of the new Juvenal were directed against his fellow-townsmen, and the *Satires Toulousaines*, in which he criticises the greater part of the members of the Athenæum of Toulouse, and some of the literary men of the south of France, obtained him some notice on the banks of the Garonne. Emboldened by this first attempt, M. Baour-Lormian believed himself able to write an epic. In 1797 he published a translation in verse, of the "Jerusalem Delivered." The work was detestably bad. He afterwards revised, corrected, improved, and enlarged it; he added some notes, and a commentary by M M. Buchon and Troguon; but unfortunately he made it not a whit the better to read. It was, indeed, a newer volume; but if we find in it more of Baour, we find less of Tasso; if we see in it a skilful and somewhat melodious versification, we find so little agreement with the original, that we are tempted to believe the report in Paris, that M. Baour-Lormian is ignorant of Italian. The icy reception which the first edition of the translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" received, brought the author back to his original style of composition—the satirical. He had come to try his fortune in Paris. He published, one after the other, the satires since known under the title of the *Troismots*, and addressed

them to a journalist of the name of Despaze, a satirist and Gascon like himself. It must be confessed, that the unjust censures, the undeserved sarcasms, with which they are filled, are often expressed in very smart verses. Led on by his epigrammatic style, he ventured to attack the celebrated Le Brun; but he found his master in him, and he fell crushed under the blows which were returned. The poet of Toulouse had ventured to say of Le Brun—

'Lebrun de gloire se nourrit,
Aussi voyez comme il maigrit.'

His redoubtable adversary immediately replied—

"Sottise entretient l'embonpoint
Aussi Baour ne maigrit point."

The imitations in verse, of Ossian's poems, are infinitely better than the productions just mentioned. This version of the Celtic bard has many noble features. The following extract has some true poetical grandeur:—

'HYMNE AU SOLEIL.

'Roi du monde et du jour, guerrier aux cheveux d'or,
Quelle main, te courrant d'une armure enflammée,
Abandonna l'espace à ton rapide essor,
Et traça dan l'azur ta route accoutumée?
Nul astre à tes côtes ne tire un front rival;
Les filles de la nuit à ton eclat palissent;
La lune devant toi fuit d'un pas inégal,
Et ses rayons douteux dans les flots s'engloutissent.
Sous les coups réunis de l'age et des antans
Tombe du haut sapin la tête achevetée;
Le mont même, le mont assailli par le temps
Du poids de ses debris ecrase la vallée;
Mais les siécles jaloux epargnent ta beauté.
Un printemps eternel embellit ta jeunesse,
Tu t'empares des cieux en monarque endompté
Et les vœux de l'amour t'accompagnent sans cesse.
Quand la tempête éclate et rugit dans les airs,
Quand les vents font rouler au milieu des eclairs,
Le char retentissant qui porte le tonnerre,
Tu parois, tu souris, et consoles la terre.
Helas depuis long temps tes rayons glorieux
Ne viennent plus frapper ma debile paupière!
Je ne te verrai plus, soit, que, dans ta carrière,
Tu verses sur la plaine un océan de feux,
Soit que, vers l'occident le cortége des ombres,
Accompagne tes pas on que tes vagues sombres
Renferment dans le sein d'une humide prison!
Mais peut-étre ô soleil, tu nàs qu'une saison;
Pent être succombant sous le fardeau des âges,
Un jour tu subiras notre commun destin;
Tu seras insensible à la voix du matin,
Et tu l'endormiras au milieu des nuages.'

M. Baour-Lormian's poems obtained for him considerable encouragement; they attracted towards him the notice of Napoleon, and as the Homer of the day, he became the appointed bard of the conqueror of Italy. A system of exchange in praises and benefactions was established between these two so differently celebrated men. In his poem, *Sur l'etablissement du culte*, M. Baour pays an homage to his hero, which almost amounts to adoration. He makes God say, through a cloud, that the First Consul is a Messiah:—

'Alors paroit un homme en des jours plus prospères
Heureux médiateur entre mon peuple et moi . . . . .'

This, however, did not prevent him in 1815, a few months after Napoleon had made him an academician, as successor to the Chavelier de Boufflers, from addressing an epistle to the King. In this poem, feeble in every thing but its monarchical sentiments, like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet cries, in an ecstacy of penitence,

'Abjurons les erreurs dont nous fumes epris.'

Satires and epistles are the most favourite pieces, therefore, of our author, and to abuse the humble and flatter the great, there is not a muse more fruitful than his. To those of the first kind, which we have already mentioned, should be added one in which he has lately attacked the sect of the *romantiques*, a *new* school, which has for its aim the regeneration of French literature, and of which Le Globe is the grand organ. To those of the other species should be added three pieces of a different style and merit. *Les fêtes de l'Hymen*, a poem written on the marriage of Napoleon; *La Retour à la Religion*, a dithyrambic in honour of the restoration; and *Le Chant du Sacre*, inspired by the journey of Charles X. to Rheims.

But whilst satire and flattering epistles are the favourite subjects of M. Baour-Lormian, he has attempted, in times barren of public events, the opera, tragedy, and even romances. There are two operas by him; *La Jerusalem Delivrée*, which was first played at Paris on the same evening as the conspiracy of Mallet broke out; and *L'Oriflamme*, which he composed, jointly with M. Etienne, in February, 1814. There are also two tragedies by him; the one *Mahomet the Second*, which had no success on the stage; the other, *Joseph en Egypte*, a drama, good in style, but wanting in interest and effect; it, nevertheless, obtained considerable success, thanks to one character, that of *Benjamin*, happily conceived, and a *chef d'oeuvre* of nature, sweetness, and sensibility. Lastly, without making mention of the poem entitled *l'Atlantique*, now a long time forgotten, there are by the same author, *Les Vielleés Poëtiques et Morales*, which has gone through many editions; *Rustan, ou les Voeux*, followed by thirty-eight dreams in prose; and the romance of *Duranti*, which was published when the author was fifty-six years of age, and of which we shall give an analysis.

Duranti, First President of the Parliament of Toulouse, was the son of a Counsellor of Requests, in the palace of that city. Whilst young, he embraced the profession of an advocate, and distinguished himself by his eloquence. Appointed to be *Capitoul*, in 1563, and afterwards Advocate-General, his virtues and talents shone conspicuously forth, and obtained for him, in 1581, the rank of First President in the Parliament of Toulouse. He filled this situation till the time of the breaking out of the league. At this disastrous and terrible epoch, the most fearful in the history of the French Monarchy, at this period, when six conspirators, under the orders of the house of Guise, conspired against the legitimate authority of Henri III., it seemed that in perpetuating the horrors of the civil war, it was the intention of heaven to make France expiate the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew. The earth itself, under the stream of blood with which it was deluged, became barren and barbarous as the men who ravaged it, and who perished of hunger. The Spaniards, invited by the leaguers, encamped in the midst of the French provinces, and the people, oppressed by want, and excited by the partizans of Mayenne and Guise, marched to the civil war to escape the agonies of despair. The magistracy alone remained faithful to its charge, as is mentioned in these verses of Voltaire:—

> " Dans ces jours de tumulte et de sédition,
> Thémis résistoit seule a la contagion ;
> La soif de s'agrandie, la crainte, l'esperance
> Rien n'avoir dans ses mains fait pencher sa balance;
> Son temple etoit sans tache, et la simple equité
> Auprès d'elle en fugant cherchoit sa sureté."
>
> HENRIADE, chant. 4.

The parliament of Toulouse, like that of Paris, remained faithful to the cause of Henri III. Duranti, by the force of his talents and virtues, more than by his authority, had for some time been able to resist the attempts of the factious; but at the news of the death of the Duke of Guise, whom Henri had caused to be assassinated, the leaguers of Toulouse rushed to arms, roused the populace, attacked the house of Duranti, seized him, and carried him first to prison, and then to the scaffold.

It was in February, 1589, that a new movement took place at Toulouse. Suddenly the gate of the Convent of the Holy Inquisition is burst open; the people roused to madness, call for the First President Duranti. But Duranti is wrapped in meditation. He is employed in correcting his admirable work *on the Church*; he has first finished his letter to D. Jean de la Barriere, Institutor of the order *des Feuillans*, and in which he prays him to obtain the approval of his book at Rome, and to have it printed there after his death. It seemed by the calmness of his countenance, that he was still seated in his own house, by the side of the vast chimney, where the heaped-up fuel burnt in the morning through silver bars.

At length, roused from his work by the tumult, he leaves his dungeon. He knew that he must die. He knelt down, addressing his last prayer to heaven; then, rising with the dignity of the president, he arranged his long black beard, which floated on his breast, and shook his red robe, moist with the vapour of his dungeon. He puts on his calm and serene forehead that cap of the president, which he never used but in entering the temple, at the head of his attendants.

"Duranti! Duranti!" madly shouted the crowd. But Duranti advanced towards them to the entrance of the prison. His fine countenance, full of gravity, inspired respect, and commanded silence. On looking at Monseigneur, the First President, it might have been believed that the assassins came to suffer the punishment of their crimes, and that he had been pronouncing their sentence. Alas! in these miserable times the magistrate was as criminal in the eyes of the people, as royalty.

It was the last day of the Carnival; the furious populace were clad in a variety of frightful, or foolish disguises. Rustics, soldiers, priests, inquisitors, monks, white and black, bishops, and *filles de joie*, all came in some extravagant costume to assassinate the First President of the city, in the same manner as they went to a show. We have seen how the execrable massacre of St. Bartholomew had hardened all hearts! It has been said that the voice of the sovereign justifies every crime of the subject. In fact, with what face could the infamous Medicis demand the punishment of a murder, when she herself had committed so many?

But the President demanded what were his crimes? His crimes! excellent man! They were, his having wept for the blood which had been spilt; his having executed the law when it had lost its strength; his having opposed the encroachments on the rights of society; his having—what shall we say?—cast some innocent sarcasms against the *Capitole* of the citizens of Toulouse, and having slept whilst some poets of the city disputed for the golden eglantine and the silver palm, which Clemence Isaure had the folly to give to the poets of the Academie and the Athénée.

Then, in the midst of the crowd, an axe, guided by a sure hand, struck the magistrate, who fell immediately. The respect due to the dead was not awarded to him. As there was no sledge ready, they put him on his feet, and fastened him to piles, together with the king's picture. Some pulled his beard; others seizing his nose, cried, 'The King was dear to him, and behold they are together!' The students of the good city of Toulouse, in company with the *filles de joie*, danced round the body; and in the evening, at the end of their orgies, they put him on a throne, enveloped him in the portrait of the King, his lord and master, and led the populace to the pillage of his house.

The next day the mob proceeded to the country-house of the

Advocate-General, the brother-in-law of Duranti. The magistrate was sitting with his family, reading a passage in the Bible. The young and interesting daughter of the First President was by him, as yet ignorant of the murder of her parent. All at once shouts were heard; the doors were broken down; the domestics put to flight; men and women rushed furiously into the apartment where he was with his family. He now saw nothing but insult in the countenances which had formerly regarded him with respect and fear. Esteemed and honoured till then, adorned with the chief dignity of Toulouse, after that of the First President (the judge of this very populace, which now heaps upon him reproaches and injuries), he is separated from his children, loaded with irons, conducted to prison, and without pity for his age, secretly strangled by some fanatics.

Witness the fruit of religious wars; witness the consequences of fanaticism and priestly zeal, when it is in pursuit of power! See how we have been cast into all the miseries of anarchy and disorder! This terrible picture of a city, once calm and happy, now carried into the most frightful excesses, has something well fitted to awaken reflection. Who could have believed, that in a city, where they were magistrates, the first magistrates of the kingdom could be assassinated without one course being left for defence, one voice to demand justice, one priest for confession? Such were the bloody fruits of Saint Bartholomew!

Happily the time of retribution arrives sooner or later. When the first fury was appeased, the relatives of Duranti demanded that a new process should be instituted to his memory. He, and also his brother-in-law, received the honour of a public funeral, in which the parliament assisted, the *capitouls*, and the corporation of the city of Toulouse. The body of Duranti was put into a marble sepulchre, near those of the Counts of Toulouse, whose good actions occupy so large a sphere in the old French chronicles; and about a hundred years after, when they were about to remove this tomb, the body of the unfortunate magistrate was discovered yet entire and unchanged.

The work of Baour-Lormian is full of interest and truth, and very preferable to the unpoetical verses of the academician. The author has gone to the proper sources. He has studied the old chronicles; he has, moreover, made use of the life of Duranti, by Martel. He has not forgotten any of the facts which could increase the glory of his hero; he follows him from his infancy to his death; he mentions all the improvements he made in Toulouse. He was founder of the College de l'Equisse; of the institution for the marrying of poor girls, and assisting prisoners; and his liberalities towards young persons who gave evidence of ability and contributed to the advancement of the arts or literature, were many and great. During the plague which afflicted Toulouse in 1588, when negligence and selfishness were the order of the day,

when the citizens avoided each other, neighbours neglecting neighbours, and parents even fearing the contagion, not only avoided conversing with, or approaching the sick, but abandoned them to their wretched fate, Duranti opened his palace to the sick, spent his revenues in providing them with places of shelter, and devoted the most careful attention to all who required it. He neither feared the contagion, nor shrunk from the thousand horrors which he saw around him. He saw but in them suffering humanity, and he assisted, succoured, and protected it. His recompence for all this was a fearful and terrible death! But not many years after, his name was placed by that of the Chancellor l'Hopital, &c.; a new proof, that the halo of glory is often found only on the tombs of great men.

We repeat, this work of M. Baour-Lormian has much interest. Its style is frequently eloquent, though occasionally declamatory; and several of the descriptions are picturesque, though failing, perhaps, in fidelity. The greater part of the characters are historical; and, after having read what the chroniclers and biographers say of the President Duranti, we are able to add, that the author has preserved a close resemblance in the portrait he has drawn of this excellent man, an ever memorable honour to the French magistracy.

Art. IX.—*Reise Seiner Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard zu Sachsen Weimar Eisenach, durch Nord America, in den Jahren* 1825 *und* 1826. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Luden. Zwei Theile. Weimar: W. Hoffman. London: Black, Young, and Young. 1828.

Travels of his Highness Duke Bernhard of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach, through North America, in 1825 *and* 1826. 2 vols. Weimar: W. Hoffman. London: Black, Young, and Young. 1828.

In giving to the public an account of the travels through North America that have recently made their appearance, it has been our lot to be confined principally to English and American authors, whose statements, it must be confessed, are generally tinged with an *air de patrie*. A flaming Tory can see nothing in the New World that is worthy of praise; the United States are as galling to him as a *novus homo* amongst aristocratical legislators; their pretensions are mere bombast, their society ridiculous, whilst he wilfully shuts his eyes against their vast and increasing resources. A native, on the other hand, will give his travels or notions in the extreme of ultra Americanism; and the unfortunate reader is thus left to choose between detracting hostility and fulsome panegyric. Some few honourable exceptions occur, but these are mostly confined to a narrative of a few weeks, which the writer spent over there on a trip of pleasure, and our knowledge of the country is enhanced by a few personal adventures; but with respect to the internal economy of the growing republic, we

are as much in the dark as before. The Travels of Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, which have just been published (although we could have wished that their contents had been given to the world at an earlier period), give us the results of an attentive and impartial observer of manners, society, and economy, in many parts of the United States. As he had previously travelled through England, and almost all the countries of Europe, he is, of course, free from those prejudices that always tinge the remarks of a traveller warm from his native land.

When the scion of a royal stock voluntarily relinquishes the attractions and privileges of his high station, and submits himself to the rough treatment of criticism, he is justly entitled to indulgence, which should not be granted to men in a lower sphere; but the house of Weimar are literary property, and it must be more gratifying to the good sense of the Duke, that his remarks and observations should be judged according to their real worth, than that his work should be loudly lauded, with the damning qualification—pretty well for a royal author. He has shown very *naïfly*, in several passages, that he is by no means insensible to, or regardless of, the outward marks of respect paid to birth and rank, and we like him the better for it, for these advantages are only railed at, or affected to be despised, by those who can never attain them; but in his varied intercourse with the world, he has learned to consider them as externals, and not the only substantials of life. One of the most interesting features in these volumes, is the laudable desire of knowledge and instruction which they display in every page; no object is so minute as to escape his attention, but all things are observed and described with the indefatigable perseverance of a German traveller.

The MS. was intrusted for publication to Luden the historian, who, as he informs us in a preface that appears to us written in an affected tone, has altered nothing, but merely omitted, at the Duke's suggestion, those parts which alluded to his private affairs. The work, indeed, in several passages bears manifest marks that it was not written for the press. The author tells us that he had no intention of publishing his observations, but committed them to paper for the gratification of his own family; several other persons, however, having read them, expressed a desire of seeing them in print, and he could not with propriety refuse their request.

'Respecting either the cause or object of the undertaking itself, I have nothing to say. The idea of the voyage to America has accompanied me from my childhood. I wished to see the New World and its inhabitants, their mode of life, and institutions, manners, and customs. The more I saw of the Old World, the greater was my desire to behold the New.'—vol. i. p. 8.

The affairs of Europe at length enabled him to obtain leave of absence from the King of the Netherlands, in whose service he is, and on the 6th of April, 1825, he sailed for England, in the Pallas,

one of the King's yachts. The vessel touched at several English ports, which are minutely described. At Portsmouth, on the 1st of May, he saw the chimney-sweep gala, and a fight between two boys, 'which was conducted as decorously as any duel.' From the unfavourable state of the weather, the Pallas did not leave Falmouth for America until the 18th of June, 'amidst the waving adieus of the young ladies, to whom the officers of the Pallas were by no means disagreeable.'

The passage across the Atlantic was tedious, and the Prince suffered the usual penalties of a sea voyage, for the vessel was not well built, and *slingered* sadly. The water now and then came in, and choosing, on one occasion, precisely the most inconvenient hour of the day for one of its unwelcome visits, the contents of the dinner table were knocked about in sad confusion, and the *sauer kraut* terribly salted. As the intruding element was no respecter of persons, his Highness was sent, not in the most gentle manner, into a corner of the cabin.

'On the 28th, the roughness of the sea did not abate. I remained in my hammock till four o'clock in the afternoon, and passed the time as well as I could in reading, and heart-breaking reflections on the condition of man at sea in bad weather.'—vol. i. p. 58.

They soon after met with a ship with one hundred and thirty Irish emigrants on board, who were in great distress from want of provisions. Assistance was given from the Pallas, to which the Duke contributed out of his own stock. It was afterwards discovered that the master, Nicholls, had not distributed the provisions among the poor Irish, but kept them all himself. It affords some consolation to learn that the fellow was dismissed.

On arriving in America, our traveller describes the towns, curiosities, public buildings, &c., with his usual minuteness. Any thing like a connected account of his progress through the different states and the Canadas being, of course, out of the question, we shall select such passages and observations as are of general interest, either for the description of the country they contain, or as tending to unfold the personal character of the Duke. Throughout his journey, he directed his attention in a particular manner to the prisons, and his remarks on this subject show that he has studied it with the feelings and attention of a philanthropist.

A statistical account of the prison at Boston gives us the following results:—Between the years 1805 and 1824, 1816 malefactors had been received. Of these, 1103 had been released at the expiration of their confinement, 298 had been pardoned, 15 had escaped, and 102 had died; remainder, 298. Of the 1103 who had been dismissed, 213 had been committed a second time, as had 24 of those who had been pardoned.

Of the 298 who remained in the prison, 54 were black or coloured men, and 59 white foreigners, viz. 13 English, 17 Irish, 8 Scotch, 4 from Nova Scotia, 2 Canadians, 1 from the Cape of Good

Hope, 3 West Indians, 2 Italians, 1 from Cape Verd, 1 Portuguese, and 1 German.

The whole expenses of the establishment amounted to 57,622 dollars; whereas the receipts from the produce of the labour of the prisoners amounted to 58,834 dollars, leaving a profit to the state of 1,212 dollars.

In Northampton, we learn that the people are very pious, and go to church three times a week, besides Sunday. A Bible formed part of the furniture of all the bedchambers of the inn. A curious mode of delivering the letters is customary here. The coachman throws them on the ground before the houses to which they are addressed, or if he should not happen to pass close to them, he leaves them in the nearest street.

The Duke visits the fall of Niagara, but does not attempt a laboured description.

'At Manchester we took up our quarters at the Eagle tavern, and immediately hastened to the fall on the American side. The roaring of the waters directed our steps. We came suddenly upon the precipice, and beheld the immense mass of water, rushing impetuously downwards, with a dreadful noise, to a fearful depth. It is impossible to describe the view; it is impossible to convey the mingled feeling of weakness and sublimity that arises in the human breast at the sight of this stupendous work of nature. We can only wonder, admire, and adore. The rocks on both sides are very steep; there are, however, covered wooden steps, by which we descended to the lower part of the stream, but the spray caused by the foam of the fall deprived us of the beautiful view we had anticipated. We, therefore, soon re-ascended, and enjoyed from above the contemplation of the majestic and sublime.'—vol. i. p. 132.

In company with some gentlemen of the Pallas,

'We went to Goat Island, to which two convenient wooden bridges have been recently thrown over the rapids. . . . . The Indians, who formerly inhabited the country, esteemed the island sacred, and said that the great Manitto dwelt there. And how could the great Spirit reveal himself more awfully than in the overwhelming force of the vast waterfall.'—vol. i. p. 133.

We extract, likewise, the description of the passage of the last rapid. There is a stillness in the Duke's conduct which speaks in his favour, and forms a striking contrast with the noise and bustle of the scene around him.

'We had now to pass the last and most dangerous of the rapids. The waves rose very high, and we glided over the dangerous spot with inconceivable swiftness. By the side of the rapids is a canal, with locks, for vessels going up the stream. To any one who views these rapids from the shore, it appears impossible that a boat could venture in them, without being instantly swallowed up. The wind blew strong, but favourable. We met a steam boat with a corpse on board; its flag, on this occasion, was half masted. This is considered a bad omen. Another steam boat passed quickly by us, and excited our desire to rival her in speed. But suddenly we heard and saw a dreadful storm approaching over the lake. We tried,

in all haste, to pull down the two sails; the smaller was fortunately taken down, but the tackle of the two larger being entangled, it was only half down, when the storm burst over us. We observed near us a buoy, pointing out a dangerous rock, which we ought to avoid, on our left, but the storm drove us with our half sail directly towards it. Six men could scarcely guide the helm. The sail was half in the water—we saw the moment of our destruction at hand. There was no order in the vessel, the sailors knew better than the master, and every thing was in dreadful confusion. I thought it best to be silent—to resign myself to Providence, which watches over me and my fate. At last a sailor climbed the mast, and cut the rope, so that the sail could be taken down; and we fortunately passed the dangerous point.'—vol. i. p. 146.

Sir Francis Burton, Lord Dalhousie's *locum tenens*, received the Duke on his arrival at Quebec, with the distinction due to his rank. Sir Francis was very popular; but Lord Dalhousie, says our traveller, had, in the general opinion, alienated the affections of the people from himself and the government, and thereby increased the influence of the opposition in the Canadian House of Assembly.

'We had met Bishop Plessis (the Catholic Bishop of Quebec) at Sir Francis Burton's, and noticed him as a polished and cultivated man. He is the son of a butcher of Montreal, and has risen solely by his own merits. Some years ago he made a journey through England, France, and Italy, and was appointed by the Pope, Archbishop of Canada. The English government, however, refused to confirm the title; because, as Archbishop, he would have taken precedence of the Anglican Bishop in the Canadian Parliament. The Catholic clergy are held in high esteem—which they deserve, from their talents (*bildung*) and the services which they have performed. The English government confirmed all the prerogatives and emoluments which they possessed before the conquest of the colony, and thus secured their co-operation.'—vol. i. p. 156.

At Saratoga, celebrated for its waters, the whole fashionable world collect; for they are as strongly infected with the mania of journeying in the summer to watering places, as in other countries. High Rock Spring may be considered the parallel to the celebrated Grotto del Cane, for if an animal be placed over it, it expires in half a minute.

Provided with a letter of introduction from the Governor, our traveller visited the Platonic sect of the Shakers, of whom he gives an interesting account. The greatest cleanliness, 'unequalled,' says the Duke, 'in any establishment that I have seen, except the Hospital at Boston, prevails throughout.' The colony at present consists of about 600 members, who are divided into families of 100 each. If a family wishes to enter the sect, the husband and wife must adopt the peculiar doctrines of the Shakers, and the children be educated according to their principles. They also receive orphan children, although scandal sometimes ventures to point out the parents. The Duke adds, rather *naïvely* 'of course, if the principles of these people were to become general, which,

heaven forbid! the world would soon become unpeopled. It might however be advantageous in overpeopled countries, to introduce missionaries of the sect, and favour proselytism.'

Every family has its shop, in which it exposes for sale articles made by its members. They are very successful in their treatment of cattle, and make good butter and cheese. Their swine in particular are excellent; and it is quite a pleasure to go into a Shaker's pigstye. They have likewise a garden, in which they excel in the culture of plants and roots used in medicine. In their place of worship, each member has a space of four foot square allotted for his or her saltatory exercises, which are performed with great zeal.

The Duke visited the military schools at Westpoint, and gives in detail the course of studies there adopted, but we have no room to extract it: nor did it appear to us to possess much novelty. The Cadets have a band, paid by the Government; and the inhabitants of the United States, of course, think theirs the best military music.

'Every one to his taste,' says the Duke; 'but I must confess that, in my opinion, even the celebrated military music of the English Guards, as well as that of the Americans, is far inferior to the music of the Netherlands, or of Germany.'—vol. i. p. 185.

Our readers will, doubtless, recollect the anecdote of Themistocles, in which every man assumed to himself the first place for valour, but assigned to him the second. Our traveller writes *con amore* of Westpoint, perhaps delighted by a spot so congenial to his military habits and education, and this spirit is preserved to the end of the chapter. We have only room for the following observations, which we extract without comment:

'At the little town of Tappan, the unfortunate Major André, condemned by the council of war as a spy, was executed and buried. His remains were disinterred a few years ago, by order of the English government, carried to England, and, if I mistake not, deposited in Westminster Abbey; whilst the remains of General Fraser, who fell like a hero, at the head of the King's troops, lie without a monument in the old redoubt near Still Water. The tree that grew over André's grave was likewise sent to England; and, as I was told, planted in the King's Garden, behind Carlton Palace.'—vol. i. p. 188.

We learn that it is very difficult to go through the streets of New York in a carriage on Sunday, as chains are thrown across them before all the churches, to prevent communication. This circumstance gives rise to the singular remark, that 'the Land of Freedom has likewise its chains.'

'In New York, as in all places where English manners prevail, it is the custom for the ladies to rise at the dessert, and the gentlemen remain to drink; but no one is obliged to do so contrary to his inclination. The ladies are seen no more, and every one goes when he pleases. The

attendants are generally negroes or mulattoes; the white servants generally Irish, for the Americans have a great disinclination to service. . . . All classes complain of the insolence of their servants, who think as much of themselves as their masters; of this I saw daily examples. There are a great number of negroes and mulattoes, but they belong to the very lowest class. . . . The people of this country have a great dislike to this race of men, who are compelled to live almost like the Indian Parias. In the army, at the very highest, they can only be received as drummers or musicians, but never as soldiers. *Yes, soldiers ought certainly never to be of mixed blood.*'—vol. i. p. 200.

Our traveller appears to have a tacit belief in omens. We have already given an instance, in his description of the storm, after meeting the steam-boat with the corpse on board. One or two of similar import appear in different parts of the volumes before us, some of which we shall extract. Thus, after the first week's residence at New York, the Duke changed his lodgings, and immediately upon entering his new apartments received the joyful intelligence of the birth of his son, *Hermann Bernhard Georg*, on the 4th of August. 'I thanked Providence for this new gift, and for the preservation of the loved mother of my children, with fervent piety. On the next day I continued my pursuit of amusement and instruction, (vol. i. p. 201). And on a subsequent occasion, on his visit to the grave of Washington, he tells us, that

'When General Lafayette visited Washington's monument, an eagle was seen in the air, and hovered near the grave until the General left. We remarked likewise a very large eagle, that appeared to watch us from its height; we saw him above us when we re-embarked, and he appeared to hover over the same spot for a long time; and it was not until the last boat approached the steam-vessel, that he suddenly left his position, flew to the wood, and we lost sight of him.'—vol. i.

Sagacious creature! Washington's guardian angel, no doubt. It would make a capital episode in an American epic. We should like very much to know whether the royal bird acts as a guard of honour, or watch, only upon French generals and German dukes; or would condescend to accompany an untitled John Bull, or Yankee, to the grave of the hero. At any rate Washington is worthy of the honour, and so we will let the matter rest.

On paying a visit to Mr. Crawford, who had been ambassador to Paris from the United States, the Duke found to his astonishment that, although he had resided some years in France, he could not speak French, and addressed himself mostly to his daughter. His Highness is a man of too much politeness to be personal; yet if Miss Crawford should ever peruse his travels, we are afraid that she will not consider the next sentence, in which her visitor incidentally expresses his conviction that 'the inhabitants of the South are far behind those of the North in culture' (vol. ii. p. 17), as a proof of his gallantry.

'On arriving at Macon, several of the houses were grog-shops, in which the neighbours celebrated Christmas. *Tout comme chez nous*, thought I, and fancied myself in Europe. We noticed a lady and gentleman on horseback; the horses were not loaded, yet a negress was obliged to run barefoot by the side, and carry a heavy sack of corn for the horses. Then I saw that I was not in Europe, and I was glad of it.' —vol. ii. p. 24.

In New Orleans, we regret to say our traveller found places established for the sale of negroes. The poor creatures stood or sat the whole day to be exhibited to purchasers. He expresses himself in the terms which such conduct cannot fail to excite, and says that the indifference which custom produces in the whites is incredible. Among the slave dealers, a Dutchman, named Jacobs, in a particular manner excited his indignation. He had the vilest countenance that could be imagined, and treated the unfortunate negroes in the most brutal manner, although he was not unfrequently chastised by the unhappy beings in the extremity of their despair.—vol. ii. p. 74.

The Duke's observations on the state of society in New Orleans, are worthy of quotation. After slightly noticing a masked white ball, he continues—

'There was likewise a quarteron ball the same evening. A quarteron is the child of a mestize and a white father, as a mestize is the child of a mulatto and a white father. The quarterons are almost white; at least their descent could not be traced in their complexions. Many a Quarteronne has a whiter skin than many of the proud Creoles. Their black hair and eyes betray them, although there are blonde Quarteronnes. Those who attend this ball are free; but the white ladies entertain the most violent dislike to them on account of their black descent. Marriages between the white and coloured are forbidden by the laws; and as the Quarteronnes look down with similar contempt on the negroes and mulattoes, nothing remains for them but to become the *friends* of the whites. They consider an engagement of this nature as a marriage, and it is always entered into by a formal contract, according to which the friend gives a certain sum to the Quarteronnes, who take the name of their friends, and are much more faithful than many ladies married at church. Several of them possess considerable property, and yet their situation is very subordinate. They must not drive in a carriage through the streets, and it is only in the dusk of the evening that their friends can drive them to the ball in their own carriage; they must not sit in the presence of a white lady, nor even enter a room without her express permission. Many of them have received a better education than the whites, and generally conduct themselves with more decency and propriety. Yet the white ladies speak of these unhappy and oppressed creatures with the greatest contempt and bitterness. The strongest expressions of the high nobility in the monarchical states of the old world to their fellow-creatures, cannot be more haughty, arrogant, and contemptuous than that of the Creoles in one of the highly-praised free states of the liberal Union. In fact, these comparisons afford abundant source of contemplation to a thinking mind. Many rich parents, on this account, send their daughters to France, where,

from their education and property, they find no difficulty in forming matches. Only coloured ladies are admitted to these Quarteron balls, and to ensure the respectability of the gentleman, the price of admission is two dollars.

'As a foreigner like myself should see every thing, that he may become acquainted with the manners, customs, opinions, and prejudices of the persons with whom he happens to be, I accepted the invitation of some gentlemen, who offered to drive me to the Quarteron ball, and I must confess it was much better conducted than the masked ball. The coloured ladies were under the eyes of their mothers; they were well and elegantly dressed, and behaved with great decorum and modesty. Country dances and waltzes were performed, and several of the ladies danced excellently! I did not stop long, for fear of forfeiting all claims to existence in New Orleans, but soon returned to my former party, and took care not to tell the ladies where I had been. But I could not refrain from drawing comparisons, and these were by no means in favour of the white ball.'—vol. ii. pp. 78—80.

The manner in which M. Dubourg, the Catholic Bishop of Louisiana, procured a copy of the Encyclopædia, is sufficiently amusing. In his travels through Flanders, with the Prince de Broglio, he became acquainted with a gentleman and his daughter who were very bigotted. The latter, in a confidential conversation with the Bishop, communicated to him her scruples at having in her possession a work in which the church was so shamefully treated, and asked him if she should not throw the obnoxious work into the flames? The Bishop replied, that if she would entrust it to him, he would take care that it should do no harm to any one. He thus saved from destruction a copy of this splendid work, and enriched his own library with it.

On returning to Philadelphia, the Duke visited the episcopal churchyard, to behold the grave of Dr. Franklin. He was buried in the same grave with his wife, who died in the same year. It is near the wall of the churchyard, covered with a white marble, containing only the simple inscription:

Benjamin } *Franklin*,
et }
Deborah } 1790.

We must now take our leave of these volumes, although we would willingly have quoted, if our limits had allowed us, his concluding observations upon London, and the contrast which a traveller experiences on returning from America, the land of youth and promise, to the countries which bear marks of "the long perspective of distant years." We were much struck by the manifest and gradual improvement exhibited in this work. At first the author limits himself to the mere description of what he sees, undiversified by any views of men and manners, and we began to fear that we had taken up a Guide to Travellers, stripped of its superlatives. Much of this apparent reserve is doubtless to be

attributed to the circumstance of his having previously visited those parts of England, the description of which occupies a considerable portion of his first volume. But he becomes more communicative as he proceeds, and therefore appears in a more favorable light to his readers. We become convinced that we have before us not a stiff piece of elevated humanity that disdains to enter into the social feelings of his fellow creatures, but one who unites the qualities of the Gentleman with those of the Nobleman. We should, indeed, have been grievously disappointed if a branch of the illustrious house of Weimar, whose name will descend to the latest posterity, inwreathed with the brightest names of modern times, had appeared before the public in any but a favorable point of view. If there is cause for regret in the work before us, it is that the author has generally confined himself to a bare narration of facts, without favoring his readers with his own observations upon them. Whenever he has adopted the latter mode, we have always found his observations amusing or instructive; and a work of this nature throughout, from the hands of a Prince who has shown himself so diligent an observer of nature and society, in the different countries he has visited, would have been, indeed, a treasure. But it is scarcely to be expected that one in our author's rank of life, should devote himself to the toil and labour necessary for literary distinction. We feel grateful to him for what he has done; he has not, it is true, presented us with *piquant* anecdotes of society, or general characteristics of a nation, which are frequently so liberally and gratuitously conferred by authors, but we have an interesting personal narrative, in which due attention is paid to the great interests of mankind, and a desire evinced of transferring the Good in All countries to his own. The military habits and strict education of the writer are occasionally manifest, and vary the picture by directing attention from the described to the describer, but he always displays a thorough impartiality.

The work is neatly and tolerably correctly printed, and among the typographical errors which we noticed, the German words appeared the most numerous, the English, except in a few instances, being properly given. There are many valuable maps annexed, with plans, vignettes, and two landscapes of American scenery. We trust that the very favourable reception which the present volumes have found, will induce the Duke to publish his travels in this country.

ART. X.—*Journal of a Voyage to Peru; a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes, in the Winter of* 1827, *performed on Foot in the Snow; and a Journey across the Pampas.* By Lieutenant Charles Brand, R. N. 8vo. pp. 346. London: Colburn. 1828.

BEYOND the novelty of a passage effected across the Cordillera of the Andes, in the depth of winter, when those giant-mountains,

always difficult to a traveller, were rendered more than usually perilous from being covered with snow; we have found little in Lieutenant Brand's Journal deserving attention. The whole line of his route is already familiar to most of our readers. Captain Head's picturesque and animated account of the Andes, has made them perfectly acquainted with those magnificent wastes. They may be said to have frequently climbed the Andes with one adventurer or another during the last five or six years; and as to Valparaiso or Lima, there is scarcely a street, or a public building in either, that can be said to be new to them. In a literary point of view, our author himself acknowledges that his volume has no pretensions whatever. It is certainly written with as little elegance, or even accuracy of composition, as can well be imagined. We are told it was drawn up, according to a very laudable custom which prevails amongst naval officers, solely for the information and entertainment of the author's friends; but that he was '*persuaded* to present it to the notice of the public,' doubtless by that partiality of private admiration which in all such cases is irresistible. As to the rest, the production contains nothing positively offensive, except the usual proportion of bigotry, which is found in almost every book of travels that emanates from our countrymen. They have so very generally acquired the notion that no religion can be proper but their own, and that they have a right to ridicule or censure every mode of worship save that which they have been taught, that a chapter on superstition and idolatry seems to be as indispensible, as a chapter on costume.

Our author does not inform us whether he wandered forth as a man of business or pleasure, as a diplomatist or an engineer. We suspect that he was employed as a special agent, by one of the British Mining Companies, on some urgent occasion which he did not find himself at liberty to explain. This matter, however, is of very little consequence, as he does not enter into any questions at all connected with speculations of a commercial nature. He left Falmouth on the 23d of April, 1827, and made the passage to Rio Janeiro in forty-five days. From thence he sailed to Monte Video, but having been refused permission by the Brazilian Admiral to proceed by the packet to Buenos Ayres, then in a state of blockade on account of the war between the two countries, he was obliged to make an over-land journey thither, through the Banda Oriental. It seems extremely absurd that the Admiral should have prevented passengers from going to Buenos Ayres by the packet, when they had no difficulty in procuring passports for the frontiers, if they were inclined to expose themselves to the fatigue and danger of travelling through a tract of country affording none of the conveniences of civilized life, and moreover infested with robbers. But this is one of those anomalies known to the governments of South America, for which we who live in the old world are at a loss to account.

After leaving the Brazilian outposts, which were held by black troops, our author soon reached the republican lines. His description of the Patriot forces is by no means flattering. They had 'a most wretched and wild appearance: they were all mounted on half wild horses, no shoes or stockings, with tremendous large spurs fastened to their naked heels by strips of hide: their long black hair hung down their backs, huge black mustachios, red caps, and blue pouches lined with red, underneath which, as they galloped to and fro, appeared a brace of pistols in front, and a large long knife stuck behind; added to all this, they carried a sabre and blunderbuss: those that had not the latter had old muskets, fowling pieces, &c.' These men were in arms against the treaty for giving up the Banda Oriental to the emperor. They were little better than a set of banditti, and to increase the romance of the scene, there were numerous armed deserters from both lines, who were employed in pillaging and murdering in all directions.

Lieutenant Brand was fortunate in having for his travelling companions three Englishmen and a Spaniard. They were guided for three leagues by a fine little child only five years old, who was mounted on a noble horse, and sang all the way a native song of the country, in which the only words our author could make out meant in substance—"stand to your arms, brave Orientals; the enemy are coming—fight, and be bold." Generally speaking, the guides are 'beautiful horsemen: instantly they mount, they cry "vamos senores!" (let us go, gentlemen,) and start off at full speed; nothing stops them—through mud, water, brooks, and every thing—you must follow, or be left behind.' The tigers, vultures, vermin, robbers and starvation of the Banda Oriental having been all surmounted, our travellers crossed the Rio de la Plata in an open boat, and found Buenos Ayres a perfect London, or Paris, compared with the savage country they had just traversed. In a political point of view, however, the republican metropolis was in a sad condition enough. 'Paper money was falling to a mere nothing—sixty-four paper dollars to the doubloon, and daily expected to be lower.'

From Buenos Ayres, Lieutenant Brand proceeded across the Pampas, galloping as usual in that wild district as quickly as the animals would go. The reason for this velocity of movement he states as follows:

'It may be a matter of surprise to some of my readers, why travellers should gallop over the Pampas at the amazing rate they do. In order, in some measure, to account for this, it must be taken into consideration, the total discomfort and wretchedness which reigns throughout the dreary waste; and it may well be imagined, that a man has no inclination to remain there longer than he can possibly help. It must also be taken into consideration, that, probably at all times, there may be Indians, or Monteneros, hovering about; and if, by any chance, they get informa-

tion of a traveller being on the road, no doubt but they would endeavour to waylay him; therefore the best and most secure way of avoiding this, is by riding at that rate which would prevent them (even should they get such information) from being able to overtake you: added to this, the natural pace of the horses is such, that really the animals appear to be sensible of the journey they have to perform, and seem to be as eager to get over it as the riders themselves; neither is their labour so great as may be imagined, for there is no up-hill or down-hill, windings or turnings, obstructions of blocked-up roads, or any thing of the sort: in short, nothing to impede the straight-forward progress; and also there is a peculiar pleasure and buoyancy of spirits in riding over a dreary waste, with nothing to attract the attention; the mind gets absorbed in pleasing reflections, building castles in the air, which are scarcely broken by the galloping of the horse, or till the post-house rises in the horizon of the desolate plain, like a strange sail seen from a ship at sea, which serves only to break the monotony for a few passing moments, until he changes his horse, and gallops on again, anticipating and calculating how long it may be before he gets to the end of his monotonous journey: thus it is, having no inducement to stop, onward he goes, from daylight till dark, as long as he can get relays of horses; never thinking of the journey he has performed, only how much more remains to be accomplished.'—pp. 282—284.

From this portion of the journal, which describes the author's route across the Pampas, we shall only extract his notice of the family of a good-humoured host whom he found at Las Manantiales, or the Springs, and the general character of the natives of the Pampas.

'This is not a regular post-house, not having a post-room, but our laughing host, who is a fat, jolly, good-natured man, did every thing to make his miserable abode as comfortable to us as possible. These people have many amiable qualities—that of urbanity of manners in particular: I wish I could say that my own countrymen possessed half their politeness: give way a little to their humour, and they may be made any thing of. This poor man, humbly and miserably as he was situated, living with his wife and two daughters, in a perfect desert, gave up the only room he had for our service; and when he sat down to eat with us, did not touch his meat without crossing himself, and breathing a prayer of thanks to his Maker. While we were at our supper inside, we had a noble view without: the thistles had been set on fire to clear the land, and for miles it was to be seen blazing and marching majestically along the horizon, a wilderness of fire. Our Peons had also two blazing fires, which they were assembled close round, cooking their suppers; not a breath of wind moved over the quiet scene, which only tended to add melancholy to its dreariness. We all slept on the mud floor in our host's small room, which did not appear to incommode either himself or his family, for his wife and daughters came and undressed just as if no person had been there. Shortly after, between talking and laughing, we heard them at their prayers, stopping now and then to chat in the middle of them. I could not but think of the good qualities which were evidently innate in this family; and what they might be brought to with a little cultivation and education.'—pp. 43, 44.

In the same kindly spirit, Lieutenant Brand speaks of the natives of the Pampas generally.

Indolence and gambling appear to be their existing propensities: the former I am not astonished at, on account of their very few wants; as long as they have beef, water, and a cigar, all are supplied. The natives of the Pampas are a remarkably fine, handsome race of men, with expressive intelligent countenances. From necessity, being driven entirely to their own resources for a livelihood, they have acquired a very independent air; and from living almost on horseback, it approaches even to nobleness. Their good qualities are very conspicuous: treat them civilly, they will always return it in kind far beyond what may be expected. A cigar presented in due season, and with a proper degree of politeness, will effect more than all the harsh words you can give them, for they will not brook it; and why should they? Living as free and independent as the wind, they cannot, and will not acknowledge superiority in any fellow-mortal. They are fond of asking questions, but it will be done with all the air and manners of a courtier, fearing to give offence; nevertheless, they will expect to be answered with equal civility. Their ideas are all equality: the humble peon, and my lord, would be addressed equally alike by the simple Gaucho with the title of "Senor."'—pp. 73, 74.

We must add our author's account of two travellers, brothers, and natives of Mendoza, who accompanied him over the Pampas. They had purchased an old English travelling carriage, of which they were ludicrously vain; and we rather suspect, that in order to crown their pretensions to grandeur, they exhibited our naval Lieutenant as a "lion," on their arrival at Mendoza.

They purchased the carriage on the strength of meeting with two Englishmen, who paid them a hundred and twenty-five silver dollars each for their seats, and for which they paid two thousand paper dollars, or shillings, which was the current rate of exchange at the time. It was ridiculous to see with what pride they surveyed this vehicle every day; and they did not, positively, know how to open or shut the door, or let down the steps. Every wretched post-house we stopped at, a description of the carriage was given, a general survey held, the door opened and shut, the glasses let up and down half a dozen times, very much to the amusement of the simple Gauchos, who stared with astonishment, while the gallant colonel and his brother would stand with folded arms, eulogizing its various qualities, with an air of self importance not to be equalled by the Dey of Algiers himself; taking care, as we advanced in distance, that they advanced in the price they gave for it; for not being very particular with regard to their veracity, it increased to the amount of three thousand five hundred dollars by the time we arrived at Mendoza. Independent of this, they carried with them various articles of merchandize, in a small way, such as snuff-boxes, watches, rings, fans, &c. &c. much resembling our hawking pedlars in England. A gold, musical snuff-box was a grand display, every place we stopped at; it confirmed their grandeur, by the surprise and astonishment of the natives, who had never seen such a thing in their lives: even the Indians had a laugh and roar at it, and I verily believe would have smashed it on the ground, from pure delight, could they have got it into their hands. A trumpery watch was shewn to me

as a chronometer, and some bauble paste rings as diamonds; fans smeared over with gold and silver spangles and stars, were represented as very superb, and in high request among the ladies of Mendoza, to whom we were to have the honour of being introduced, which ceremony took place soon after our arrival, a dinner and ball being given for the purpose. Frequently were we asked, very seriously, if this carriage really did belong to the M.'s, such a thing never having before been seen in Mendoza; for I have observed it was not one of the vehicles of the country, but a light English travelling carriage. The day of days arrived — the carriage was flying about the town, with a couple of mules, to bring all the ladies to dinner, in order to meet the foreign gentlemen.

'We were all seated higgledy-piggledy at table; dish after dish came in; every one helped themselves; no carving was required, being all made dishes. The master of the house was walking round the room, with his coat off, very comfortably smoking his cigar; and between every fresh dish, of which there were some thirty or forty, the ladies amused themselves eating olives soaked in oil; and the colonel, to prove that he understood foreign manners and customs, got the ladies, one after the other, to ask the foreign gentlemen to drink wine with them, which was no small ordeal for us to run through. After these half-hundred dishes came the sweets; then the gentlemen's flints and steels were going, the room soon filled with smoke, and the ladies retired to dress for the ball, which went off very well, as they were really very pretty, and uncommonly well dressed. It was a painful reflection when I found several pointed out to me that could not absolutely write; such is the state of society in Mendoza, and the bigotry of some of the fathers of families, to this day, that they will not allow their daughters to learn to write, for fear of their holding correspondence—with whom shall I say?—most probably, persons who would improve their minds, and save them from the ignorance and folly of seeking admiration from the men, which is all they appear to think about, and which is amply repaid with the most profound respect and adulation to their personal charms, but decided contempt for their understandings. At the ball the whole town attended, the waltz and Spanish dance went on: the gentlemen were smoking and spitting about the room, and I retired to the dirty miserable inn, thinking that I should soon be performing a very different dance over the mighty Andes, now stretching close to this town, appearing a huge mass of impenetrable snow, towering most solemnly aloft, as if in attempt to reach the heavens itself.'—pp. 76—80.

The sight of the Andes, under such circumstances, must have been rather formidable. At any time it is no journey of pleasure to ascend them. The natural dangers of the passes were now terribly augmented by the snow, and so severe a winter had not been known for many years. The reports brought to Mendoza of the state of the Cordillera, of course magnified the perils that were to be encountered. It would appear, however, that many lives had been lost; and that the intercourse with Chili had been altogether suspended for five weeks. None of these circumstances deterred Lieutenant Brand from proceeding; and we must say that his description of this part of his journey, besides being highly curious,

reflects not a little credit upon his personal character for enterprize and courage.

Having made the necessary preparations for his undertaking, he quitted Mendoza on the 14th of August, with a train of five-and-twenty mules. He had only six persons at first, but others joined him on the road. It was no pleasant intelligence to his ear, that only a few days before, one of his attendants, together with eleven others, had been blocked up in a miserable hut at Villavicencia, only fifteen leagues from Mendoza, during a snow storm which lasted twelve days; that they had been compelled to subsist on the remains of a mule, which they had providentially picked up in the snow, and that one of the number perished. After reaching the top of the first range of mountains, the snow, in many places of their path, began to lay very thick, hard, and slippery. Several carcasses of mules, which had died from fatigue, strewed their way. 'It was surprising to see in what a state of preservation they appeared; the rarified atmosphere, I suppose, having that effect upon them. Some seemed as if they had only died the previous day. On examining them, the skin was, as it were, baked, but adhered to the bones, leaving a mere skeleton covered with skin, so that I could with ease lift up any one of them in my arms, being so very light.' This singular effect of the atmosphere has been observed in many parts of the Pampas, and also in Peru. To the same cause, we presume, it is to be attributed that our traveller, on touching any part of his woollen clothing while he was in these elevated regions, observed electric sparks fly out wherever he put his hand.

It is not difficult to imagine what the author's feelings must have been, when after entering the valley of Uspallata, the mighty Cordillera first broke upon his view, clothed in its winter mantle from head to foot. 'This was the first full view we had of it, for while on the eastern side of the mountains we had just crossed, the summits only were visible; but now, the whole mass broke upon our right like a world of snow. I was struck with amazement; most wistfully did I throw my head back to gaze at its mighty summits, towering amidst the clouds, and thought it almost presumption to attempt such an undertaking as crossing them.'

The following passage describes some of the difficulties which our author experienced:

'Our ascent now became very rapid into the snowy region, passing over many deep falls. The fourth pass, the Ladera de las Vacas, was dreadful; plainly could we see that our difficulties and troubles were now only commencing, as at the first, no vestige of a track was left; the mountain ran smooth for about one thousand two hundred feet, right down into the river, and half of it was covered with snow. We were detained a considerable time making our road; the mules were again unloaded, and we proceeded over till we came to the snow, where our work of distress began; we literally crawled over on our hands and knees, frequently slipping a few feet, but supporting ourselves on our sticks. The mules came next,

all unloaded but one, with a few light articles; some of the peons took their stations at different distances down the mountain of snow, with lassoes in their hands, fully expecting what was to follow: while the others drove them on, when, by dint of shouting, hallooing, and beating, they got them to move. The poor animals began stumbling, falling, and slipping, but not loosing their balance, slipping on their haunches at times thirty or forty feet down the mountain; all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes; at last one mule lost its balance, and, over he went, rolling and bounding head over heels, two hundred feet down the mountain, into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the current, and much to my astonishment reached the opposite side of the river, apparently not much injured by its fall, but its services lost to us; presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, over and over he went, all the lassoes flew at him, when, after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions, but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling. This day's work was not yet over: as we advanced, the snow increased, and we arrived at the fifth pass, Juan de Pobre; which, if possible, was worse than all, for it was divided into two separate ones by the mass of snow which covered it, and which, in many places, was hard and slippery: to have taken our eyes off our footing when once on it would have been certain destruction. The same ceremony of unloading was again performed, and every man took his station. I beg to observe, that the peons first went over with their sticks, breaking the snow, thus making the footing more secure for ourselves and mules. Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees: the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree, in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole track was covered with blood. Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded, like a ball, into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones, till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than its companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him laying with every bone in its body broken, he got up upon its legs, and began browsing among the rocks: thus we lost the services of three. My companion, who had crossed the Cordillera three times before, once in winter, had never seen a mule lose its footing, so as to roll down the mountains.'—pp. 106—109.

The poor mules were soon knocked up altogether, and the luggage and provisions were transferred to the backs of the peons, who performed their task with a great deal of good humour. They had in some places to cut flights of steps in the snow in a zig-zag direction up the mountain, and even before reaching the Cumbre, the labour which they underwent seems almost incredible. The only resting places which the traveller meets with in

the higher part of the Andes, consist of casuchas, or small huts, which afford a most deplorable sort of accommodation.

'These hovels, miserable and wretched as they truly are, prove to the storm-driven traveller, in the dreadful dreary regions of the Andes, a most welcome resting-place. There are eight of them in the highest parts of the Cordillera; they are built of brick, at an elevation of about ten feet from the ground, and average fourteen feet by twelve inside; once they had doors, but necessity, that stern mother of invention, instigated some perishing travellers to burn them, in order to supply the want of that necessary article fuel, which is not even to be seen during winter in the Cordillera. The very cross-beams were burnt, so that it was impossible to keep out the perishing cold air. Added to this, there were nine holes to admit the light, which various travellers had taken the greatest pains (now the want of a door admitted it), to stuff up with any old rags, bricks, or stones, they could find; and proving that even these were not easily procured, they had pulled the bricks from out of the wall, and off the outside of what, at one time, was a flight of brick steps to ascend by, but which are now so dilapidated as to render it a task to clamber up into the interior, so that in a few years, if no means are taken to repair them, even these miserable abodes for the shelter of man will tumble to pieces.

'To view the storm from these dreary abodes as it passes by, is dismal and awful in the extreme. I have witnessed a hurricane in a desert—shipwreck—fire and storms at sea—but nothing can equal the terrific, awful appearance, of a snow-storm in the Andes.

'As we sat shivering in the casucha, the mountains, from being so close to us, appeared a wall of snow, their tops joining as it were in one mass, with the clouds of snow flying around us. In vain did I look for a dark spot to rest my painful eyes upon, tracing the mountains all round, from the base to their summits; wandering again over heaven and earth, all—all appeared a world of snow, picturing desolation itself, the miserable casucha alone standing in the midst of it. The wild wind whistled through its many apertures, shaking its very foundation, and roared and cracked in the mountains above us, that were continually sending down large masses of snow that would fall with a dense awful noise, threatening destruction to every thing beneath that might come within its reach. Pent up here, while the storm is howling and roaring around, the traveller cannot move without, but must wait with humble submission to the will of "Him who alone can still its raging," and on whom alone he can safely rely for a happy release from such an awful and dreary situation.'—pp. 136—139.

The ascent of the Cumbre was of course the most laborious part of the journey. It is only from the lithographed illustration of it, which is prefixed to the volume, that the reader can form any idea of the steepness of the mountain, and of the difficulty with which the traveller is able to make his way to the top of it. Our author describes it as running up into the clouds, a height of at least two thousand feet, one pure mass of snow, without the slightest print of any thing upon it. All was as smooth as glass; and, as the sun reflected its rays full upon this mass of purest virgin

white, it gave it all the dazzling appearance of an enormous mountain of alabaster. It cost them four hours and a half of excessive toil to climb to the top of the ridge; the descent was a matter of comparative facility and pleasure, though by no means unattended with danger, particularly at the Cuesta de Concual. We must give the author's account of the mode in which he reached the bottom of this enormous precipice.

'This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, but a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down; and I, am speaking within the opinion of many, whom I have consulted on the subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet, in a direct descent; in all parts so steep, that there was no possibility of standing; many parts were also hard and slippery, and how to get down this was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself: so little are we aware what we are capable of performing till we are brought to the trial.

'I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other, with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity; one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now, I thought this would never do for me, so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dig another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn: I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it; first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me: and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest part: then I let go, laying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity, a distance of five hundred feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver in the mines of Peru.'—pp. 155, 156.

At the bottom of this mountain, our traveller found peons who had been directed to meet him with horses and mules from Chili, and he lost no time in effecting his escape from the dismal Cordillera. The remainder of his journey to Valparaiso and Lima, offers nothing that particularly deserves our notice. He returned by the Andes to Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro, where he arrived

in the middle of February, in the present year. In the latter part of his journal he has collected several facts, and grounded upon his own experience some directions, which any traveller about to proceed to South America will find really very acceptable and useful. During the author's stay at Rio, he chanced to see the Emperor and his young family at the opera. The following description is not unseasonable at this moment, when the destinies of the young Queen of Portugal excite so much attention.

'I visited the opera, for the purpose of getting sight of the Emperor, who happened to be there, accompanied by his two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the Infanta. The former is about ten years of age, and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven: they were very plainly dressed, and as they sat in their magnificent box in the centre of the theatre, were to be seen to great advantage. The interior of the house is very elegant, consisting of four tiers of boxes on each side of the Emperor's, which occupies the whole front of the theatre, excepting four small boxes just above it. The grand entrance to the pit is underneath it, and it was certainly most superbly fitted up, with chandeliers, pier glasses, tables, chairs, &c., having all the appearance of an elegant drawing-room; and being quite open in front, with the exception of a light gilt railing, they were quite exposed to the full view of the audience. Whenever the curtain dropt, the audience stood up, out of respect to the Emperor; those in the pit facing him, at which time he would always come forward with the little Queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without star or mark of distinction of any sort, with white trowsers and shoes, and but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the bye, is customary among the gentlemen in South America. The Queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair, and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close cottage bonnet. The pretty Infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulder. The Emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair, and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes, on each side of him.'—pp. 302—304.

Although the illustrations which are found in this volume afford very accurate ideas of the scenes which they are intended to represent, yet we must add, that they are executed in a paltry style of art. This is the more surprising, as lithographic printing has now reached such a degree of perfection in this country, that one must expressly order bad drawings on stone in order to get them. In point of economy, moreover, the difference between excellent and inferior prints can hardly be worth consideration.

ART. XI.—*The Subaltern's Log Book, including Anecdotes of Well-known Military Characters.* In 2 vols. London: James Ridgway. 1828.

SHOULD any subaltern in his Majesty's service be desirous of manufacturing a Log-book, we would recommend to him a diligent perusal of these volumes. Let him not be deterred by the apparent difficulties of the task; we assure him, and stake our reputation as critics on the result, that it (viz. manufacturing a Log-book, not reading the one before us; Heaven forefend that we should be guilty of such want of discrimination) is the easiest thing imaginable. As we have been compelled, in our judicial capacity, to wade through their contents, a feat of which we are not a little proud, and which we challenge one in a hundred of our readers to imitate, we will enlighten him with the fruits of our dear-bought experience.

Choose a title that shall, at first sight, lead the public to suppose that the work is a production of some favourite author (Mr. Gleig, for example); but as that would excite expectations which any other *sub.* might find it difficult to satisfy, contradict it by inserting underneath any thing in the shape of a puff, such as 'Anecdotes of well-known characters': this would effectually undeceive, and you might take credit for your candour and originality. Select some modest motto, mildly praising yourself, in which you contrive delicately to inform your readers (fictitious personages, a charming use of the figure anticipative, the destruction of which would annihilate no small portion of living authors) of your varied powers of observation. We introduce one by way of example—

'Talk not of seventy years of age, in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate century through.'

Never mind if you have never seen a monarch, that will make no difference; a slight touch of fiction will embellish the work, and give it a more poetic turn. As to 'the humblest individual under heaven,' we cannot exactly undertake to say where he is to be found; but no one need think of applying to *our* subaltern for any information on the subject; modesty is an article quite out of his line. Get up a flaming dedication to a foreigner; and that it may have some resemblance to its object, be particularly careful that the language is not English; tack to this an unmeaning preface, and proceed *ad libitum*. Should you feel at a loss for matter, resuscitate some of Joe Miller's jokes; laud and lament the Duke of York positively, comparatively, or superlatively, according to your reception at the Horse Guards; tell anecdotes of persons who never existed, it will prove your invention, and you will escape the charge of personality; eulogize the high principle and gentlemanly

conduct of the army; it will not be thrown away, it is a genteel way of praising yourself. String all this (with a report of after-dinner speeches, corrected by yourself) upon the thread of conceit and self-commendation, and be sure you display a laudable disregard of orthography and grammar; this may, perhaps, recommend you at head-quarters, and prove that, in your case at least, the schoolmaster has been always *abroad.*

We dare say that our readers imagine it impossible that a man can so completely mistake his own powers as to venture totally unqualified before the public: yet so it is. We have seldom met with a more unhappy attempt at authorship than the present, or such a farrago of trash and nonsense, with scarcely one redeeming feature. What could possibly have induced the author not only to commit his soporific lucubrations to paper (he has the assurance to call them *light* reading)—but to print them, let him answer for himself.

He does not seem to have been a great favourite with his fellow-passengers, who appear to have taken a delight in quizzing him, and he *therefore* thought of a literary undertaking. 'Surely it was better than to be looking ever and anon in the face of those enemies to my peace, who, from words I occasionally overheard, *I knew were speaking of me.*' "I know they are talking of me, for they laughed consumedly," says the man in the play, and our Sub. evidently knew that they could be saying no good of him. 'I hoped, too, that notwithstanding my many failures, some pursuit would be discovered that might make the sight of my brother passengers and myself a greater treat and novelty to each other.' The greater the novelty the greater the treat; and how do our readers imagine that his presence was rendered a greater novelty? By boring them with the contents of his log-book. 'Their irony did not prevent my reading on, as long as they would listen! until I found some of my stories *seemed* to interest, and my anecdotes make them smile, not at, but with me,' which means, of course, that they all laughed at them together.

Our Subaltern, according to his version, was indebted for his commission to the kindness of the late Duke of York, and that prince is consequently so unfortunate as to become the object of his eulogy. Gratitude is a very fine thing; but the person obliged should contrive in expressing it not to make the obliger appear ridiculous. The following is his report of an interview with the Duke previous to his going to India.

'In my lodgings I had that morning found the *Madras Courier* newspaper, with an epitome of his Royal Highness's biography; it was written in accordance with truth, and with my most warm feelings of admiration of him. It would have been impossible for me to give utterance to the gratitude I owed him on my own account, as well as on that of my family; or of the very exalted opinion we all entertained of him, independently of our personal obligations; which opinion, now that he is no

more, appears to be a national feeling. I said, " May it please your Royal Highness, I have taken the liberty of presenting to you, for your perusal when at leisure, this paper; among its contents you will find something which I dare not attempt to express, lest I might altogether fail. It may convey a part of that respectful regard, which your goodness makes all those to whom you are known feel towards your royal person." I also requested him to peruse a letter I had received from the Commander of our depôt, *which said something of my attention to my duty.*'—vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

This is capital. The Duke strongly recommended his 'keeping out of the sun, living temperately, and avoiding, if possible, powerful medicine.' But the following precious specimen outherod's Herod:

'But I trust that the recollection of him (the Duke), whose memory I constantly cherish, may, in all time coming, so influence my feelings and conduct, as in time past it has; and that the hope of meeting him hereafter, in that region " where the weary are at rest, and the good happy," may not be frustrated.'—vol. i. p. 98.

Only think of that, Master Brook!

The style of the two following letters is very unofficial, and the defects so marvellously resembling those pervading the rest of these volumes, that we strongly suspect the Ensign and Secretary to be one and the same person:

'Shortly after this interview, I received the following note from his Secretary:—" Captain H—— has the satisfaction of transmitting to Ensign —— the accompanying introductory letter, which his Royal Highness promised him on Saturday last, to Sir T. Hislop, and which, there can be no doubt, will be most serviceable to him on his arrival at Madras. In doing this, Captain H—— also desires to assure him of the Duke's anxious good wishes for his welfare, united with those of his own."

'I acknowledged the receipt of this, and was favoured with the following reply:—" Captain H—— has duly received Ensign ——'s letter of the 3rd, and was so well pleased with its contents, *that he could not help shewing it to his Royal Highness, who has now directed that he should be assured all those effusions of his good and warm heart, which it contains, are appreciated as they merit*, and that he will ever be happy to hear of his welfare through the channel of Sir T. Hislop, who, he trusts, will become a protector to him.'"

We have seen how the poor Duke fares under the Subaltern's hands; his parents cannot boast of much better treatment. His father, notwithstanding much maudlin sentiment dispersed through the work, whenever he appears personally on the scene, does not much honour to his clerical character. He takes into his house two illegitimate daughters of Marquis ——, although their father had informed him of their irreclaimable folly. One of these young ladies affects the heart of our hero, then at the age of sixteen. One little incident will show the amiable delicacy of our clergyman's protegée:

'One day, looking over with me the portraits of English kings, she remarked, "Charles (the Second) must have been very handsome" (the artist had flattered most impudently); "observe him," added she, putting her white finger on his face, and long flowing hair, "he had the strongest passions of any man of his age." I thought I heard a gently stifled sigh, but it might have been from the heat of the weather. "What must woman's be," she resumed, "when they are twenty times as strong, and she must, to be respected, suppress them?" I looked at her; and if I recollect right, blushed, for I was not quite sixteen.'—vol. i. p. 75.

And on another occasion the clergyman sends for his son to Ireland, on a matrimonial speculation; but the lady was playing the same game, and the paternal go-between was nearly caught in his own trap. His son informs us, that he (his father) was a poet; and in a subsequent page gives us some very pathetic effusions from papa and mama.

We extract a couplet of the *poet's* production:

'Oh, none can love better than those whom you part from;
For parting from you is like parting a heart from.'—vol. ii. p. 196.

We cannot at all reconcile ourselves to the idea that these volumes were written by an officer in the army. Captain Skinflint, Major Callous, Major Diddler, Captain Escrew, and many other names got up merely for the sake of effect, and in a work, too, in which the author professes not to make incident, but, Heaven bless the mark, to exhibit real characters, is an expedient unworthy of any but the paltriest literary hack. And what a description of his profession does he give? The officers with whom he principally came into contact, were frequently sharpers, liars, or scoundrels; the honorable men form by far the minority. That this is a libel on the military profession will be readily acknowledged, That individual can know but little of the army, who can venture to declare that it is in general advantageous to rise from the ranks; there are officers of rank, and as highly esteemed as any of their brethren who have thus risen, but it was in spite of the disadvantages of their first position, not in consequence of its advantages. Nor does it savour much of military nonchalance to be disconcerted by the gaze of manufacturers, when on a recruiting service.

The following extract, describing the situation of a *sub.* in India, shews our author is quite out of his sphere.

'I dare say some may turn up their noses at the idea of a subaltern drinking wine every day, as attempting to keep up too great an appearance for one *in such an humble line*, but I have always thought that his Majesty never could intend our pay to be appropriated in any other way than might conduce to the respectability of the regiment, *in keeping up that gentlemanly system which, I trust, we are accustomed to at the tables of our private homes*, and in promoting a due degree of cordiality, *by having some small excuse for continuing a reasonable time after dinner at the mess-table, to be edified and improved by the conversation of the senior officers.*'—vol. ii. p. 31.

But we are tired of the hateful office of finding fault; we gladly select a tale that is decidedly the best in the whole work, to give our readers an opportunity of judging of the favourable side of our subaltern.

'During our stay at Ceylon, I had been introduced to a very lovely young woman, the wife of a Bengal civilian, a man old enough to be her grandfather. She came out to India, a fine lively, blooming girl, and she had been scarcely a month on shore, when she was proposed for, and married. Age and appearance, are in the eyes of some ladies who go to India, of little consequence, provided the suitor has a good fortune, and possesses a high civil situation.

'In one year this lady's husband was recommended by his physician to permit his wife to go and see her friends in Europe.—They parted, as may be fancied, without much sorrow on her part. During her absence, which was to be for an indefinite time, she was to be allowed one thousand a year.

'She met with a giddy fashionable looking man at Ceylon, who, during the passage, paid her the most marked attention. In such an intercourse, unless feelings of propriety, and a sense of moral and social obligation are constantly uppermost, the result may be easily foreseen. The slightest circumstances are noticed on board ship; and many try to employ themselves so little, as to have much time to spare in noticing the faults and peculiarities of their fellow passengers.

'The flirtation of the two individuals which I have just mentioned, became the daily subject most dwelt upon by the passengers.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"

and when the sophistry of her lover, and her own heart, lead her to err, there is still one slender stay—the observation and opinion of the world—that may for a time prevent her falling. The epitome of that world on board ship, devours, most voraciously, every slander injurious to woman's fame; and watches, with the eyes of an Argus, for the slightest cause to impugn her innocence and purity.

'There are here no mothers, or thoughtful, feeling females, who allow for youth, vanity, good spirits, and admiration, to warn the unfortunate woman she is going headlong to destruction; and that what is now her delight and boast, unless tempered with judgment and good sense, will shortly make her an object of pity to the feeling, and a bye word to the malicious.

'I fear that passion and infatuation so completely took the lead in the minds of these young people, that they were blinded to all that was said or passing around them. Many rumours affecting the honour of the lady, were circulated on the quarter deck.

'The gentleman possessed an appearance, by some considered effeminate: he had those frank, winning manners, that find their way to the unoccupied heart of a thoughtless woman. He was esteemed a well meaning young man, who would not do any action that was admitted to be dishonourable, but whose want of thought led him to do things which tended directly to injure his own respectability, and the peace of others; his passions, where they took the lead, could not suddenly be checked, from a conception of the ruin he was bringing on the person he thought he loved,

and on the future store of misery he was laying up for himself; for man may do many things, and conscience trouble him not at the time of his iniquity; but the debt must be paid with interest, at some future period, and perhaps under disease and misery, which bow him to the earth.

'On coming on the quarter deck one night, after reading below, I observed many of the passengers and ship officers in a low whispering discussion: I walked up to them, and enquired what had taken place to occasion this meeting. "Have you not heard," said a captain, "that Mrs. —— was seen going into her cabin with a gentleman hidden under her long shawl?" She saw she was observed, and hurrying forward, left him exposed to the view of several people on the gun deck. Soon after we heard a cry, "I am lost for ever;" and a noise resembling a fall. The cabin was entered, and the beautiful form of the lady, in the last agonies, was extended on the floor. She pointed to a small bottle, and closed her eyes for ever. The next day she was brought up on a grating, with the Union flag over her body, to be committed to the deep.'—vol. ii. pp. 98—102.

The author threatens the public with a successor to his Log Book—we trust that they will be spared the infliction—at the utmost he should not venture beyond the sphere of a story teller. After dinner some of his tales and jokes might pass current, in the excusing exhilaration of a convivial party. Yet there have been about him the germs of better things, but they have been completely choked by an overwhelming mass of conceit and self-adulation. Witness his concluding paragraph:

'I trust, that in following the progress of my early days, my introduction to life, my observations, such as they have been, on men and things, during a very busy period, of a very active existence; and finally, in the review of those transactions, in which others, rather than myself, have held the prominent place, *you have had all the profit and pleasure*, which the time spent in the perusal warranted you to expect. A celebrated writer has said, that the biography of a man, if faithfully composed, could not fail to prove interesting and instructive. It is in the persuasion, that the portion of mine now presented to the public, contained very ample materials, that I venture to hope the uninitiated may derive advantage from the large experience a few years have given me; and the old stagers be amused by the recurrences, not very unlike those amidst which their own youth has passed.'—vol. ii. pp. 310, 311.

Confound the man's impudence! What a pity it is, that his experience has not conferred upon him a few scruples of self-knowledge.

ART. XII.—*On the Designs of Russia.* By Lieut.-Colonel Evans. 8vo. pp. 251. London: Murray. 1828.

MINGLED with not a few ingenious, and sometimes fanciful speculations, we have in this volume many sound views, and cogent arguments, illustrative of the real objects which the Emperor of Russia proposes to achieve by his invasion of the Ottoman Empire.

The author discusses these objects with singular clear-sightedness and ability. He strips the diplomatic professions which have been hitherto made by the Autocrat of all their outward covering; subjects them to the test of facts, and of probabilities which almost assume the character of facts; and lays down a chart of Russian policy, which, perhaps, may not be altogether infallible, but which nevertheless, will, we trust, induce the people of this country to open their eyes to the dangers by which our national interests are at this moment surrounded.

We do not affect to penetrate the councils of our cabinet; but we must express our apprehension that it has not as yet paid sufficient attention to the strides which Russia has been, for some time, making, and is now pursuing with more energy than ever, in the East. The immense tracts of territory which it has conquered from Persia, ought to have already warned our government of the line of aggrandizing policy upon which the young Emperor has resolved, and upon which he has, undoubtedly, the means of acting, to as great an extent as the wildest visions of ambition could desire. To give implicit credit to his state papers—framed only for the purposes of delusion—to pin our faith on his vague expressions of generosity, and disinterestedness, and magnanimous moderation, would be as gross a piece of folly as ever was committed. Our true guide in all such cases, is to be found, in the first place, in a calm view of the interests which the invading party has to promote; and, in the next place, in a calculation of the preparations which he has made in order to secure them. For we may depend upon it, that expensive armaments by sea and land are not provided for the mere purpose of display. Heavy artillery and numerous waggons are not moved over hundreds of leagues merely to be rolled back again to the place from whence they came. When we see such formidable instruments of conquest poured into an enemy's territory, when we see them attended by multitudinous armies, well provisioned, and led on by a young and gallant soldier, who is, at the same time, their Emperor, we may readily believe that something more than the mere enforcement of a treaty, or even than the acquisition of a principality or two, must be within his contemplation.

Such also is the decided opinion of Colonel Evans, and the object of his present work is to select and examine the leading facts which bear upon this momentous question. We regret that he has not arranged his ideas in a somewhat more methodical form. He has a very happy talent of conveying his sentiments in guarded and apposite language; but in the proper disposition of them he is lamentably deficient. He appears to have written in a desultory and hasty manner, though the matter which he has collected would seem to be the fruit of extensive information, fully digested in his own mind. His work, however, is a most valuable one, and at the present moment must be peculiarly acceptable

to every person who wishes to become acquainted with the designs of Russia, and to contribute towards resisting them, as far as they can be injurious to the true interests of our country. We shall proceed to give our reader some notion of its contents, and in doing so we shall endeavour to arrange the different topics, which present themselves in a more natural and intelligible order than that in which the author has placed them.

We apprehend no person can doubt that the Grecian revolt, justifiable as it certainly was in every point of view, was originally kindled by Russian agents; at least it has been long encouraged by the Court of St. Petersburgh, and has lately received its most public and unequivocal sanction. Cotemporaneous with the commencement of that revolt was the collection of an imposing Russian army on the Pruth, which was continually augmented, until after being subjected to a due process of *fermentation*, it was at length led across the frontier. That army, supported by a maritime squadron, is now carrying every place before it; it will soon cross the range of the Balkan, and may, without much difficulty, take possession of Constantinople. Coupling the encouragement given to the revolt of the Greeks in the South, with this actual invasion of the territory of the Sultan in the North, the consequence is obvious, that Russia intends to subvert the Turkish power in Europe. This is a design transmitted to the present Emperor, through the portfolios of his late brother, whom he succeeded, and of his grandmother, the Empress Catharine. With respect to Nicholas, our author has the following pertinent observations:

'When with the armies in France and Germany, he was scarcely twenty years of age, and not being heir to the crown, attracted little observation. His fondness, however, for the kingly profession of arms, or at least for the semblance of it, military organization and arrangement, especially in the higher and more scientific branches, have been constantly and unequivocally displayed; while his personal intrepidity and firmness were no less conspicuous during the insurrectionary movement at the period of his accession; and which, it is averred (by those who appear not unacquainted with the state of that country), had considerable ramifications; but the immediate explosion of which we may certainly attribute, in a very great degree, to the fermenting inaction of the army. A large unemployed army is everywhere a dangerous implement. The remedy has been now adopted.

'On the accession of Nicholas, an opinion, pretty nearly in the following words, was expressed by one of the highest functionaries of the empire, whose name, were it right to be mentioned, would carry with it, even in this country, a degree of authority. "*Russia has now an emperor, whose character is marked by much stronger traits, and who is of a far higher ambition than distinguished his late brother; but those qualities will not suddenly reveal themselves. They will be gradually disclosed by his public conduct.*" The truth or inaccuracy of this opinion will soon, from the greatness of the pending events, be resolved.

'Few instances, I presume, if any, can be pointed out, of a sovereign succeeding, in the most vigorous spring-time of life, to unlimited power, —to the command of an immense, well-appointed, and warlike army, with difficulty restrained from action—who has not allowed these elements to develope themselves—who has not given the reins, in some degree, to his or their ambition.

'But it surely must have required something like credulity, or at least a determined resolution to discard all thought of precaution—to have placed any stress on the upright political intentions of Alexander,—observing, as all must have done, that the general pacification of 1815—an epoch, when all the governments were unnerved, and exhausted by excessive and prolonged exertion, when every people sighed for repose, was precisely that wherein the northern cabinet commenced the organization of a greater armament than any that had been hitherto embodied during the war; and for which there is no possible mode of accounting, unless we suppose that some great ulterior project was in contemplation, or that some renewed and desperate attempt upon the existence of the empire was apprehended; which, as every one knows, was out of all question. In fact, no sooner was peace restored, than the greatest of all the military powers immediately converted the whole of her south-western frontier into one vast military camp; thus giving the most substantial grounds of inquietude, and imposing heavy burdens and expenses on several of the continental states.

'And with respect to the reigning autocrat, although it is but the other day the diadem has descended to him, has he not already found time to prosecute successfully an aggrandizing policy? The ink is scarcely dry which has signed away to him, by means of a most indefensible exercise of force, the banks of the Araxes—and yet it is concluded that the same hand will gratuitously reject the splendid, and incomparably superior prize that now lies nearly prostrate for acceptance. We presume then, not only that a luxurious court will prefer the frozen swamps of the Neva, with their worse than hyperborean atmosphere, to the superb and unequalled shores of the Marmora; but also that a young military monarch will be so reluctant to give umbrage to other nations, that he is so averse to war, so enamoured of peace, and altogether so imbued with a fine sense of abstract right, that although this transcendant achievement (the ultimate aim of all the national conquests) be now ripe for execution, and, as it were, courts him on, he will yet forbear to give it effect. This is to be more than moderate.

'It will be to disregard the fervent aspirations of his officers; the desires of his clergy; the wishes of his people (for on this subject even the serfs have an anxious sympathy); it will be to decline what comes recommended to him by every great name of Russia; to be unmindful of his own glory; to contemn the substantial interests of the empire, and even, not improbably, to hazard what we may well conceive to be one of the chief bonds of union between the throne to which he has been preferred and the chiefs by whom it is upheld and surrounded, and who, it is no more than reasonable to suppose, now ardently and sanguinely look forward, through the medium of this very operation, to the possession in their own persons, or those of their descendants, of high appanages, lordships, and princely satrapies, amidst the softer climes and wealthier and more inviting regions of Southern Europe.

'Therefore I contend, that there was nothing in the conduct, character, or circumstances of the late Monarch, which afforded a guarantee that views of aggrandizement were not contemplated, and would not be pursued; and no less so, that there is nothing known concerning the temper or situation of the reigning Prince, which can justify a similar confidence being reposed in his political abstinence and rectitude.'—pp. 114—119.

As to the emperor's means of effecting the designs which he has in view, we are already aware that he has them in abundance. That the Ottoman sovereign is without the power of offering any thing like effectual resistance, seems equally evident.

'By a return said to have just issued from the Grand Vizier's office, the army of the Sultan, regular and irregular, for garrisons and frontiers, amounts to one hundred and seventy-seven thousand men. Of these, eighty thousand only are stated to be in the pay of the Porte, and consist of raw levies or reformed Janissaries, whom it has endeavoured to drill after the European system. This half-organized force might overcome troops of an inferior order, but cannot be expected to confront, with effect, the sustained fire and combined movements of any tolerably constituted army.

'The ninety-seven thousand irregulars are the armed followers of the tributary Pachas; and these, particularly the Asiatic portion, are generally speaking, a disorderly, ferocious, and intractable banditti, who repair to the standard of the Prophet, partly under the cloak of religion and partly in the hope of plunder.

'By this statement,—forty-seven thousand are allotted for the defence of Asia; sixty-two thousand five hundred for the Dardanelles, Bosphorus, the capital, and Adrianople;—there would thus remain sixty-seven thousand five hundred, for the defence of the Balkan, Bulgaria, and the Danube. But this is the strength of the army on paper. And if we reduce the nominal force by at least one-third, or even one-half, we shall probably be much nearer the effective numbers.—Rapidly, too, will even this diminished strength decrease as the campaign advances.

'The formation of an army according to the present scientific European system, is not the work of a day, and requires elements beyond the reach of the Othman chief.

'The Russians have been more than a hundred years in making the one they now have; and even yet, almost the whole energy, and almost every faculty of the empire, have been directed to the perfection of that single department or machine, it is deficient in an important ingredient, superior intelligence or mind. Numbers, docility, and hardiness, both as to enduring courage, and physical constitution, make up in a degree for this defect.

'The Portuguese of the last war were good troops under British officers;—the Hindoos and Musselmauns of India are so, with the same assistance;—the Persians were so under Macedonian officers;—the Italians of the late kingdom of Italy were chiefly under French officers.

'On the other hand, several years elapsed before the energetic and indefatigable Peter could enable his devoted and brave Muscovites to withstand the Swedes; although, on all occasions, immensely outnumbering them, and covered to the teeth with entrenchments,—to which he was obliged to resort, even up to Pultawa.

'So also the Spaniards,—who are not inferior in manliness to any nation,—who are superior to most in constancy and fortitude,—and who,

though actuated by the strongest feelings,—were up to 1814, after six or seven years' experience, scarcely capable of meeting, in the open field, the youngest conscripts of France.

'The Turkish cavalry, which in former times was the most brilliant and redoubtable portion of their armaments, still occasionally display a fiery individual valour; but they cannot break steadily formed squares. Their infantry was never good for much, except in skirmishing, or in the defence of walls or entrenchments. Their artillery is represented as still worse.'

'When the country attacked is not very extensive,—when the invading army has the means of supplying itself from without,—and there are some points and lines of imperative consequence to be held, a superior cavalry (even if that of the Ottomans were such) will not avail against a superior infantry and artillery. The Turkish empire in Europe falls, as a matter of course, if the lines of the Danube and Hemus, the passage of the Bosphorus, and the capital, are possessed by Russia. It is true, that the Ottomans will not probably abandon their towns and fastnesses without a contest. But as they have no adequate idea of the use of fire, even with small arms, much less cannon, nor any notion of the combinations requisite for rendering a general attack either in the field or against a fortress abortive, their bravery on the breach can have no other effect in the present instance than the effusion of blood. When they undergo a decisive defeat, it is well known to be a very difficult matter to rally them; and they seldom, afterwards, make a firm stand in the field during the remainder of the campaign.'—pp. 24—28.

We may therefore even now assume it as a matter concerning which there can be very little doubt, that the Russian eagle will be planted on the towers of St. Sophia before many months elapse. The first question, then, which we are to ask ourselves is this, whether it be compatible with the interests of England, that such a formidable accession of territory as would thus accrue to the Emperor, should be permitted to pass quietly under his yoke;—whether, in fact, a new empire shall be created which threatens to be more extensive than that of the Constantines, more powerful even than that of ancient Rome. For it will ultimately come to this, if Constantinople be made the capital of the Russian dominions.

There are those, we know, who suspect that the true cause of the present Grand Duke Constantine's abdication of the throne of Russia, is to be found in a secret family treaty, whereby Nicholas has bound himself to erect a new Christian state out of the ruins of Turkey, of which Constantine is to be the sovereign, and that the city, whose name he bears, is to be given to him for his capital. If this be the fact, it deserves much more consideration than we can at present afford to give it. Besides, events are not yet sufficiently matured, to yield rational data upon which such a speculation could be founded. But we must take leave to observe, that the idea here hinted at seems bottomed in very strong probabilities, and it would appear to give rise to arrangements of a much less objectionable nature, than those which would necessarily attend the incorporation of European Turkey with the dominions of the

Emperor. Under any circumstances, however, the subversion of the Turkish rule in Europe, would seem likely to be followed by consequences of the most serious nature to England. It is impossible not to see that the present proceedings of Russia, with respect to the Porte, bear a strong resemblance to those which it pursued towards Poland.

'In that memorable transaction, also, one of the interventional pretences, frequently advanced by the northern cabinet, was a religious one. A sixth of the Poles were of the Greek church, which was not the dominant one. The Empress declared that *all exclusions on account of religious belief were contrary to a* "LAW OF NATURE;" that "those so situated were ABSOLVED FROM ALL NATIONAL ALLEGIANCE, and had *a right to appeal to the rest of the human race, and choose from amongst judges, allies, and protectors.*" If this be still the doctrine of the Russian court, it affords matter for consideration, and certainly great scope for its benevolence. WHERE, in effect, it may be asked, is the country which might be exempt from the influence of so sweeping a clause, or from the interference of so universal a protector of sects?

'One of the last declaratory acts preliminary to a dismemberment of Poland, after setting forth her autocratic Majesty's great love of peace, and how careful she had been to preserve it, runs thus:—"Filled with these sentiments, it is with regret that the Empress sees his Polish Majesty follow different maxims with regard to her, and make no return for her friendly proceedings but by proceedings directly opposite," &c. &c. The further instances of her Majesty's *friendly* regard are now matter of history.

'The people of England were, we are informed, filled with surprise and indignation at the partition of the republic. *The cabinets of London, Paris, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, loudly* REMONSTRATED. How fruitlessly need not be told! Nevertheless, Poland was very far from being a primary object with her Majesty. The priority in subjugation was, indeed, yielded to this ill-fated country, not so much because of the extreme facilities afforded by its distracted condition, (which was so cruelly, no less than adroitly, aggravated and administered to,) but in a considerable degree, because of the strength the yet uncorrupted party were rapidly gaining, leading, it was apprehended, to their being enabled to protect and vindicate the national integrity, if not immediately crushed.

'Nor did this event concern, in any comparative degree, the *maritime nations*. Though so much enhanced in strength, the character of the Russian state remained unchanged. It was still an *inland*—a military, and not a naval power. The extinction of the Ottoman sway, and the throne of the sultans for her grandson, was universally known to have been Catherine's most cherished ambition—the great and unvarying aim of her political life—and no less so that of her ablest counsellors. Nor will the fulfilment of any of her views, to whose lot soever it may fall to do so, be an inconsiderable title to fame.

'Finally, a very casual inquiry into the proceedings of this half Asiatic, half European cabinet, shows most incontestibly, that though Russia is physically without a rival, it is resolved not to rely *alone* on force; and thus it is that we see schemes of a gigantic violence carried on with as

much caution, craft, and stealthy tortuousness as if there were no other means for executing them than the condottieri of the times of Cæsar Borgia.'—pp. 52—55.

It is one of the most remarkable proofs of the bad policy by which our present government is actuated, that it appears to look on with the greatest indifference, while the Russian armies are thus advancing to the realization of those daring schemes, from which the immediate predecessors of Nicholas were deterred chiefly through fear of England. In 1791, when the Czarina Catherine reduced her pretensions merely to the retention of the fortress of Oczakow, Mr. Pitt was infinitely more alarmed than our present ministers are, though Constantinople itself is menaced. He was determined, if possible, to prevent the Empress from carrying her intentions into effect, but was defeated by the opposition which he experienced. His sentiments on this subject are strongly expressed in a private letter, which he addressed to Mr. Ewart, then (May, 1791), British minister at Berlin. "You perfectly know," said that great statesman, "that no man could be more eagerly bent than I was on a steady adherence to the line which we had at first proposed, of going *all lengths* to enforce the terms of the strict *status quo*; and I am still as much persuaded as ever, that if we could have carried the support of the country with us, the risk and expense of the struggle, even if Russia had not submitted without a struggle, would not have been more than the object was worth."

It has been said, by some of our public writers, "let Russia go on, and even reduce all Turkey to her power; her empire will become so enormous, that it must fall of itself, by dismemberment, into several petty states." Colonel Evans attempts to shew, that this result is not a very probable one. We do not go with him in his reasonings upon this part of his subject; as we do not think, that if the Russian empire be made to embrace the whole, or even a considerable portion of the Ottoman dominions, it can continue to be governed under one sceptre. But we agree that the dismemberment of the empire, thus enlarged, must be a work of *time*, and that we have not that time to afford. Great Britain cannot surrender its colonies and commerce for a century or two, under the hope that they may be restored at the end of that period, on the "decline and fall," of the Russian Autocracy.

The policy which *it is likely* would be pursued by Russia after the acquisition of Constantinople, is sketched, perhaps with some fancifulness, by our author. But although it wants at present the basis of facts, it appears to us in some respects, not to be very wide of the mark at which Nicholas aims. "The promontory of Thrace," says Gibbon, "which stretches into the Propontis, and is placed between two seas, was unquestionably the most eligible situation in Europe for founding a city which might aspire to universal dominion." Let but this capital be once placed in the hands of the Emperor, and we fear that too many of our author's conjectures will be realized.

'Let us then conjecture that, with this one exception, which will be defended upon plausible pretexts of the inevitable nature of the case, a general spirit of forbearance, and even a disposition to concession on every other point, marks in the commencement, the political bearing of the Autocrat; for the materials of resistance elsewhere may yet, possibly, be esteemed too formidable to be meddled with indiscreetly; and so, for some time, no violent assumption calculated to arouse the general feeling in other states will be adventured on. Peace, mutual concession, mutual confidence, liberality, commercial prosperity, good order, repose, and tranquillity, &c., will be the unctuous expressions now in habitual use with this aspiring cabinet—the only views it will acknowledge to entertain. The ministers of other courts, anxiously wishing that such may, in truth, be the case, will be the more disposed to rely on so satisfactory a prospect for the future.

'Constantinople will, at least for a certain term, be made a free port. Every possible facility, protection, and encouragement will also be given to foreign merchants. The profits of the exchequer, will thus in the first instance, be wholly remitted and disregarded. And thus will commerce suddenly be impelled into those new and congenial channels; and the important influence, everywhere, of the mercantile class, be conciliated and predisposed to exert itself against the disturbance of pacific relations.

'The newly-acquired domains will then be arranged on a stable footing —the roads improved—forests thinned—marshes drained, and settlers invited from all parts; but not from Russia—there the formality of an invitation on those occasions is not resorted to. Thence they are sent off in tens and twenties of thousands, in the heats of summer or the dead of winter, as it suits the caprice of a minister, and with as little ceremony as a herd of cattle are driven into some new pasture.

'Grants and allotments of land, according to the established practice in these matters, will now be conferred on the magnates, generals, and superior officers in the cortege of the conqueror; and the exuberant soil thus appropriated, hitherto so long fallow under the hoof of the barbarian, will ere long begin to render up a fruitful return to the calculated labours of the serf.

'Those of the pachas, agas, or beglerbegs of Asia Minor, who may not have already renounced all nominal allegiance to their ancient head, will be invited to do so. This will answer as a temporary arrangement. They can afterwards be successively put down, or reduced to subserviency, as opportunities arise. The reflux of the European Mussulmans will no doubt cause confusion. The courage of the Sultan, should he still have eluded the bow-string or the sword, and be really possessed of that quality in any energetic degree, can alone serve to gild the decline of this odious domination, and furnish a creditable exit, as a ruling dynasty, for the Osmanic race. Soon he must sink into significance; and the boon of a retiring pension will, if he please, be his alternative. Such was the lot of the traitor Stanislaus—of the Dukes of Courland—of the Kauns of the Crimea—of King Heraclius of Georgia, and of several other scions of royalty, of more or less importance, who have been successively relieved by the considerate Moscovites from the "*cares*" of government.

'But in the mean time Nicholas will have added the crown of the once celebrated Eastern Empire to those of all the Russias,—or will have

placed it on the head of one of his brothers,—or have amalgamated the country as an integral frontier province; with perhaps a nominally separate administration, as that of Poland. It will not signify which. But this last decisive step may, perhaps, be delayed, at least the public manifestation of it, until some causes of dissension amongst the other cabinets have been sufficiently nurtured, or the general feeling of Europe becomes tolerably reconciled to this view of the affair.

'During all this time, a most imposing force will be kept in readiness on advanced positions. Nor will any endeavour be omitted to exaggerate the rumours of its great numerical amount. This will be no more than consecutive to the system which has been pursued, with very little variance, for the last thirteen years,—peace with words, and war by preparation.

'Forthwith, new and closer bonds of intercourse will be opened with the states around the Mediterranean. France excepted, they are all politically diseased. The Russians, though unacquainted with factions, in the ordinary sense, at home, are pretty well versed in the management of them abroad. It is not unlikely that Sicily will soon be coveted as an advanced post, and that an interest will be sought to be created in that island. The alliance with the United States of North America, we may be well assured, will be one of the most intimate. A community of object, the subversion of our naval and commercial supremacy, will lead to and cement this incongruous and disingenuous union,—disingenuous it certainly will be on the part of our free and enlightened descendants.

'Soon the number of the British pendants in the Mediterranean, and also the land forces on that station, must receive a considerable augmentation.

'As immediate a result, however, will be the establishment of relations with the court of the Escurial, of the most confidential nature. Ferdinand (if he still reigns,) will at once be taken under the special protection of his Imperial Brother of the east. The warm solicitude of Russia relative to the domestic affairs and system of government in Spain have been already pretty strongly evinced: nor is it unlikely, that, as a mark of particular friendship, and in compliance with entreaties to that effect, the Emperor may be prevailed on to send to Madrid some half-dozen thousand good Muscovite troops, as a household guard and security for the royal person, against the plots of the Descamisados.'—pp. 125—141.

We do not agree with the author in believing that the young autocrat will ever enjoy such universal sway in Europe, as that which is here contemplated. It is much more probable that his principal designs would be turned towards the East, and that they would there be much more likely to succeed than is generally apprehended.

'Simultaneously with these arrangements, a new and general* impulse

* The readiness of the Russian government to be at great charges for purposes of this nature was fully evinced by their conduct in regard to Odessa. When it became an object to give that ill-chosen and worse situated port, a temporary prosperity, ships were actually built at the public expense for the use of any tolerably intelligent foreign speculator, who might have come there without other credentials than a mere recommendation of respectability.

will be given to all the commercial overland intercourse with the East. To promote this purpose, which will have a military and political even more than a commercial object, the merchants will be invited to place establishments under the guarantee of the government—at Trebisond, Erzeroum, Mussool, Bussora, and Bagdad;—at Khiva, Balk, Bokhara, and Samarcand. "Depuis quelques années, (says Gamba, consul-general—Tiflis, 1826), un assez grand nombre de marchands Russes de l'intérieur viennent s'embarquer à Astrakhan pour le Golfe de Koultiouk, sur la côte méridionale de la Mer Caspienne; de ce point ils vont en caravan à Khiva, et jusqu'à Boukhara, en traversant le pays des Turcomans, qui occupent une partie de la côte."

'To these ends a secure armed protection will, where necessary, be provided,—the roads and river-navigations will be improved,—dams and weirs will be removed,—aids in point of conveyance, especially on the Caspian, Tigris, and Oxus, afforded,—and lucrative privileges, or what nearly amounts to the same thing, fiscal exemptions, granted. The ukase of 1821, on this subject, is an indication of this course being likely to be pursued—collaterally, and at no considerable distance of time, the Imperial treasury will be amply indemnified.

'"Il n'est pas douteux (says the same writer, who denounces the commercial superiority of Britain as a grievance, against which all nations should unite) qu'une grande partie du commerce de l'Asie reprendra son ancienne route, parce qu'elle est plus courte, plus avantageuse, et qu'elle n'est dominée par aucune compagnie privilégiée." This zealous commercial functionary is probably a little too sanguine in his views—but it appears that the Russian government have favourably received the plans in conformity with them.

'From London to the ports of the Indian Peninsula generally, the voyage is estimated at sixteen or eighteen thousand miles. From Constantinople to Bombay, or Surat, is at most three thousand, including four hundred of land-carriage, in a country abounding in cheap means of transport, namely, mules, camels, and draft-bullocks, with the redeeming conveniency of passing through a most important intermediate mart, Erzeroum.

This, of course, supposes the latter city to be in the possession of the Russians; which, in point of fact, may even now be the case. Between the Volga (on which steam-boats are already established) and the Don, there is about fifty miles of land-carriage—the connecting canal not being yet open, although it is supposed to be very nearly completed. On this short over-land transit, there is already considerable traffic carried on, in which about fifteen thousand carriages are, during the season, in constant employment. And here also, so very moderate is the expense of land-carriage, that many of the boats which ascend the Volga, are broken up and carried across to the Don, there to be reconstructed for navigating that river.

'The two great lines of trade from the East to the Black Sea, which it is likely the Russians will now endeavour to establish, will pass through the Persian Gulf to Trebisond—and from the borders of Tartarian China, Bokhara, the Punjab, &c., to the embouchure of the Don.

'From the entrance of the Don, and from Trebisond, it will converge to Constantinople as an entrepot, and thence be transmitted into the Mediterranean, and up the Danube, and the other great rivers, probably by steam. Coal abounds especially about Taganrog—lying even in some

districts on the surface. From the Danube to the Rhine is no great distance. It has been long projected to connect these rivers: the expense, it appears, would be moderate. Buonaparte estimates it, in the Memoirs ascribed to him, at about seven hundred thousand pounds. All this traffic now enumerated, may, and probably will, be carried on, without the least participation on our parts—except on the Indian Seas. The relief from anarchy and spoliation, and the improved condition of the Lesser Asia, &c., granting that such will ensue, might no doubt be highly beneficial to our manufacturing interests, could we go into their markets on equal terms with the subjects of the dominant State. But the prohibitory system, already unscrupulously resorted to by the latter, for the protection of her infant manufactures, and of her trade generally, leaves not a doubt that our passage through the Bosphorus will, *after a time*, be gradually so hampered and impeded with restrictions, that British merchants will not find it for their interest to persevere in the attempt. On this point some further developement will be found in a subsequent note.

'By means of the intimate intercourse that may thus subsist between Constantinople and the East, connexions and correspondence will be established with Caubul, Lahore, Sind, the Mahratta's, &c. Emissaries will penetrate into those countries;—the project of re-establishing the overthrown musnuds of every class will be diligently disseminated;—the more warlike and dissatisfied portion of the population will be incited to prepare and organize themselves, under the intimation that a general attack is contemplated against the British ascendancy, both in Europe and Asia; auxiliary aid, too, will of course be tendered, and the fidelity of our native troops tampered with.

'Thus will the public mind of those countries be thrown into a state of high excitement and effervescence; for, notwithstanding the ameliorative character of the British sway, from various circumstances, some of them beyond control, others unintentional, India is filled throughout every part of its extent, with the families of ruined zemindars—defeated chiefs—chastised Pindarries—and dethroned rajahs or nabobs, with their numerous followers, relatives, and adherents. A large population of disbanded soldiery also exists, in many of the central or north-western states, whose caste and destination by inheritance is that of arms—accustomed to military adventure, to lawless and predatory habits, individually daring, who are now without resource, and who sigh for action and revenge.

'Neither, perhaps, would the idea of restoring to a portion of his ancient supremacy, the Mogul Emperor, still holding by our permission his nominal court at Delhi, be without effect, at least amongst the ten millions of Mahometans scattered over the Peninsula.

'Those proceedings alone would compel us to add to our Indian army by at least fifty thousand men (European or native); and thus will commence a rapidly increasing expenditure, with as rapid a diminution of receipts.'—pp. 131—138.

The dismemberment and loss of our Indian empire would be, of course, the ultimate consequence of this new state of things. And it is hardly necessary to add, that such an event would soon be necessarily followed by the total decline of our commerce, and our

power, both at home and abroad. Changes in our constitution, from freedom to mere monarchism—the destruction of our parliament—the manacling of our press—the diminution of our revenue—the spoliation of the church, and of the property of the land and fundholders, and furious civil commotions, are the topics through which the gloomy, and we hope only imaginative speculations of our author next conduct him. He then supposes that at length England would be driven into a war for its very existence with Russia, and he considers how that contest might be affected by the state of Ireland.

'Now, if Ireland should be then in a disaffected or insurrectionary state—should some imitative phantom of a presidentiary government have been created within it, and be in a condition to fulminate, from any beleaguered fastness,* seditionary decrees, resembling those now sent forth from the nascent republic of EGINA—in what better mode could the American general promote the aggressive views on his own borders, than by preparing a number of small fast-sailing vessels or steamers, for the successive conveyance, as they are wanted, of arms, ammunition, and stores to the insurgents? How are we to prevent these supplies being landed in some of the multitude of fine ports which everywhere indent (especially to the westward) the Irish coasts? American cruisers or privateers would also, under those circumstances, swarm in the Irish Channel and seas. A more obvious, an easier, cheaper, or more decisive diversion against the British power could not, it is manifest, be effected. Is IT BY VAINLY ATTEMPTING TO CONCEAL THESE MATTERS THAT THEY ARE TO BE GUARDED AGAINST?

'Whether, however, at the time now referred to, the sister island may be in the ascending vigour of a youthful prosperity, the citadel of our strength, and a new source of financial aid, or, on the other hand, the breach through which every enemy will seek to pass to the heart of the national power— is, it may be presumed, totally dependent on intermediate circumstances, which are wholly foreign in their nature to the subject of these pages, and such as the writer is not conversant with. But the actual condition of Ireland, without any reference whatever to its causes

* 'That there really exists any positive likelihood of this sort, is more than I can pretend to say, having no other data to go by than the accounts which go to this point in most of the public prints. But if these are not great exaggerations, it might be well to remark that though Ireland, being of limited extent, is the easier held by a regular army—that though, in some parts, it is not very mountainous, it still contains not only an overwhelming population, desperate from want, believing itself aggrieved, and characteristically susceptible of enthusiasm—but also presents a very observable peculiarity of surface, offering, with very little spade labour and no expense, numerous, extensive, and almost inexpugnable positions for entrenched retreats as places of depôt, drilling, organization, &c. Many of these are unapproachable to cavalry and artillery; or even infantry, except in files and with guides. But there are several military considerations most seriously connected with this topic, that seem to have been as yet uninquired into. A civil war can yield no military glory; soldiers, therefore, cannot touch upon such themes without regret.

or possible remedy, is not by any means an exclusively domestic concern; on the contrary, it is obviously and intimately connected with our external defence and foreign relations: perhaps far too much so.'—pp. 173—175.

It is but justice to the author to observe, that he admits his hypothetical narrative of consequences to be open to the charge of being visionary. He looks upon them, however, as 'grounded solely on the presumed, *uninterrupted* progress, during some years to come, of the commercial, maritime, and territorial power of Russia.' 'The real intention is not that of vainly presaging the occurrence of *specific* future events, but of endeavouring to embody something resembling what may be expected to be among the results of certain premised contingencies.'

In order to prevent the foundations from being laid for the formidable changes which our author apprehends, he suggests that Great Britain should have recourse to an '*armed intervention*,' in which it would, most probably, be joined by France, Austria, and the various European powers. The objects which he proposes to attain by this intervention, he states as follows:

'First, The inviolable freedom of commercial transit between the Mediterranean and Black Seas, as far, at least, as mutual rights, mutual safety, and the mutable nature of such affairs, admit of.

'Second, A fair indemnity to Russia for the sequestration of ships or cargoes in the Ottoman ports, supposing that she can establish a claim on that score.

'Third, An equitable territorial adjustment between the Turks and Greeks,—such as may lead to permanent security, by means of the eventual establishment of a new Christian state, or confederacy of states, on this side the Hellespont,—and such as is consistent with the general interests of civilization. Henceforth, also, Turks to live within the Greek territories, and Greeks within those of the Turks, without a right of appeal for protection to foreign states.

'These, or at least the greater part of them, are what Russia, above all other powers, could not, with any colour of propriety, object to. If she does, then the mask is discarded, and the whole universe must see what her real purpose is. They are, with very little modification, the ends she proclaims to be her own.

'The next question is, how these desirable arrangements might be accomplished. On this point it is not presumed to mark out any specific plan; but the following suggestions are thrown out for the consideration of those better qualified to judge of their practicability, or of devising other and more applicable expedients.

'The splendid monarchy of the Moors extended during many ages over Spain and Portugal, a rocky nook of the Asturias alone excepted. The empire of Morocco, on the other side of the Strait, was possessed by the same people. The Christian Visigoths, by successive struggles, recovered possession of their country. Gradually the Moslem frontier receded, and becamed limited to the province of Grenada.

'It is almost exactly the same course of events which now appears to be in progress in European Turkey. Thus cause and effect follow, and are reproduced with unvarying regularity. What the gallant, generous, enlightened, and magnificent Arabian of the Iberian peninsula was not

exempt from, neither will the brutal Turk of the Thracian promontory. What is, at all events, then about to take effect, even without any foreign intervention, namely, the recession of the Ottoman frontier,—but not (if left to its own course) without long strife, suffering, and probable confusion,—might surely be advantageously, justly, and even, perhaps, bloodlessly accelerated, by negotiation, supported by a great and imposing force, on the parts of France, England, and their allies.

'Humanity, as well as the general repose, forbids that the Greek and Mussulman should any longer inhabit the same soil. Let then a division of territory, proportioned to their respective numbers, take place.

'In this case an European domain might remain, and be guaranteed to the Sultan, bounded on the one side by a line running along the summit of the Balkan, and on the other by some natural demarcation; or, if that cannot be conveniently found, by a line due north and south, passing westward of Adrianople, or by the Maritza river. This would leave to the two or three millions of European Turks, a square several fold more fertile than Scotland, not above a third less than it in area, and fully capable of supporting double the above population.

'Let the Greeks be the people who shall, at some distant period, drive these irreclaimable fanatics out of Europe, as Ferdinand and Isabella did, with such infinitely less reason, the Moslems from Grenada.

'As yet the Greeks are not strong enough to be intrusted with the gates of the Bosphorus.

'According to the idea of partition above thrown out, there would be ample means for creating a federacy of considerable Christian states, whose principal towns might be Bucharest, Philopolis, or Salonica, Athens, &c. Only let them be protected by the great powers during a short minority, and they will ere long be enabled to protect themselves.

'The unqualified commercial freedom of the canals of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus in favour of *all* nations, might, it is presumed, be adequately established by treaty; and the observance of it, sufficiently secured by procuring the cession of one of the islands of the Marmora to such secondary maritime state, as may at once be least dependant on other powers, and least obnoxious to jealousy. Were any such idea adopted, the choice might, perhaps, fall upon Denmark or Naples. As for the recent occupation of the Neapolitan territory by Austrian troops, that was no more than a usurpation on the part of the Northern league, to which every continental state was equally liable.'—pp. 177—181.

Whatever may be thought of the suggestions of our author, it is clear that something must soon be done, with a view to the prevention of the formidable consequences which might accrue, if the Russian army were allowed to acquire, and to keep possession of, Constantinople. That England must take a leading part on this occasion, seems to be absolutely required. That she is still able to maintain her reputation and her position in the world, we have not the slightest doubt. For it can hardly be true that a country like ours, which, as our author states, has, within the last few years, lent such prodigious sums of money to the New World and the Old, can be deficient in resources, or unwilling to use them, when the dignity of the crown, as well as the interests of the community, call aloud for protection.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Whim-Whams, by Four of Us.* London and Boston. 18mo. pp. 204. 1828.

THIS is an American production, republished in England, which will, we dare say, amuse and gratify the admirers of transatlantic wit. It consists of a hodge-podge of prose and verse, the ingredients of which bear to have been contributed by four dealers in such articles, whose various claims upon our notice, we shall best sum up by describing them as severally very zealous and hardworking imitators, of no less distinguished prototypes than Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, Mr. Hood, and Mr. Horace Smith. If there be any person who would like to see the style of each of these celebrated writers americanised, and adapted to the latitude of Boston, we recommend him to this little volume, where the thing is really done with very considerable tact and success. Judging of the book abstractly, and without reference to this consideration, we should say, there is a good deal of cleverness in it, and some poetic feeling, which with time and culture may shoot up into very tolerable poetry. The mirthful passages are rather too strongly impregnated with a species of salt, which is not exactly attic, for our taste: but here and there we have a pun either so happy as really to amount to a *bon mot*, or so execrably bad as to be the next best thing to a good one. Too often, however, we are sorry to say, the performances of the ingenious authors in this department have all the flatness of mediocrity.

ART. XIV.—*The Pleiad, a Series of Abridgments from Seven distinguished Writers on the Evidences of Christianity.* By the Venerable Francis Wranghan, M.A. F.R.S., Archdeacon of Cleveland. Edinburgh: 12mo. 1828.

THIS publication, which forms the 26th volume of Constable's Miscellany, consists of treatises on different parts of the evidences of Christianity, abridged from Leland, Leslie, Doddridge, Watson, Butler, Paley, Jenyns, and Watts. The object of the Editor has been, not only to collect together and comprehend within moderate compass some of the principal productions of these able defenders of our faith, but in many cases also to simplify the arguments they have employed, and by a slight alteration of the form of their works, to render them more popular and more generally useful. Judging by the parts of the volume into which we have looked, we think the venerable Archdeacon has shown much tact and judgment in the accomplishment of his task, which we agree with him in considering, 'although of a humble description, as not on that account an inglorious one.' The public are already well acquainted with the liberal and benevolent piety of this learned dignitary; and his present performance, if it should not add much to his fame as a profound or elegant scholar, will not at least diminish the respect he has earned for himself by his exertions in the path of Christian and professional usefulness.

ART. XV.—*Briefe von Bonstetten an Matthisson.* Zurich: Orell and Co. London: Black and Young. 1827. *(Bonstetten's Letters to Matthisson.)*

IT is an unusual circumstance to peruse the correspondence of an old man of eighty-three, writing in a language which may be considered in some measure foreign to him, with all the vigour and playfulness of youth. The interest of these letters is greatly enhanced, as it is very manifest that that they were not written for the press; for in these exploring days, it is very rare to meet with a writer of any eminence who can venture to unbosom his thoughts in the unreserved tone of friendship, uninfluenced by the fear or hope of publication. To the letters is subjoined a short but interesting account of Bonstetten's life, by himself, which was published surreptitiously in the *Minerva Pocket Book*, for 1826. We wish the venerable Swiss life and health to complete it. The following quotations may, perhaps, amuse our readers.

Of Lady Morgan we hear, that 'she is a dear, simple, clever little body. Her husband is considered a distinguished scholar (!) . . The Morgan is not fanatical, but she conceives it her duty to tell the truth, and to unmask the ultras—a bold attempt indeed! . . Nothing is more ridiculous than to deny the authenticity of Ossian's poems; they must be sought for, not in Scotland, but in Ireland. Lady Morgan knows several passages from them, and sang the old Erse songs with the old tunes. Even now the Irish possess many popular songs relating to former times; and the peasants sing a very old song, "A Dialogue between St. Patrick and Ossian; or, the Contest between the Christian and the old Erse Religion."'

The truth of the following remarks will be acknowledged by all:

'Idleness is the besetting sin of small towns. The frequent association of empty heads destroys all mutual esteem. The ennui arising from the eternal repetition of the same mode of life, renders not only the family circle, but at last, likewise, all mankind odious. Were I the ruler of a little town, I would cause sanitary laws to be enacted against loungers, as against those suspected of the plague, that the health of the sound might not be affected. Nothing is more ridiculous, than to hear the manner in which republicans in small towns speak of court flatterers; whilst every aspiring bürger flatters twenty silly men, more degradingly than a courtier flatters his only master.'

Bonstetten, on his return from Geneva, where he had been studying Tacitus, Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Machiavelli, was elected member of the Grand Council and Vicelandvogt of Sanen. The chief magistrate sent for the newly elect:

'Here, thought I, I shall receive good advice, respecting my administration. He is a man of mind and experience, what shall I not learn from him? I thought of my Tacitus and Montesquieu, and went about four o'clock to my good cousin. His Excellency was alone. "Bon jour, mon cousin, vous voilà donc bailli. Asseyez vous là. Mon cousin, je ne sais si vous savez les usages du bailli. On vous enverra les notes. On donne, par an, tant de fromages à chaque conseiller, et, mon cousin, *retenez ceci, tant à l'avoyer.* Votre prédécesseur etoit un sot; il m'envoyait de petits fromages, qui ne valent pas les grands. Souvenez vous,

mon cousin, de m'en envoyer de grands. Adieu, mon cousin, je vous souhaite un bon voyage. Ma cousine se porte bien?"'

The same worthy once more:

'He dwelt opposite my house, and sent for me at a time that very important discussions were in progress. I found him alone, and friendly. The following conversation took place between us. "Mon cousin, vous avez au troisieme étage sur la fenêtre une grande bouteille. Je suis curieux de savoir ce qu'elle contient." "J'aurai l'honneur de le faire savoir à votre Excellence."'

'It was vinegar that had been placed in the sun.'

Vive la bagatelle, and all chief magistrates of Swiss cantons.

ART. XVI.—*A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, in the year* 1814; *being Extracts from the Journal of a Détenu.* 8vo. pp. 317. London. 1828.

SOME portions of this Narrative appeared about two years ago in the *London Magazine*, and attracted considerable attention, both in this country and in France. The author, an Englishman, was detained in France on the renewal of hostilities in 1803; but was permitted, as a particular favour, to reside on patrole at Paris, where he remained accordingly till the capitulation of that city to the Allies, in 1814. He has now put his journal of the events of that memorable year, into the hands of his friend, Mr. Britton, who has published it, as he assures us, without alteration,—although he has not been able to resist the temptation of appending to it certain remarks from his own pen, which assuredly have nothing to recommend them, in point either of manner or of matter; and which we hope, therefore, he will be prevailed upon to omit, should a second edition of the book be called for.

The Journal itself is evidently the production of a very intelligent observer; and of one who has had opportunities of availing himself of many sources of information not generally accessible. It abounds, accordingly, in details of great interest; which are given, besides, with so manifest an anxiety on the part of the narrator to ascertain the truth, even with a scrupulous minuteness, that it is impossible to entertain a doubt of their authenticity. The tone of impartiality, which is preserved throughout the volume, is also deserving of all commendation. The author is neither a Buonapartist, nor a Bourbonist; but perceives, and admits, with the greatest freedom, the merits and faults of both parties. We may safely say, indeed, that for those who seek to obtain an accurate account, both of the succession of events, and of the state of public feeling in Paris, during the few months immediately preceding the restoration of the Bourbons, no safer authority can be recommended than the publication before us. From the particularity of its statements, and the circumstance that it is the report of an eye-witness of all that he relates, it is also perhaps the most graphic account of the breaking up of an empire to be any where found. We ought not to forget to state, that one of the most interesting and important passages in the book, is the long account which it contains of the affair of De Maubreuil, who, there is too much reason to believe, was employed by the Bourbons, in 1814, to assassinate Buonaparte on his road to Elba. The present writer has taken the utmost pains to investigate the facts of this extraordinary business; and has given us by far the most complete detail of it that has yet appeared.

ART. XVII.—*Causes celèbres du Droit des Gens.* Redigees par le Baron Charles de Martens. Deux tomes. Leipzig: Brockhans. Paris: Ponthieu & Co. London: Black, Young & Young.

THIS is, we believe, the first attempt to execute, to any extent for national, what has been so ably done for criminal law, and we are therefore under considerable obligations to the Baron de Martens for directing public attention to this important subject. It cannot, of course, be expected that this branch of the law, which has for its object only one and a comparatively small class, should possess the general interest and variety of the other branches, which partake of the infinite directions into which human feelings and passions diverge; but, considered with respect to its connection with the welfare of all mankind, we do not know that it yields in importance to any other branch of legal investigation. The distinctions are so minute, and the results arising from violating them frequently pregnant with such extensive consequences, that any attempt to mark them clearly, and to bring them within acknowledged limits, is entitled to approbation. The first idea of this publication is however due, as the Baron acknowledges in a modest and well-written preface, to the late Mr. George Frederick de Martens, Hanoverian Minister at the Diet of the Germanic Confederation. But his work, written in German, and merely intended for his pupils (he was professor of National Law at the university of Göttingen), is now little known.

The Baron de Martens has, in his present laudable attempt, given us several important cases involving violations of the principles, either openly acknowledged or tacitly assented to by governments, which have frequently given rise to long and difficult negotiations, and have sometimes produced lamentable and destructive wars. The causes relative to the power and privileges of ambassadors exhibit many interesting traits of individual and national character. Thus, in the bill introduced into the House of Commons in Queen Anne's reign (in consequence of the arrest of the Russian ambassador by his creditors), to prevent such insults for the future, such conduct was declared illegal; but as the foreign ministers present in London represented in their memorial, *no penalty was fixed for the violation of the law.* The case of the envoy of Hesse Cassel, to whom a passport was refused by the French government, is valuable, from an interesting memoir, successfully proving that the rights and privileges of ambassadors could not protect them from the consequences of dishonourable actions. The diplomatic correspondence, which is given at length in all the causes, presents several curious and *naif* communications.

We trust, however, that the Baron de Martens will not stop here, but that the encouragement given to his present volumes will induce him to prosecute his inquiries on this interesting and novel subject. There are other branches which he has, as yet, left untouched, that are worthy of his attention; the introduction, or acknowledgment by nations of a new principle, the right of armed intervention, and many other great events which in their consequences, belong to history, but in their origin to that department to which he has directed his exertions.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Foreign and Domestic.

Denmark.—The first Danish Newspaper was published in 1644, in the reign of Charles IV., under the title of "Der Ordinare Courant." In the present year, the number of periodicals of all kinds in Denmark amounts to eighty.

Electricity.—By various experiments recently made to ascertain the electric effects which result from the friction of metals with one another, it appears that in the following order, viz.—bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, platina, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, cadmium, antimony,—each metal is positive with reference to the metals which precede it, and negative with reference to the metals which follow it.

Education in France.—It appears that the number of children requiring education in France, is about 5,500,000; that of the whole number of communes (39,381), only about 24,000 have schools for boys; that the schools in those communes (in number 27,000) receive 1,070,000 children; and that the number of girls educated at schools is only 430,000.

M. Guimet, of Paris, and M. Gmelin, of Tubingen, have each discovered a method of fabricating artificial ultramarine, which is now selling in Paris at twenty-five francs an ounce, of a better quality than the finest natural ultramarine hitherto exhibited in the shops, the price of which was wont to be three times as high.

M. Majendi, in a paper lately read before the Royal Academy of Paris, contends, that the sense of vision is not, as has been hitherto supposed, dependant upon the optic nerve. He stated several cases in which after the optic nerve had been obliterated by a tumour, the vision appeared almost as perfect as before.

A new kind of phosphorus, said to be much more inflammable than any pyrophorus hitherto known, has been invented, formed by the calcination of sulphate of potash with charcoal.

A Mummy which was lately unwrapped at Trematon Castle is supposed, from the hieroglyphics, to be the body of one of the Pharaohs. It was brought from the Royal Sepulchre at Thebes.

M. Tilsoy, a French chemist, has succeeded in preparing from bruised green gooseberries, a vegetable table acid, equal in quality to the citric or lemon acid, and which can be manufactured and sold for less than half the price of the latter.

Dr. Von Mayerly, a German, is said to have lately invented a pair of boots made of block tin, and surrounded by a hollow body, by means of which he can pass over the most rapid river. He has exhibited his contrivance at Pest, at which place he walked upwards of 500 fathoms on the Danube, where it is very deep and rapid.

The average quantity of rain per annum, during the last ten years at Philadelphia, is stated to have been 47 inches, the maximum having been 54 inches. The quantity of snow and the duration of winter in America have materially diminished during the last thirty years.

The celebrated astronomer Encke, of Berlin, has announced the publication of a new Nautical Ephemeris, on a very superior plan.

From some experiments made by Mr. Anozoff on the hardening of steel instruments, it has been found, that for very sharp edged instruments, an exposure of the steel when heated, to a powerful current of air is much better than the ordinary method of quenching it in water. This idea was suggested by the observation of travellers that the manufacture of Damascus blades was only carried on during the prevalence of north winds.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian coins of Kings, from the earliest period to the beginning of the fourth century. The selection will chiefly embrace the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian Kings, the various Kingdoms of Asia Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be executed on stone, and dedicated by permission to the Earl of Aberdeen.

The Christmas Box for 1829, edited by Mr. Crofton Croker, will exhibit, it is said, a rich display of female talent.

Sir Walter Scott is understood to be getting ready another series of Tales of the Canongate. A second series of Tales of a Grandfather are also, we hear, in preparation by the same indefatigable pen.

A work entitled the Musical Souvenir of 1829 is, we understand, preparing for publication, in which great talent is said to be engaged.

A Mr. John Walsh, of Cork, has announced an Essay on a New System of Astronomy, founded on the notion that the sun revolves round some remote centre in about 26,000 years; and, consequently, that the stars have direct and rettograde motions similar to those of the planets.

Mr. Southey, it is said, is writing a poem, the hero and heroine of which are of the Quaker persuasion. The same writer has also in the press, the Story of the Cock and the Hen, a Spanish Romance.

Mr. Gleig, author of the Subaltern, has in the press a series of Tales, entitled, The Chelsea Pensioners.

Another volume of Mr. Buckingham's Travels in the East is announced.

The Rev. James Jones has in the press, An Inquiry into the Popular Notion of an unoriginated, infinite, and eternal Prescience.

Mr. Alaric Watts's Annual, The Literary Souvenir, will, we understand, make its appearance this season, embellished with engravings generally of a more important size than heretofore. The subjects from which the plates are taken are twelve in number, and comprise original paintings, for the most part of well known celebrity.

An Annual for Children, to be entitled The New Year's Gift; and Juvenile Souvenir, is, we are informed, preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mrs. Alaric Watts, the literary contents of which have been supplied by a great number of individuals distinguished as writers for the juvenile classes. It will also contain, independently of numerous wood-cuts by George Cruikshank and others, a variety of highly finished line engravings on steel.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Leslie's Rudiments of Plane Geometry, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Wilson's Memoirs of Mrs. Dawson, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Stower's (Rev. D.) Memoirs, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.; fine 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Field's Life of Parr, vol. II. 8vo. 14*s*. bds.

HISTORY.

The History of England, by a Clergyman. Vol. I. 12mo. 6*s*. bds.
Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs, in English. Vol. III. 8vo. 16*s*. bds.
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Vol. XVIII. royal 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Balwin's History of Greece, 18mo. 5*s*.

LAW.

Pratt's Savings' Banks Acts, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.
Addenda to Chitty's Criminal Law, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Russell on Crimes, 2d edit. Vol. II. 8vo. 1*l*. 14*s*.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Stafford on Strictures of the Urethra, 8vo. 6*s*. bds.
Mitchell on the Ergot of Rye, 8vo. 6*s*. bds.
Burrows on Insanity, 8vo. 18*s*. bds.
Annesley's Diseases of India, Vol. II. imperial 4to. 7*l*. 7*s*. bds.
Monro on the Brain. Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Castle's Manual of Surgery, 18mo. 7*s*. bds.
Salmon on the Rectum, 2d edit. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Watson on the Diseases of the Eye, 2d edit. 8vo, 15*s*. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pinnock's Grammar of Modern Geography, 18mo. 5*s*. sheep.
Stewart's Compendium of Modern Geography, 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. sheep.
Anderson's Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Aikin's Lesson Book, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. half-bound.
Mayer's Sportsman's Directory, new edit. 12mo. 6*s*.
Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, by the Highland Society, 2 vols. 4to. 7*l*. 7*s*.; royal 4to. 10*l*. 10*s*. bds.
Classical Instruction, Æsop's Tables, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Simone's Lexicon, by Winer, 8vo. 1*l*. 5*s*.
Williams's Subways in the British Metropolis, 8vo. 12*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Kearsley's Fables, 1828, sewed, 1*s*.
Conversations on Geology, 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Guilty Tongue, 2d edit. 2*s*. 6*d*. half-bd.
Wards of London. Vol. I. 8vo. 9*s*. cloth.
Colonel Evans on the Designs of Russia, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Auber's Supplement to his Analysis of the Constitution of the East India Company, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Little Grammarian, 18mo. 3*s*. half-bd.
The Child's Duty, 18mo. 3*s*. half-bd.
Game Book, 12mo. 4*s*.

Pittman's Excerpta, 3d edit. 12mo. 7*s*.
Hofland's Panorama of Europe, 6th edit. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. half-bd.
Jones's Prodigal, new edit. 12mo. 4*s*.
Harrison's English Vocabulary, 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Savage's Juvenile Spelling, 18mo. sheep, 1*s*.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Miss Laurence's Contes Choisies, 12mo. 6*s*. sheep.

POETRY.

The Battle of Navarino, Malta, &c., by a Naval Officer, post 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Croly's Beauties of the Poets, foolscap, 10*s*. 6*d*. half-bd.
Don Juan, uniform with Byron's Works, 2 vols. 18mo. 9*s*. bds.; 2 vols. foolscap, 14*s*. bds.
Taylor's Æsop in Rhyme, 12mo. 4*s*.
Baillie's Bride, 2d edit. 8vo. sewed, 4*s*. 6*d*.

THEOLOGY.

White's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. half-bd.
Gerard's (Drs. A. and G.) View of the Evidences of Religion, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Troward's Church of Christ and Church of Rome, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Tayler's Sermons, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Lindsay's Lectures on the Old Testament, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s*. bds.
Raikes's Sermons, 8vo. 8*s*. bds.
Good's Thoughts on Scripture, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Book of Genesis, interlinear Hebrew, and English, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Edmonson on Christian Ministry, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Christian Retirement, new edit. 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Spinster's Tour in France and Italy, 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Duppa's Travels in Sicily, post 8vo. 8*s*. bds.
Beauclerk's Journey to Morocco, 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.

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2. *Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael.* By James Grant, Esq. of Corrimony. 8vo. pp. 456. London: T. and J. Underwood. 1828.

IF the early history of mankind could be recovered from the darkness in which it is almost every where hidden, it would be found to be principally the history of so many migrations. When the plain or valley which was the home of the first of the world's families began to grow too narrow for the increasing members of its inhabitants, it was just as natural and as necessary that the pent up population should overflow its boundaries, and spread itself over the neighbouring parts, as that the waters which have long been accumulating in some subterraneous cavity should at last burst their barriers, and gush forth in a free stream from the side of the rock or the mountain. The same law that distributes over the earth the refreshing and fertilizing element from which 'herb, tree, fruit, and flower,' derive their nourishment, has also carried abroad over what was once but an untrodden and voiceless desert, those ever-spreading rivers of population, to which it is not less indebted for the cultured loveliness which we now discern smiling throughout so many of its regions. The fountain in both cases has risen, and over-topped or broken down its detainments; and the eruption, however violent and seemingly unnatural at first, has eventually quenched the thirst of the parched soil, and caused a fairer and better creation to spring forth wherever it has sent its influences.

But destitute as were the wandering barbarians by whom the seeds of nations were thus sown over the earth, of any means of recording their actions and adventures, and unfavourable as was their unsettled life even to the growth of that oral tradition

which in other circumstances might in some degree have compensated for the absence of written history, the field of this distant antiquity seems, on the first consideration of the subject, to be almost as much shut up from our investigation as if it lay in another system. To our eye, looking back upon the past, the globe we inhabit appears to have first awakened into life during the gloom of midnight, so that the break of day found it already every where active, and the distribution of the great human family over its surface carried almost as far as we behold it at this hour. In what manner the mighty work was accomplished, we seek in vain to learn from any commemorating monuments erected at the time while it was going on. Even if we appeal to that tradition which lives among every people, and professes to tell the tale of their origin and early fortunes, we learn in general but little, if any thing, from its imperfect or incoherent responses, which indeed in many cases consist nearly of fables woven by priests or poets to flatter the national vanity, or hallow the established superstitions to the vulgar imagination, by wrapping them up in the veil of a reverend antiquity, and associating them with the splendid remembrances of other lands and other years. The traditions of one country thus contradict and refute those of another; and upon the whole, scarcely any more certain information as to the origin and descent of nations can be derived from this source, than from the winds of heaven, that blow whence and whither they list.

Amid this silence, however, of every other voice from the past, there is one fortunately that speaks to us in many instances audibly and distinctly enough, even from that dark and distant time when the nations whose deeds fill the page of authentic history were as yet but in embryo and without a name. We allude to the testimony furnished to us by the abiding and incontestable revelations of language. Here is an oracle from which, if we interpret its utterances aright, we may still extract many of the secrets that have lain longest hidden respecting our remotest ancestors. Words, the mere breath of men's lips, which it were so natural to look upon as the most perishable of human productions, are in truth of all things the most indestructible, coming down to us often from an age, of which every other relic is lost, and revealing to us in this way not a little both of the history and the manners of tribes, whose very existence, but for this undying record, would have been forgotten and unknown. It is quite true that etymological researches have often been persued after a fashion as unphilosophical and absurd as can well be conceived, and that in popular estimation accordingly the name of the study has long been little better than a jest and a bye word We must not, however, confound etymology with this abuse of it. Language, which examined piecemeal, and without reference to any guiding and comprehensive principle, seems to the mere

lexicographer only a chaos of shapeless shadows of which the eye may make any thing it chooses, is to the philosopher at once a well ordered and curious creation, and a very mine of knowledge. Considered in regard to its structure and character, it presents us perhaps with the most valuable metaphysical study to which it is possible for us to resort; and is calculated to teach us more of the nature of mind, and its mode of proceeding in many of its subtlest and most delicate operations, than we can learn from any other source. Looked to in another point of view, it is, as we have said, both the most faithful and the most permanent of all the memorials that preserve for us the early history of our race. No tribe has ever settled in any country without leaving discernible traces of its occupancy, if in no other way, at least in a sprinkling of its peculiar dialect, which may be read even by the most distant generation, either in the existing language, or in the topographical nomenclature, of the land. To take the case of England, for example, the speech which is even at this day in use among us, indicates as distinctly as the most authentic written document could do, that however mixed a nation we may have now become, a race of Teutonic descent must at some remote period have occupied the country. And even had all vestiges of its Saxon origin disappeared from our language, the same information might still have been gathered with equal certainty from the names of almost every old town, and hamlet, and stream, throughout the land, falling upon our ears, as they do at this day, with nearly the same Germanic sound which they conveyed to those of the men who lived where we now live, more than a thousand years ago. A still more enduring baptism has been that of a large portion of the northern division of the Island, in which although the popular speech has been for many centuries a dialect of the same Saxon which forms the basis of the established language of the south, the names of places almost all belong to a very different tongue—to that Erse, or Gaelic, namely, which is still spoken in various forms and degrees of purity in the Scottish Highlands, a great part of Ireland, and that district of England called Wales, and which is demonstrated by the circumstance we have just mentioned, to have been also at one time vernacular to the inhabitants of nearly the whole of Scotland.

The two works, the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article, are both devoted to the investigation of this very interesting subject; though the authors have directed their principal attention to different portions of the common field of inquiry, and have, as perhaps was in these circumstances to be expected, arrived at different and somewhat inconsistent conclusions. It is but fair, however, to state, that to whatever extent the views propounded by each may be charged with partiality or incompleteness, they do not in this respect stand exactly in the same predicament. Of the two, Colonel Vans Kenndy alone professes to discuss the

whole question regarding the origin of the European and Asiatic languages, or so much of it at all events as comprehends the two great points, with the elucidation of which the present volumes may be considered to be occupied. Upon one of these points Mr. Grant, as we shall see, makes no pretension to be informed, and accordingly avoids intruding his judgment. Supposing him correct, therefore, as to the position which alone he undertakes to prove and illustrate, the imperfection that attaches to his theory, as here set forth, is merely that it does not embrace the whole of the question at issue. To this objection Colonel Vans Kennedy certainly does not stand exposed in the same degree; for he has pronounced his opinion in very decided terms as to both branches of the subject. He will be found however, we apprehend, on this very account to have subjected himself to a more discreditable accusation—to the charge, namely, of having dogmatized with great rashness about sundry matters which he had never taken the trouble to examine with the requisite diligence, and in regard to which he was, indeed, from the acknowledged state of his acquirements, quite incompetent to deliver any thing like an authoritative verdict

The principal object of both the publications before us, is to investigate the origin of those two celebrated tongues which, in consequence partly of the extreme degree of polish and cultivation to which both were subjected, partly of the literary treasures contained in each, and partly of the extraordinary space which the people of the countries where they were spoken, occupy in the history of the ancient world, have for centuries continued to engage the chief attention of the learned of Europe, and not only constituted nearly all that has been generally known among us by the name of erudition, but exerted a greater influence than perhaps any other cause, over the whole field of modern literature. For a long while the languages of Greece and Rome were looked upon as of too peculiar and exalted a character to have been derived from any less classic source than themselves; and the former, of which the latter was considered as the unquestionable offspring, was accordingly spoken of, when the high mystery of its birth was at all alluded to, as having sprung up in the famous land from which it took its name, much in the same spontaneous fashion as the verdure of its soil, and to be a production that could neither have come into being among another people, nor lived under another sky. Some curious speculators did indeed venture to hint the possibility of its direct derivation from the Hebrew, which they assumed to be the universal fountain-head of languages, and an immediate descent from which was therefore deemed no dishonourable lineage even for the tongues of Homer and Plato. But of any meaner parentage for it they certainly never dreamed, and the suggestion of any thing of the kind, if it had not been treated with utter contempt, would have thrown the

whole republic of learning into an uproar of indignation. At last, however, when the northern tongues, which had till then been nearly as much neglected by those to whom they were native, as by the educated classes of other countries, began, under the impulse of circumstances which we need not here detail, to force themselves upon the attention of scholars, both at home and abroad, a conviction speedily disseminated itself, that even between these rude Teutonic dialects and the polished languages of Greece and Rome, there existed certain fundamental and pervading resemblances, which rendered their radical relationship, and derivation from the same stem, hardly a matter of doubt. Subsequent investigations may be said to have completely established this original indentity, and to have demonstrated that even the splendid fabrics of classic speech have been reared in a great measure upon the same foundation which has also served as a basis to the Gothic tongues. Up to this point there can now be said scarcely to exist any difference of opinion among those who have investigated the subject.

With regard, also, to the oriental origin both of this primitive language and of the migratory hordes by whom it was introduced into the heart of Europe, a general agreement has long prevailed among the learned. The voice of profane unites with that of sacred history, in pointing to a particular district of Asia as the birth-place of the species; and all the investigations of Geographers and Antiquarians, tend to confirm a conclusion which is supported, besides, by the nearly unanimous testimony of popular tradition, almost here alone consistent and undeviating. Above all, the examination of the more ancient languages of the East, and especially of the Sanscrit, has of itself furnished sufficient proof, even if every other were wanting, of the Asiatic descent both of the population of Greece and of the Gothic tribes, in the radical terms as well as in the grammatical structure of whose tongues traces of oriental extraction have been found every where distinctly legible. That Europe derived its population in so many waves or successive invasions from Asia—that the ancestors of the Teutonic nations were either part of the same immigration, another division of which overspread Greece and Italy, or at all events that the hordes which established themselves in the centre, spoke originally nearly the same language with those who settled in the South of Europe; and that this language was either Sanscrit, or a cognate dialect, may therefore be considered as so many leading positions which have been abundantly demonstrated, and are universally assented to.

Here, however, we begin to be encompassed by a host of difficulties and discordant theories. When Europe, it is asked in the first place, was overspread by the progenitors of the Greeks and Goths, was it altogether uninhabited, or peopled by the descendants of some preceding invader? If the latter supposition be

adopted, who and whence were these previous occupants—what language did they speak—what has become of them—to what extent did they mix themselves with the new comers—and in how far was the language of these last affected by that which they found already in use in the country of their adoption? Who were the Celts, the Gauls, the Scythians, the Pelasgi, of all of whom ancient history speaks so vaguely, and yet in a manner which testifies so strongly to their multitudes and their wide diffusion? From what source, or sources, did Italy derive its population? Who were the Etrusci? Whence sprung the Romans? Or to return again to the East, what was the origin of the Hebrew and Arabic languages, and what influence have they exerted upon the formation of other tongues? What is the descent of the Tartaric tribes, and of their dialects? Whence came the Persian language and people? Out of what elements were the vernacular tongues of India formed? Whence are we to deduce the Chinese and the Japanese? And to say nothing of the barbarous dialects of America, Australasia, and central and southern Africa, what were the old Coptic and Punic tongues? Finally, turning to modern Europe, whence are we to trace the Slavonic nations and languages? How and when was Scandinavia peopled, and what other regions were colonized from that quarter? What remains have we of the Cymric tribes? Who were the original inhabitants of Great Britian and Ireland? These and many other questions which perplex this intricate and extensive subject, all remain as yet either unanswered, or so insufficiently investigated, that every one of them may be said to be still the subject of doubt and controversy.

We certainly have no intention of discussing one half of these topics on the present occasion; and indeed can only afford to examine very briefly the principal opinions that have been expressed in regard to two or three of them. But the hasty enumeration we have given, may furnish some idea at least of the length and breadth of that field of inquiry upon which the present writers have entered, and of the variety of acquirements requisite for its complete cultivation. Mr. Grant confines his remarks, as we have already stated, and as may indeed be gathered from the title of his work, to a comparatively small, but still very interesting and important division of the subject—the origin, namely, of the Celtic population of the British Islands, and its connection in respect of blood and language, with the other branches of the Great European family. His object is to shew that his Gaelic countrymen constitute, in all probability, the most unmixed remnant now existing of that race which, having come originally from the East, seem at one time to have overspread the greater part of Europe, and to have formed the primitive inhabitants, not only of our own country, but also of Greece, Italy, France, and the central regions of that quarter of the globe. Of the districts thus originally peopled, the greater number, according to him, were subsequently

over-run by another oriental invader, known in classic history by the designation of the Pelasgi, who brought with them a civilization to which the former had not attained, and by that means succeeded in substituting, in all the countries where they settled, their own manners and language, in place of those of their ruder predecessors. Even in those countries, however, where they mixed themselves with the old inhabitants, they did not of course succeed in obliterating every trace of the ancient tongue; while on the other hand, there were a few secluded spots to which they did not penetrate at all. Although in Greece and Italy accordingly the Pelasgic soon became the prevailing language, and that brought by the first migration survived only in such vocables as that of their successors did not sweep away, in Britain and in Ireland, which the Pelasgi did not visit, the old tongue still remained in unmixed purity. The proof of all this, in so far as the languages of Greece and Italy are concerned, is evidently to be sought for in a comparison of those languages with the Gaelic; and it is accordingly to this object that the researches of Mr. Grant are principally directed. He endeavours to demonstrate by a variety of examples, that the Gaelic enters largely into the composition of the two classic tongues, and forms the source of many of those terms in both which etymologists hitherto have been unable to explain or account for.

Colonel Vans Kennedy's speculations take a somewhat wider range, although even his work neither embraces, nor professes to embrace, the whole question of the origin of nations and languages. The principal doctrines which he assumes, or undertakes to prove, may perhaps be most conveniently stated in the following order: 1. That all languages do not, as has been generally supposed, derive their descent from one primitive tongue; 2. That in particular, the Hebrew, (including Arabic and Syriac, with their cognate dialects,) the Persian, the Celtic, the Hindustanee with the other vernacular dialects of northern India, and the Telinga with its kindred varieties which prevail in the south, form so many languages, or tribes of languages, of perfectly distinct lineage and origin, no one of which possesses, in what may be considered its radical and characteristic attributes, any thing whatever in common with another; 3. That the ancestors of the Latin, Greek, and Gothic nations, were a colony of Babylonians, whose language was Sanscrit, which was likewise carried to India by a body of emigrants from the same region, leaving their country, although in an opposite direction, probably at the same time with their brethren who went to over-run or conquer Europe;—and lastly, that the Celtic language did not contribute in any degree to the formation of either the Greek or the Latin. There are a few other minor dogmas scattered up and down throughout the volume, some of which we shall probably have occasion to notice as we proceed; but those we have just mentioned constitute, we believe,

the essential articles of our author's creed, and present a pretty complete summary of the theory which the present volume propounds as to the origin and affinity of the languages of Asia and Europe.

Now in regard to the first and second of these propositions, we have but a few general remarks to make. In Colonel Vans Kennedy's pages they take the shape of asseverations, rather than of conclusions which he attempts to deduce by any shew of reasoning, and may be considered in fact rather as intimations of his belief as to certain matters connected with the subject of his investigations, than as forming any part of his main argument. The principal ground on which he combats the notion of the descent of all languages from a common progenitor, is taken from the Mosaic account, as vulgarly understood, of what befel the builders of the Tower of Babel, whose one great language, it is imagined, was, on the occasion alluded to, miraculously chopped down into, we believe no commentator has adventured to say exactly how many, small ones. Now, that our English Bible tells such a story, it is impossible to deny; nor will we, moreover, contend that Colonel Vans Kennedy may not seem to himself to read something to the same purport even in the original Hebrew, which he affirms, with so learned an air, to be here 'without the slightest ambiguity,' if he set himself, as his habit in such cases appears to be, to translate the words of the sacred record simply by the aid of the first dictionary or vocabulary on which he can lay his hands, without paying any attention either to the import of national idioms, or to those considerations of common sense, by which the interpretation of all languages must be regulated. But we submit, for all that, that it is really too much, gravely to quote the authority of Moses for this incomprehensible fiction. That venerable historian assuredly informs us of nothing more than that God, for purposes of obvious wisdom, inspired those arrogant builders, who had been till then of one mind and one consenting voice, with discord, and, as it is expressed, confusion of *lip*—that is, contention arising from opposition of sentiment, and thus compelled them to abandon the preposterous enterprize which had hitherto absorbed their united labours, and to scatter themselves in different directions over that desert earth which it was intended they should people and cultivate. To say nothing either of those grammatical reasons which render this latter interpretation of the Hebrew text not only natural but even imperative, or of the considerations that make the other, to any one who has reflected at all upon the necessary laws of the formation of human speech, unintelligible or perfectly ludicrous, we may merely remark that the supposed *multiplication* of languages, unless it had proceeded to an altogether incredible extent, would not have secured the end which is here asserted to have been contemplated; inasmuch as if the old language only produced three or four young ones, a very short time would have sufficed to

re-open the communication by means of as many interpreters, between the several proprietors of the new tongues, and so the Tower-building would have gone on just as well as ever. But perhaps it was part of the whimsical affliction of these unfortunate men, not only to be thus turned over all at once from their native language to another which had never before been heard of, but to be rendered incapable besides of ever either recovering the one they had lost, or acquiring the least knowledge of any other which happened to be spoken by their quondam associates. We wonder how long it was, according to this hypothesis, before the species regained the faculty of learning a foreign tongue, which must be supposed, of course, to depend upon so peculiar an application of the memory and the understanding, that it may be utterly destroyed or suspended without the least injury to any other of our mental powers.

But Colonel Vans Kennedy asserts that he has examined the various languages enumerated, under what we have called the second proposition of his system or theory, and ascertained, in this way also, that no two of them could possibly have sprung from the same root. As to this affirmation, we will only say at present that, however much it may astonish those who have taken their notions upon these points from previous authorities, it will not much surprise any one who attends to the method employed by the present writer in his philological investigations. In so far as we can comprehend the very novel and extraordinary principles of etymology upon which he appears to proceed, it would seem that he holds the radical part of a vocable to lie generally rather in its termination than any where else, or at all events that no two words in two different languages can be considered as connected, unless the sign of number, case, person, or other accident in the one be evidently identical with that by which the same accident is indicated in the other. Upon this assumption it is quite obvious than no one language can be understood to have had any thing to do with the formation of another from which it differs in regard to its grammatical forms, however numerous and striking may be the points of agreement they present in other respects;—and this in truth seems to be very nearly our author's doctrine. He is continually preaching the necessary permanence of grammatical inflexions, and the impossibility (in opposition by the bye to the clearest and most incontrovertible facts) of their disappearance, under the operation of any cause whatever, from any language into which they have been once introduced. 'No argument' he says, for example, (p. 119) 'can be necessary to shew that the latter (grammatical structure) is such an essential and immutable part of language, that however words may become obsolete, or new ones may be formed or adopted, still, under all such changes, whether in the native or in a foreign country, the grammatical structure remains almost entirely unaffected. And what does the

reader think is Colonel Vans Kennedy's creed touching these same grammatical flexions, as to whose importance and indestructibility he expresses himself in so decided a tone? Why, he actually believes them to be all only so many mere arbitrary sounds, *invented*, as he amusingly phrases it, by the rude fathers of speech in order to decorate their naked verbs and nouns with the elegant drapery of conjugation and declension. 'The slightest acquaintance with languages,' says he, 'must incontrovertibly evince that in their present state, all words are not derived from the noun and the verb; and if a language ever existed, composed only of nouns and verbs, it must have been so rude and unformed as to be perfectly undeserving of consideration. On what grounds also is it assumed that it would be more easy for a people to corrupt the noun and verb into the other parts of speech, than to invent them; or that the increments used for the inflection, or modification, of the primitive word, must necessarily have been significant in themselves?' The pronoun, again, he informs us, 'expresses an idea which could never have been conveyed by a noun or a verb; and it is therefore impossible to understand how it could ever have been corrupted from either.' So it too, it seems, was originally a mere unmeaning sound, invented, be it observed, by the ancestors of our race in one of the earliest stages of society, in order to embody a notion so abstract and comprehensive, that philosophy has only very recently been able to define it under the guidance of etymology, but which yet those barbarians had a perfect conception of, even before they were in possession of a term whereby to express it. But we had forgot; Colonel Vans Kennedy declares all speculations on the philosophy of language to be 'a mere waste of time, because,' as he most sagely adds, 'their results cannot promote the increase or perfection of knowledge.' 'It is,' says he, 'the actual elegance and symmetry of an edifice which command admiration, and not the rude materials from which it was constructed; and the explorer of the elements from which languages have acquired their present refinement, resembles much the man who, instead of gazing with awe and wonder on the church of St. Peter, should amuse himself by endeavouring to ascertain the nature of the cement and fastenings used in its erection. Such an analysis is equally unnecessary for the purpose of comparing one language with another; for, if the same *inflexions and particles* exist in any two languages, this circumstance alone fully proves their affinity, and consequently, any farther inquiry into the origin of these inflections and particles becomes altogether useless.' Here, the reader will observe, is a demonstration of the utter folly not only of the philosophy of language, but of almost all philosophy whatever. Verily, we should suppose Colonel Vans Kennedy must have spent no little of his time among the Lexicographers.

Upon the whole, therefore, seeing the sort of reasonings in

which our author deals, we are not exactly disposed, we confess, to hang our conclusions as to the connection that may or may not subsist among the languages to which we have referred, upon his asseveration. His etymological canons, it appears to us, would hardly recognise any connection between, for example, the modern French *un* and the Latin *unus*. At least we observe such unimportant differences as characterise these two forms continually recognised as destroying the identity of terms otherwise similar or allowed by himself to be so. Thus, for instance, we find (p. 279) *in his own list* of Latin derivatives from the Sanscrit, *Alii* from *Anya;* but at page 269, he absolutely tells us, that between *Alius* and *Anya*, which M. Klaproth had been so unfortunate as to compare together, there is no connection whatever! We shall have occasion to quote several other averments, exactly of the same description, before we close.

To come now to our author's theory of the Babylonian origin of Sanscrit and its cognate European dialects, it has long been generally admitted that the cradle of the human race must, in all probability, have been somewhere among the plains in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates; and it is at all events certain that society had attained in that quarter of Asia to a wonderful degree of organization, opulence, and refinement, long before those nations of Europe, that eventually became most powerful in the ancient world, had even acquired the names by which they were afterwards known. That the colonization of the globe, therefore, both towards the east and the west, proceeded originally from this central point, can scarcely admit of a doubt; and it is certainly highly probable, that the similarity still discernible between the Sanscrit and the Gothic, including the Greek and Latin, languages, is to be attributed to the derivation of both in this manner from the same source. But when Colonel Vans Kennedy assumes, that the language now known by the name of the Sanscrit, is even at this day almost pure Babylonian—that it presents the mother-state, as it were, of that common tongue of which the Gothic dialects, the Greek, and the Latin, are merely the degenerate daughters, he seems to us, we confess, to be advancing a notion that is altogether untenable. From his own account of the Sanscrit, as now found in books, it bears all the marks of a language which, although unquestionably founded upon the rude materials of a popular dialect, has been subsequently so completely put in order, and, as it were, reconstructed by successive generations of grammarians, as to have come by this time to bear probably less resemblance to its pristine form than any other tongue that ever was in use among men. As it has come down to us, it is not a natural, but all over an artificial language. Our author himself doubts if it was ever the language of society in any part of India. We ourselves have no doubt that in its present shape it never constituted the popular speech in any country whatever.

The part of his work to which Colonel Vans Kennedy seems most anxious to direct the attention of his readers, is a catalogue he has given of 900 Sanscrit terms, which he asserts to be found in almost the same form and signification either in the Greek, the Latin, the Persian, the German, or the English. Of this number he says 339 are Greek, 319 Latin, 263 Persian, 162 German, and 251 English. Thirty-one are asserted to be common to all these languages: 527 to Greek and Latin, omitting the words common to both; and 182 to German and English, without including those common to both, or to the other languages. Of the 413 which occur in the German and English, 43 are enumerated as German and not English, and 138 as found in the English and not in the German. (Vide pp. 9, 150, 232).

Upon turning to the table itself from which these conclusions are derived, we find it to be as slovenly, confused, and unintelligible a compilation as we ever had occasion to examine. In the first place, the Sanscrit words appear to amount to 919, although several may very possibly be mere repetitions. Then of this number there are assigned to the Greek language 344, to the Latin 329, to the Persian 269, to the German 172, and to the English no fewer than 459. Of these last, however, about 187 *seem* to be given merely as translations, although we can only collect this to be the author's meaning from the impossibility of believing that he can intend to set down such perfectly dissimilar sounds as *Angushta* and *Finger*, *Anjira* and *Fig*, *Anisham* and *Always*, &c., &c., as etymologically connected. There are about seventeen others which we rather think he does consider as derivatives, but which yet, scattered as they are throughout that part of the list where the greater number of the English terms that occur appear to be certainly only translations, and standing as they do undistinguished from their associates in any way whatever, we do not know very well what to make of. We allude to such seeming connections as that of *Hog* (through the Persian *Khuk*) with *Shukara*, *Din* with *Dhwani*, *Murders* with *Marddhati*, *Stupid* (through the German *Stumpf*) with *Stambha*, &c. Of the remainder, about thirty-five or thirty-six are assimilated, not to English, but to Scottish, Saxon, or Icelandic words, which the English language never has adopted.

Some of these Sanscrit derivations, too, certainly do not a little surprise us, as proposed by a writer whose outcry against the fanciful and far-fetched conjectures of other etymologists is repeated almost without intermission in the preceding pages of his work. Among a considerable number that have struck us, on a cursory perusal of the list, as equal in wildness to any thing that is to be found in Bullet, Gibelin, Vossius, Dr. Murray, or any other of his predecessors of whose labours Colonel Vans Kennedy is in the habit of speaking with so profound a contempt, we may mention merely the following; and we beg leave to say, that we

have omitted all those cases in which any intermediate term supplies a closer link of connection between the derivative and its supposed root than they appear of themselves to present. Among the immediate descendants from Sanscrit originals are reckoned by our author the Greek Μειων from *Madhyam*, Μυια from *Mashaka*, Αλλοι and the Latin *Alii* from *Anya*, Σκυτος from *Krittih*, Πολυν from *Purim*, Β ρετω from *Awarohate*, the Latin *Poposci* from *Prachati* or *Papracha*, *Cornu* from *Shringa*, *Ursus* from *Riksha*, *Foris* from *Bahih*, the English *Fore* from *Puras*, *Heat* from *Iddha*, the German *Binse* (a rush) from *Wamsha*, the Moeso-Gothic *Fon* (fire) from *Wahnim*. If *Puras*, too, is to be considered as the original of *Fore*, we wonder why *Pra*, from which are deduced the Latin and Greek *Pro*, is not also stated as giving rise to the English *For*. Again, if *alum* (p. 286) is to be accounted the progenitor of the Greek ὅλον, the English *whole* might surely have been safely added as another of its descendants. *Wamani*, also, (p. 297) we apprehend, is quite as like the English *Woman*, which is not given in the Table, as the Latin *Foemina*, which is. If *Kshobhati* (p. 300) be meant to be stated as the prototype of the English *agitates*, it is certainly that also of the Latin *agitat*, which is not noticed. Why is the English *Buck* not given, at page 303, as well as the German *Bocke*, among the derivatives of *Bukka*? *Mara* (killing), in the same page, should surely have attached to it the Latin *Mors*, and the English *Murder*, as well as, nay, we should say much rather than, the Persian *Mar* (a snake). What does our author mean at page 306, by giving in a note the word *Utters* as a synonym or explanation of *Boweth*? Of the vocables given in this list, too, many are merely branches of the same root, or rather the same word with different prefixes or affixes, and never could have been recorded as distinct terms, except by an etymologist who believed *Alius* to come from one root, and *Alii* from another. At p. 280, for example, we have *kwa* noted as giving rise to the Latin *Quo*, and at p. 293, *Kăm* and *Kām*, which are assuredly the same word with the former, mentioned as the originals of *Quem* and *Quam*. The Latin *Quot* is twice given in the same page, once as deduced from *Kati*, and again as coming from *Kit*. *Mritam* (dead) which is given at p. 283, is the same word with *Maritam* and *Mritiam* (death) which appear at p. 296, as also with *Marddhati*, (murders) p. 307. In the same manner *Swiam*, 'Suum' (p. 284) appears again in the form of *Swam* at p. 298. *Bhumi* (the ground) is given with one set of derivatives at p. 282, and with another at p. 308. *Manushia* (mankind), and *Manawa* (man) are certainly identical in that part at least which alone is here referred to. *Puta* (pot), also, is not, we apprehend, to be distinguished by any sound etymologist from *Pitam* (potum). And, not to mention other instances, *Gara*, very, (p. 306) is beyond all question the same term with *Warha* (p. 311), which has exactly the same signification.

It is tiresome enough to track a writer at this rate, but we have judged the detail we have given necessary, in order to expose the real negligence or ignorance of an author who comes before us with very lofty pretensions, on the score both of learning and research, and in the confidence of his own superiority does not hesitate to denounce the ablest and most distinguished of his predecessors as mere quacks and pretenders. We have now only to add a very few remarks on that part of Colonel Vans Kennedy's hypothesis which refers to the pretensions of the Celtic to be considered as in part the foundation of the languages of Greece and Rome; and in doing so, we shall avail ourselves of the valuable assistance of Mr. Grant, whose volume contains by far the most ingenious, enlightened, and philosophical investigation of this subject that has yet been laid before the public.

Mr. Grant, as we have already stated, considers the Celts to have been the occupants both of the centre and of the south of Europe, at the time when the more recent body of Asiatic invaders, known by the name of the Pelasgi, penetrated into Greece and Italy, and brought with them both a more refined language and a higher state of general knowledge and cultivation than had previously existed in the countries where they came to establish themselves. That the language imported by the Pelasgi was one nearly resembling the Sanscrit, is both consistent with Colonel Vans Kennedy's theory, and highly probable in itself. Hence the appearance of so many Sanscrit roots in the Greek and Latin. But is it to be believed that the old language of the country would be completely swept away before the new tongue, or is it not even *a priori* infinitely more likely that to a certain extent at least, the natives mingled with the new-comers, and that in this way the two languages also coalesced and run together into one? We have not room to attempt any abridgment of the historical proofs which Mr. Grant offers in support of this last view of the matter; but we must endeavour to lay before our readers a few of those curious etymological investigations by means of which he extracts from the languages of Greece and Rome, so many striking and incontrovertible evidences of their Celtic lineage.

The Celtic, it ought to be observed, is, according to the admission of all philologists, undoubtedly one of the most ancient languages of which we have any record, and has left traces of its existence in regions so remote from each other, that its prevalence at a certain period over nearly the whole of Europe, can hardly admit of dispute. It was in all probability the speech of those roaming hordes, known for so many ages by the name of Scythians, a term which in Celtic signifies Wanderers, and which does not appear to have been given, as has been generally understood, to the inhabitants of any particular country, but to have been merely the designation assumed for themselves by that succession of barbarous tribes, who, proceeding originally from the East, gradually found

their way to the heart and the extremities of Europe. The remnant of the modern Celts, now existing in the Highlands of Scotland, and with whom the Irish, the Welsh, and the natives of Bretagne are to be connected as branches of the same family, have always called themselves by the name of the *Gael*, a word which in their language signifies Strangers, and seems therefore to imply that it was first assumed by them upon their appearance in a country previously peopled by another race. The term Celtæ (*Caoiltich*) signifies literally, a Woodland people, from *Caoill*, a wood, the original of the Greek Καλων. The classic *Galli*, the Welsh *Wael*, the English *Welsh*, are all merely corruptions of *Gael*. With regard to the exact connection of these kindred tribes, we may merely mention that our own opinion, which differs slightly from that of Mr. Grant, and which we therefore advance with the greater deference, is, that while the southern part of our own island unquestionably drew its population from the opposite shores of Gaul, the west and the greater part of the north of Scotland, were in all probability peopled from Ireland, which again had, we imagine, previously received at least the chief portion of its inhabitants from Britain. It does not, however, appear to us altogether impossible that the south and west of Ireland may have also been visited by a Gaelic colony from Spain, as the ancient legends of the sister island are almost unanimous in asserting. However this may be, it is at all events certain that the language is now to be found in the greatest purity among the Gael of Scotland and the remoter districts of Ireland.

The common account of the Greek Δωμα makes it, as our classical readers are aware, a derivative from the verb Δεμω, to build, which again is said to come from Δεω, to build being to bind together. It is much more likely, we cannot help thinking, that Δεμω is from Δωμα, which Mr. Grant considers to be the same with the Celtic *Tamh*, now also used for a house, but literally signifying 'a man's cave,' from *uamh*, a cave, the description of house in all probability first in use. Another Gaelic term for a house is *Tai*, which corresponds in like manner to another word for a cave, and confirms the origin thus assigned to *Tamh*

The radical term of the Greek γινομαι, γενναω, &c., and of the Latin *genero*, *gigno*, &c. is found in the Gaelic *Gin*, a person born. In the same manner *Novus* is *No* or *Nua*, *Populus* is *Pobul*, *Tribus* is *Treibh*, *Aer* is *Aar*, *Tellus* is *Tala*, *Terra* is *Tir*, *Ulna* is *Uilenn*, *Umbilicus* is *Imlag*, *Unguis* is *Junga*, Ους or *Ovis* is *Oise*, *Caper* is *Gabhar*, *Oleum* is *Ole*, Κηρος or *Cera* is *Cer*, *Pix* or *Pissa* is *Bigh*, *Finis* is *Fin*, *Annus* is *Ainn* (a ring), *Poena* or Ποινη is *Pian*, &c., &c.

But what chiefly demonstrates the share which the Celtic has had in the formation of the Greek and Latin, is the existence of a variety of terms in the latter languages, each of which is evidently compounded of two or more terms belonging to the former, and

can only be satisfactorily analyzed and interpreted by being restored to its primitive Celtic form. Of the extent to which the vocabulary of the classic tongues is indebted to the Gaelic in this way, Mr. Grant has given us some very curious and happy illustrations, a few of which we shall, with as much abridgment as possible, lay before our readers.

The term Κασις is given as a primitive by the Greek Lexicographers, and asserted to signify 'one of the same age.' It is exactly the Gaelic *Coaos*, of the same signification, a compound of *Co*, (common, equal) and *Aos* (age).

The Latin *Mare*, (the sea), is evidently the same term with the Celtic *Muir*, the genitive of which is *Mar*. But *Muir* is merely *Muthir* (the *th*, as usual in such compounds, silent, and therefore omitted in writing), which is a combination of *Mu*, 'about,' or 'close to,' and *Tir*, 'the land,' just as *Much* or *Moch* 'early,' is made up of *Mu* and *Oich*, 'night,' and thus signifies literally 'close to the night,'

The Latin *Arbor*, (a tree) is merely the Gaelic *Arbhar*, (pronounced *Arar*) which is compounded of *Ar*, 'a field' and *Bar*, 'a crop,' and in Gaelic means 'corn.' It signifies literally 'the growth of the field.'

The Greek Κυκλος (a circle) is the Gaelic *Cua-cul*, which literally signifies 'round-back,' the very appearance which the figure in question always presents.

The classical formations from the Gaelic seem, in certain cases, to have assumed an *n*, to sustain, as it were, the otherwise drawling sound of a vowel followed by a single consonant. Thus *Cuaec*, or *Cuec*, (five) becomes in Latin *Quinque; Fighid*, (twenty), becomes *Viginti*; *Ced*, (a hundred) becomes *Centum*. But *Cuaec* is merely *Cua*, 'round,' and *Ec*, 'a nick or notch,' informing us, says Mr. Grant, 'that when the fingers were used as the signs of numbers, at the completion of every number *five*, the fingers were drawn inwardly towards the palm of the hand, by which operation the hand assumed a round form or shape, which exhibited a visible sign of the completion of the number *five;* and as the people were ignorant of the art of characterizing numbers by written figures, they made a nick or notch in a piece of wood, to serve as a permanent sign of the number *five*.' In the same manner *Dec* (ten), the original of the Latin *Decim*, is evidently *Do ec*, literally 'Two Nicks.'

Charta in Latin signifies *Paper*, which we know was anciently made of the bark of trees. It is curious enough that *Cart* should be the term for *Bark* in Gaelic. *Libher* also in the same language signifies the soft part of the wood of a tree which is in contact with the bark, and is unquestionably the original of the Latin *Liber*, 'bark,' or 'a book.'

Aulus Gellius tells us that *Italy* was so called from an old Greek word Ιταλοι, which signified *cattle*. *Edail* (from *Ed*, to eat)

is still the Gaelic word for *cattle*, and I-edail would signify "The Island of Cattle."

The same author informs us, that when the punishment by fine, known by the name of *Multa*, was inflicted at Rome, the practice was, that a *male sheep* should be delivered by the offender to the injured party—"*more majorum, observari solet ut oves genere virili appellentur.*" We have the explanation of this ceremony, the original meaning of which had long ceased to be remembered at Rome, in the fact that *Multa* is merely the Gaelic *Mult*, which at this day signifies in that tongue, *a male sheep or ewe*, or what the Romans called *Vervex*, itself a compound, by the bye, of the Gaelic *Fir*, 'male', and *Bhech*, 'a beast'.

The Latin *Baculum* (a cudgel) is the Gaelic *Bochuail*, compounded of *Bo*, 'a cow', and *Cuaill*, 'a wooden pole.' So from *Bo* and *Giull*, 'a boy', comes *Bockoill*, 'a cowherd', the original of Βουκολος and *Bubulcus*.

Finally, to pass over a multitude of other instances, what is the origin of the famous *Lares*, or household gods of the Romans? Undoubtedly the Gaelic *Lar*, 'the ground on which a house is built', or, 'the floor of the house'.

These examples will, probably, be sufficient to decide the opinion of our readers as to the respect due to what we have called the fourth proposition of Colonel Vans Kennedy's theory of the origin of languages; that, we mean, which asserts, that the Celtic tongue had no share whatever in the formation of the Greek and Latin. As, however, the demonstration which the learned author offers of this proposition is one of the most curious things in his book, we will bestow a very few concluding sentences on its examination.

Colonel Vans Kennedy, be it observed in the first place, acknowledges that his Sanscrit etymologies will not explain one-sixth part of the radical words in either the Greek or the Latin. Secondly, he does not profess to know anything whatever of the Celtic language, except what he has learned by turning over the leaves of O'Brien's Irish Dictionary—and is evidently quite ignorant of even the most elementary principles of its orthography and grammatical structure. He has, nevertheless, in these circumstances, contrived to satisfy himself that no part of the Greek or Latin is Celtic;—and that by a very ingenious experiment.

In order to ascertain the point, 'I subjoin', says he, 'the following comparative list of words, all of which are likely to be found in a rude tongue, from which *the total dissimilarity of the Celtic with other languages*, will be rendered perfectly apparent.' And then, after giving the list, he adds, 'In the preceding one hundred Celtic words, all primitives, and likely to occur in the most unimproved tongues, *not one bears the remotest resemblance* to the terms with which they are compared in six different languages.'

Now, if the list itself had been omitted, all this might have passed, at least for so much as it is worth; that is to say, the reader might have been induced to believe that Colonel Vans Kennedy actually had examined one hundred Gaelic primitives, without chancing upon one which bore the remotest resemblance to the corresponding term in any other language. But what are we to think of this writer's accuracy, or capacity for discussing the subject of which he has undertaken to treat, when we find that the very examples selected by himself, in support of his peculiar views, supply us, in fact, with their most decisive confutation? This list actually abounds in evidences in proof of the extent to which Celtic roots are found in other languages, and particularly in the Greek and Latin—as we may perceive by the most cursory inspection of it. The very second term given in the Irish column, is *Cru*, (blood), which, although bearing no resemblance to the Latin *Sanguis*, by which it is here translated, bears, certainly, the very strongest to the synonymous term *Cruor*. In *Blath* (a flower), every etymologist must at once recognize the Latin *Flos*, the difference between the two words being, in fact, to be accounted for upon principles which Colonel Vans Kennedy himself uniformly proceeds upon in his own derivations. *Airgiod* (silver), is merely the Latin *Argentum*, the *n* being inserted exactly as has confessedly been done in many other words,—in *Centum*, for example, whether we deduce it, with Mr. Grant, from the Celtic *Ced*, or with Colonel Vans Kennedy, from the Sanscrit *Shatam*. The Welsh *Tarian* (a shield), and *Seren* (a star), are not improbably the Arabic *Tirs* and the German *Stern*: and the Irish *Mal* (a king), is undoubtedly the Arabic *Malik*. The Welsh *Laith* (milk), is in all likelihood the Latin *Lac*, originally *Lact*, or *Lat*, as is evident from the genitive *Lactis*. The Irish *Criona* (an old man), is the Greek Γερων. The Greek Δακρυειν (to weep), is the Welsh *Dagru*. Δαμαλις may not perhaps be found in Celtic; but Βος the more comprehensive term, meets us in the Gaelic *Bo*. We have already stated the Celtic origin of *Arbor*. The Irish *Dila* (love), bears no resemblance to *Amor*, but it evidently forms part of *Diligo*. The Welsh *Haul* (the sun), is undoubtedly the Greek Ἡλιος and the Latin *Sol*. The Welsh *Nini* (we), is probably identical with the Arabic *Nahn*. The Latin *Mors* (death), is the Gaelic *Marbh*, from whence also *Mort* or *Murt*, (murder), and probably the Greek Μοιρα. The Latin *Sagitta* is the Gaelic *Saghit*. The Gaelic *Ech* (*ch* pronounced gutturally as in *Loch*) is the Latin *Equus*. The Celtic *Eale* (bad), is from the same root with the English *Ill*. The Greek Κλινη and Κλινω are from the Gaelic *Cluain*, (to bend or recline). The Celtic *Cu* (a dog) is the Greek Κυων. *Mor* and *Mawr* (great), are probably identical with the Sanscrit *Maha*. Ναυς and *Navis* are from the Gaelic *Snamh*, (pronounced *Nav*) 'to swim.' The Celtic *Ynys* (an island), is probably the

original of νησος and *insula*. If the Latin *Ensis* be not Celtic, *Gladius*, the other term for a sword, is the Gaelic *Claidh*, whence also *Clades*. Οικος, (a house), as Mr. Grant has shewn, is not improbably the Gaelic *oich* (night), as *Domus* is *Tamh*. We do not know that Ορνις (or as Colonel Vans Kennedy calls it Ορνιθος) is Celtic, but the synonymous term Οιωνος is exactly the Gaelic *Ian*. *Mons* (a mountain), is the Gaelic *Mona*. Παις (a boy), is the Gaelic *Paisd*. *Mare* (the sea), as we have already seen, is the Gaelic *Muir*. Πινω and *Bibo* may not be found in Gaelic; but the synonymous terms Ποω and *Poto* are, the radical term being *Pa* or *Po*, 'thirst, or any other natural appetite', whence *Pot*, 'drink', and *Potfer* (the *f* silent) a drinker, compounded of *Pot* and *Fer*, (a man or person), the same with the old Scythian term αοιρ, mentioned by Herodotus, and found in the Latin *Vir*, and perhaps the Greek ἡρως, as well as in many of the Gothic dialects. *Pa*, we may add, is also the original of Παω and *Pasco*. *Bellum* is the Gaelic *Bel* (war). The Welsh *Troed* (a foot), is evidently the Gothic *Trudan*, whence the English *Tread*, and the German *Treten* and *Tritt*. We do not know that *Luna* and Σεληνη are Gaelic; but the synonymous term Μηνη is, being a derivative from Μην (a month), otherwise Μης or Μεις, which is the Gaelic *Mias* (a round object, a month), the original also of the Latin *Mensis*, or as we find it anciently written, *Mesis*. The Latin *Ferrum* is the Celtic *Iarun*. It surely cannot be said that there is not the remotest resemblance between the Latin *Corpus*, and the Welsh *Corpt* (in Gaelic, *Corp*), which we here find placed alongside of each other. Ταχυς is probably the Irish *Daith*, and ὑδωρ undoubtedly the Welsh *Dwr*. Finally, *Sus* and ὑς are in all likelihood the same word with the Irish *Ceis*.

Of Colonel Vans Kennedy's one hundred primitive words, we have thus enumerated above thirty, of which there is every probability that the Celtic form is identical with either the Greek or the Latin. And yet Colonel Vans Kennedy tells us, that of the whole number not one bears the remotest resemblance in Celtic to its synonyme in any other language whatever!

We shall just notice another of the learned Colonel's assertions—and then leave our readers to think what they may of his very profound performance. 'As far as I have observed', says he, 'there seems, with a few solitary exceptions only, to be no Greek words in Celtic, except such as are cognate with the Latin. Γραφειν is the only Greek word not cognate with the Latin, which I have observed, but there may be others.' We have already had occasion, we believe, to notice several such terms, as, for example, Καλον from *Caoill*, Κασις from *Coaos*, Παις from *Paisd*, Οιωνος from *Ian;* and in merely turning over the pages of Mr. Grant's volume, we remark the following additional instances; Λαος from *Sluagh*, (the *s* suppressed in composition), Λογος from *Luaigh* (to speak, to make mention of), Κοιλια from *Goile*, Μειρω from *Mir* (a part, a division), Σκαπτειν from *Scapadth*, Κεφδος from *Ceaird*, (any manual

employment), Πωσις from *Pos*, (a husband), Φωνη from *Fonn* (a sound). We have no doubt a little further research would supply us with numerous others.

ART. II.—*A Series of Familiar Discourses for every Sunday and Festival of the Year.* By the Rev. E. Peach. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Keating and Brown. 1828.

THE Catholic priesthood, and more especially the hierarchy of the sister country, are daily growing into importance, as a distinct and peculiar order of the community. The last few years have brought them forth in Ireland in a strong and novel point of view; and exhibited in their persons a moral engine, of a power and capability of usefulness or mischief, of the existence of which the English public but little dreamed. They have been seen rousing the latent energies of an entire kingdom—wresting with a strong hand the domination of their serfs from the grasp of the lords of the soil, eliciting and concentrating in one fearful point the scattered patriotism of a nation, binding together the rude hands of their flocks in one solemn conjuration of freedom; in a word, brewing a moral storm, which bids fair materially to influence the destinies of the empire; and yet retaining an absolute power over the work of their own hands, staying the headlong tempest which they have raised, or guiding it to none but useful and legal purposes. The English public stood astounded at the success of the late grand manœuvre at Clare, and was almost at a loss to what unusual cause to attribute such extraordinary results. It has, however, wisely concluded in fixing them upon the influence—the almost omnipotent influence of the Catholic priesthood. Since the time when the wise spirit of a liberal age freed them from the infamous thraldom of the prison, and exchanged the proscribed worship of the hedge-side or garret for the acknowledged service of the licensed chapel, they have been advancing with a silent but steady march on public opinion, and have, at length, grown up in the state a powerful and distinct order of men, whose usefulness it were wise to conciliate, but whose influence it is impossible to suppress.

Important, therefore, as the Catholic priesthood have become, it behoves the English public to form a more enlarged acquaintance with their character; and by every means, and more especially their writings, to analize the minds which have been able to give so decided a tone to public feeling. These reasons, we trust, will appear as satisfactory to the reader as to ourselves, for occasionally calling his attention to such Catholic publications as tend to answer the object which we have just proposed. Sermons we are aware, are not, in general, the most inviting subject for selection; but there is no species of composition which gives a deeper insight into the mind of the writer.

The volumes before us are written by the Rev. E. Peach, the pastor of a large and important congregation at Birmingham, and a gentleman who is already known to the Catholic public as the author of several esteemed spiritual works. They are dedicated to his own flock, and we have been highly pleased with the modest and unpretending manner in which they have been ushered into the world. The dedication gives utterance to sentiments which are as creditable to the piety of the Christian minister, as they are honourable to the feelings of the man.

'In presenting, however, this legacy of affection to you, I am necessitated to publish the work, and consequently it will be spread amongst the community at large. May it be as profitable to all who hear or read it, as I hope it has, and will be to you. To the public, therefore, something will be required to be said on my part. I do not seek applause; and I hope that the purity of my intentions will preserve me from censure. These discourses are original compositions: probably less entitled to merit on that account. Had I again explored the rich mines of pulpit oratory, and genuine piety, which are to be found in the publications of foreign preachers, I might have presented to you a series of sermons, not inferior to that which I extracted from Massillon. But, being appointed to superintend a numerous and increasing congregation, in a very populous town, I was induced to turn my thoughts to their peculiar spiritual wants, and to arrange my sermons accordingly. I did so. And, having reason to believe that my labours met with that success, which a preacher ought alone to seek after, I feel less difficulty in exposing them to the public eye. To the admirers of splendid oratory, and to the learned composers of studied and minutely arranged harangues, I may appear presumptuous. But, by those, whose only design is to promote the reign of piety, and who are disposed to rejoice when an addition is made to the means of producing this desirable effect, I fondly hope that this publication will be graciously received. Instruction, not oratory alone, has been my aim; and consequently, the approbation of those only do I ambition, who prefer the improvement of the heart, before the mere gratification of the intellectual senses.'—vol. i. p. 6.

We are inclined to dissent from the Rev. Gentleman in the very moderate pretensions which he makes to pulpit eloquence; as, in more than one passage of his useful volumes, we have discovered a pathos and depth of feeling—that true eloquence of the heart,—to which the heart is always ready to respond, and which the frippery of studied periods vainly endeavours to attain. There is every where observable an anxious solicitude, and fatherly tenderness, which breathe from the page as you read it; and, while they assure you of the goodness of the preacher's heart, are a conviction that such appeals to the warmth of man's nature, could not fail to produce a powerful effect upon the audience. Take, for example, the following exhortation to the more destitute of his flock:—

'To those, who, being in a state of poverty, say that their spirits are so depressed by what they have to endure, that they have neither courage

nor resolution to set about any thing serious, and that they are ashamed to enter a place of worship, lest they should be ridiculed and despised, I would say;—" to you religion is of the utmost importance. Religion teaches you, that it is better to make a good use of poverty, and to profit by it, than to make it subservient to your eternal condemnation. Religion teaches you, that if the world frown upon you, it behoveth you to turn to God, who will be always ready to receive you. Religion invites you to take off your affections from a world, which imparts to you few or none of its pleasures, and to place your whole delight in preparing yourselves for that eternal happiness, which God hath prepared for his faithful servants in the other world. Religion teaches you, that it matters little what men may think of your outward appearance, provided you are clothed with the robe of holiness and justice: and, that if you are despised, it will only be by wicked men; for the just are well assured, that if they despise the poor, they despise Christ himself. Religion holds out before them the poverty of their Lord and Master, and assures them, that, instead of its being a disgrace or dishonour to resemble him, it is their merit and their crown."'—vol. i. p. 415.

Is it wonderful, we ask, that such sentiments, taken in conjunction with the almost apostolical labours and privations of the Catholic clergy, should form an indissoluble bond of union betwixt them and their parishioners?

We are pleased to observe, that a portion of these volumes has been dedicated to the clearing away those monstrous prejudices which have, for so long a period, been thrown as a distorting medium of vision before the eyes of the British public: the tongue or pen of the Rev. Gentleman could not have been more usefully employed. Among those prejudices, none have been more grossly conceived or groundlessly maintained, than the aversion which exists in the Protestant mind against the Catholic ceremonies of Good Friday: the candid reader will be pleased to meet with the subjoined explanation, at once simple and satisfactory:—

'On this day is performed the ceremony of kneeling before the crucifix, and kissing it. To Catholics, instructions on this subject are not necessary. They know the meaning of it, and the spirit with which it ought to be performed.—But, our places of worship are public, and curiosity draws many of our separated brethren to inspect our ceremonies. To these, an explanation will be necessary. For, as they have no other knowledge of the principles of our faith, than what they have derived from prejudice and falsehood, this ceremony will contribute to confirm their erroneous ideas, unless a full and candid explanation be given of the motives why it is performed. For them, therefore, the following remarks are intended: and as charity obliges us to presume that truth will be more agreeable to them than falsehood, I hope that they will attend to the following explanation, impartially and without prejudice, and form a decision upon it, in their own minds, according to the strict rules of candour and sincerity. The innocency or criminality of the religious ceremonies, which are observed by those of a different communion, with whose doctrines you are not perfectly acquainted, is to be ascertained, not from what appears externally, but from the interior dispositions of the heart. Thus

the act of kneeling and kissing a crucifix, although it may appear externally as an act of adoration, is not in reality such, unless the inward disposition of the heart leads the person to adore the object before him, as a fit object of adoration. If there be not this inward disposition of the heart, a person may kneel before and kiss any thing that he pleases, and no adoration whatever, such at least as ought to be paid to God, can with justice be attributed to him. External actions, such as bowing, kneeling, or kissing, are not of themselves acts of adoration: they are testimonies only of respect and love. An inferior bows to his superior, but he does not adore him. A child kneels before his parent to ask his blessing, and by this act testifies his respect: a child kisses his parent, and thus testifies its love. These external actions, therefore of themselves are innocent.

'But, are they, or can they be innocent, when the object before us is an inanimate object, a mere representation of the real object of our esteem, respect, veneration, or adoration? Certainly they may; and innumerable circumstances from common life, prove that they may. The peers of the realm bow to the throne in the House of Lords, although the king be not seated in it: and by that act, they merely shew their respect and submission to the sovereign.—A mother, who has been long, or is for ever, in this world, separated from a darling child, may, without crime, embrace its picture, or any thing that remindeth her of it—may weep over it—kiss it—and keep it with the greatest care. These would be the actions of a tender mother: and we should admire her love. We should say, that she proved herself, according to nature, a mother indeed. There are enthusiastic admirers of the great men of the world—of men, who are mortal beings like themselves, who, in their enthusiasm would not hesitate to kneel down before their statue or picture, merely because they had made themselves eminent by their victories, their political talents, or because they were pursuing an object, which their admirers eagerly wish to be accomplished, and would themselves accomplish, had they the abilities and power. And what would this prove? Not that they considered that the picture or statue was the real man; but they were enthusiastic admirers of the man himself.

'The same may be done by Christians. They may testify their respectful submission to their supreme Lord, by bowing, as it were to his throne: they may, as the royal prophet expresses it, enter into the tabernacle, and adore in the place where his feet have stood; (Ps. cxxxi.) and yet be guilty of no act of idolatry.

'Christians may likewise very innocently weep over, embrace, and kiss the image or picture of him whom they love. In fact, with what reason can any one attribute guilt to the pious Christian, who expresses his affection by those outward testimonies, for the God who made him,—for the God who redeemed him—for the God who is his first beginning and last end—for the God, who is much more to him than a child to its parent, or a parent to its child? He knows what it is that is placed before his eyes; he knows that it has neither life nor sense; that it is composed of earthly substance; that it is the work of man's hands; and, that it can neither see, nor hear, nor help him. But it reminds him of his beloved: it is his picture or image; it reminds him of the sufferings he endured for him on the cross: it reminds him of his infinite love for

lost man. And with these sentiments in our minds, may we not kiss, may we not weep over the representation of our suffering Jesus, in as innocent a manner as a parent over the picture of a darling child?

'But, Protestants will say, why bow down, or kneel before such inanimate things? Is not this an act of adoration? No, certainly: unless a person does it with the intention of adoration. As the person, who, out of respect and admiration, kneels before the statue of his beloved hero, without any charge of idolatry, so likewise may the Christian bow, and kneel before the image or statue of the object of his admiration, without any charge of the kind being brought against him. The object of his admiration is a God-Man,—the conqueror of sin and death—the author of his faith, and the finisher of his hope—the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. And may not he express his veneration for so sublime an object, in the same manner as one worldly man will do for another? The worldling in admiring his hero, and reverencing his statue or picture, acts according to his political principles. The Christian acts according to the principles of a Christian: and, as those principles are such, which every human being ought to maintain, his actions are praiseworthy, and right.

'But why express our admiration by kneeling before such images? In the first place, the act of kneeling is not out of respect to the inanimate object before us, but to the great Being whom it is intended to represent. In the second, as that great Being is so infinitely superior to us, too great respect cannot be shown to him, nor to any thing that recals him to our mind.

'But what authority have we for such external reverence to inanimate things? The authority of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul; "at the name of Jesus," he says, (Phil. ii.) "every knee shall bow of those who are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth." If then, at the name of Jesus, which is a mere sound, every creature is commanded to bow the knee, merely because it conveys to our minds the idea of our Lord and Saviour; with greater reason may the same reverence be paid to representations, which convey that idea in a stronger light. Oh! happy would it be for this nation, were the spirit of censure, of opposition and of prejudice, banished from the land. All these observances would then be seen in their true light; and all people would acknowledge, that this embracing and kneeling were nothing more than expressions of the internal sentiments which the heart entertained for Him, whom alone we adore. All people would acknowledge, that, to treat with disrespect and contempt, either the name of God, or the image which represented to us his infinite goodness and love, would be an act of disrespect and contempt shown to God himself; and all people would acknowledge, that to respect either the name of God, or the image of his sufferings, is, in fact, a testimony of respect shown to God himself, and an act of true piety and religion.'—vol. i. pp. 328—333.

We rise from the perusal of these volumes with more elevated ideas of the dignity of man, and more deeply profound veneration for the sublime dogmas of the Christian dispensation, which they so well delineate and explain. For the character of the preacher, it is impossible to entertain any other feelings than those of affection and respect; and we can safely recommend his useful labours,

not merely to the sectarian, but to the general reader. To the Protestant, they will prove a fair exposition of the benevolence of Catholic doctrines, and the innocence of Catholic practices; to the Catholic, a most eligible book of reference or companion for the closet; and to all, an elegant transcript of an amiable, finely-toned and pious mind.

ART. III.—1. *Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia.* By an Officer in the Colombian Navy. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Hunt and Clarke. 1828.

2. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* By John Miller. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

WE have always had a great distaste for all voyages and travels by anonymous authors. There is no sensation more uncomfortable than that of being uncertain whether a narrative in which we are interested, be true or false,—nothing so disagreeable to the intellectual eye as the sometimes real, sometimes visionary prospect presented to us in a work of this kind. We feel that the knowledge we may have gained, is at the mercy of every one who chooses to question its foundation; we never dare quote a passage for fear of being called upon to prove the authenticity of the work, and we end with thinking that, except as a novel, we might as well never have read it. Formerly, much more than of late years, the most profitable speculation of the working literateurs of London was the composition of works of travels. Imagination, learning, and labour were all employed in this ingenious art; and the surest resource of an author, when his drama or his poem failed, was a fire-side journey to the East, or the grand tour, made in his dressing closet, over France and Italy. But there were in those days extraordinary facilities for the exercise of this trade. If the high-ways of the world were as open then as now, many keen eyes had not examined them, and assertions might be made without any extreme hazard of contradiction. The knowledge of what was doing from Indus to the Pole, had also as many charms as at present,—but it was to satisfy curiosity that it was sought for, and curiosity will be satisfied when the desire of knowledge that may be useful, is left as craving and inquisitive as ever. Authors, therefore, might make experiments in those days on public credulity with a sure prospect of profit, because the public was served as much to its desire by a well got up fiction, as by truth; but at present, when aids to inquiry are more sought for than was, perhaps, ever the case before—when every one who reads wishes to be thought fit to debate any question of public or domestic morals, and the world itself is up at arms against all that is illiberal or savours of ancient ignorance, in these circumstances nothing

which has not more than the veil of truth can obtain a character with the public; it can give no axioms, no incontrovertible arguments or new principles, and, therefore, contributes nothing to the wealth of the reading world. It is a little surprising, however, that we have lately seen an unaccountable attempt made by writers of travels, some real and others fictitious, to introduce again the anonymous mode of publishing. Whether this may or may not be judicious in a certain class of literary traders, we are not prepared to answer; but we are very sure that it is an unworthy practice in any party who have a real knowledge of the facts they relate, and who have no desire to impose falsehoods or hap-hazard truths on the public. One or two publications have appeared in this manner, the respectability of which is beyond doubt, but for the great mass of travels so sent into the world either in the present day or before our time, we believe they are totally unworthy the attention of any thinking reader. While the petty-fogging artifices of publishers, or the degrading servility of book-makers, are restricted to the compiling and vending of novels, anas, or spelling books, they are on ground they have claimed a right over from time immemorial; but we are not so satisfied of the propriety of leaving them in their usurped possession of more important branches of literature. Well written books of travels are among the most valuable contributions to general knowledge; but it is just as bad for people in general to read those which are composed by ignorant or unqualified men, as it is for them to travel themselves blind-folded and with a thousand follies in their heads. The absurd notions which have been given of men and nations by weak, ill-judging travellers, as most anonymous ones are, would fill a long list, and we believe would present a sufficiently-awful spectacle to prevent a reader putting faith in any assertion of such writers.

We have said this generally, and without a more particular reference to the work on our table, than to others of a similar kind. The practice of anonymous publishing, in the case of travels, even if it did not finally do away with their authority as works of reference, would be still fraught with many disagreeable consequences—a conspicuous one of which is, the doubt which in all cases must at first prevail as to the author's opportunities of positive information. The publication before us is in this respect an example in point. It contains an account of circumstances of a highly interesting character, but which it must be allowed almost any man of some imagination might have invented to ornament and mix with facts less striking. Had now the reader a full opportunity of judging whether or not the writer's situation made it likely that he should have experienced the things he mentions, doubt would be at an end, and the narrative as useful as interesting. Again; this same work passes judgment occasionally on the characters and measures of men engaged in the country described. But

with the usual information obtained through the ordinary mediums, a man of acuteness, and a dashing bold mind, might pass judgment in the same manner on the generals and ministers of the King of Ashantee, and on those of the King of France. It is only the peculiar situation of the observer that can render his reasons better than our own in point of authority, and it is only when we know who and what he is that we ought to give credit to his opinions.

It appears that these ideas have struck other readers of the 'Recollections,' and given occasion for a bold attack upon the author's character for veracity. He has, however, replied to this, and asserted, that every thing which has been said has originated in the anger of persons whose conduct he has unfavourably represented. 'It is throwing away time,' says he, in a justificatory letter, 'to reply to the observations of those whose views and interests render it necessary for them to throw a shadow of discredit over the work. There are those who feel their pride wounded, or their prospects endangered, by the exposé given of Colombian affairs in the 'Recollections,' and prompted by sinister motives, may wish to denounce that as false which is but too true. To use some of Mr. Maceroni's own words, the time is now happily gone by when the cause of justice in *this* hemisphere can be affected by such mercenary attempts. The public is too enlightened to be biassed now as it has been, and it may therefore be only a waste of time, which might now be more laudably occupied, to endeavour to warp their opinions.' He again further observes, 'there are friends of a certain *soi-disant* general, whose proceedings have been detailed in the 'Recollections' with some accuracy, who may wish to persuade the public that some minor points in the work are untrue, in order that those which most affect them may be disbelieved. Mr. Maceroni (one of the principal assailants,) may not be of either class. He may be a native of Colombia, and may not like a too open description of the mismanagement of affairs, and the poverty which characterises it; but he should, if such he is, consider, that a just account of *all* that occurred was due from one who professed to have seen any service in the country, and that I have only given things as they *were*, not as they *now are*, for it is possible that peace may have done much to advance the intellect of the Republic. It is at all times a thankless office to set people right with respect to characters in whose favour they have been long prepossessed; but time will show which is the most correct—the opinion gained from newspapers, or that formed upon observation. The latest arrivals from Demerara tend to prove, that the views of certain parties in Colombia are not quite so free from ambition, as their partisans on both sides of the Atlantic would have us believe.'

Who Mr. Maceroni is, we have not the pleasure of knowing, nor can we say whether the other assailants of the author have spoken for the sake of public truth or out of personal pique. We

cannot consider the defence which the writer has set up in the letter from which we have quoted the above, as tending considerably to prove the uniform authenticity of his work. He has merely removed a few of the most trifling objections, and given no general or positive reason for our belief in the most important of his details. The only method by which an author in his situation can succeed in silencing his opponents, is by at once convincing his readers that he has occupied, throughout, the station he professes to have been in, and has had the advantages of information he says he throughout enjoyed. An author of credit is never without the means of thus proving his veracity, and we wish that every anonymous writer who professess to give information of either men or things, was obliged to do it before the public read a page of his book.

Notwithstanding, however, that our confidence has suffered some diminution from the work wanting all the proper signs of authenticity, we have no doubt either as to its containing much which may be depended on, or as to the author's having seen much which he describes. We shall give the account he has presented of his original connection with the Colombian service, in as few words as possible, and then pass to the body of the narrative.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers, that in the summer of 1818, Colonel English came to this country, to raise a brigade for the service of South America. A great value was set upon the assistance of this British force, and the contract appears to have been one calculated to insure success. A body of two thousand men, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, was accordingly soon raised, but Colonel English failing in means to complete the design, resigned the contract to a London merchant of the name of Herring. Our author, who it seems was a half-pay officer in the navy, tired of an inactive life, determined on offering his services in the cause of Venezuela. While, however, preparing to sail with the expedition, Major Beamish, a relation of his, fitted out a vessel to convey an Irish battalion to South America. Of this vessel our author obtained the command, and they sailed from the Cove of Cork, July 17, 1818. In less than a fortnight from this time, Major Beamish suddenly expired of apoplexy, and his relative was left to the entire command of the vessel and the troops on board. The next event which occurred was a desperate mutiny, but it ended in the discomfiture of the malcontents, and the party arrived at Margarita, August 29. The commander was received at the government house by Generals Arismendez and Urdenetta, and having soon after by order of the former delivered up the troops under his charge to Admiral Brion, returned to reside at Margarita till he should receive a command which was promised him.

In the beginning of October, Admiral Brion arrived with the Venezuelan fleet from Angostura. Our author expected to receive

an appointment from him, but to his horror, the Admiral employed himself during the dinner to which General Arismendez had invited him, in nothing else but inveighing against all the British officers in the service, and declaring his determination to be rid of them entirely. A command, however, was obtained, and our author was fortunate enough, almost immediately after setting sail, to meet with a Spanish vessel having on board a considerable quantity of specie, as well as arms, ammunition, and clothing for a thousand men; she was soon captured, and the successful commander returned with his prize to Margarita. Arismendez was overjoyed, but Brion hated even a prize taken by any Englishman, and our author was sent from the former to obtain his reward from the congress of Angostura. His reception here was very encouraging, but as the account of it is a little singular, we shall allow him to give it in his own words, warning our readers, however, that it is one of the passages in the work which has called down upon the writer much of the vengeance of which he complains.

'The Republic was at this time in a wretched state of insolvency, and the amount sent by Arismendez to the Congress was a sum which it had not possessed for many months. Its poverty was plainly denoted by the appearance of its members, who more resembled a troop of mendicants than a body of legislators. Most of them were attired in a coarse, striped, cotton shirt, with trowsers of the same material, patched in different directions; a straw hat grown old and dirty with constant wear, and a European blanket, with a hole cut in the centre for the head to pass through, thrown over the shoulders as a capote or cloak. Some few were fortunate enough to possess shoes, or boots; others had the remains of them attached to their feet with little ropes made of cow-hide, termed sogos, in humble imitation of the Roman sandal; but by far the greater number had their feet wrapped in a piece of cow-hide, canvas, or blanket, while the whole of them were destitute of stockings. A worn-out half-famished mule, adorned in some instances with a hussar saddle and its trappings, but more commonly with a back galled by a seat somewhat resembling an English pack-saddle, a musket, and a machetti, completed their equipment; and thus attired and mounted, they rode in procession to the Government House on the three days a week appointed for their assembling.

'On the Monday following the day of my arrival, I was desired to appear before the Congress, in order to receive the confirmation of my rank, which direction I attended to; and certainly, as far as promises and verbal encouragement went, I had reason to be perfectly satisfied. I was established in the rank of a commander of ships of the second class; which is about equal to that of a junior post-captain in the British navy, except in the article of emolument, which, in the Republican service, is one-third more than in the English, amounting to fifteen shillings per day. I also possessed an equivalent rank in the army; in which, if called upon, I was compelled to serve. The distribution of prizes, one-half of which was claimed by government, was not to take place until their independence was established, or the war otherwise terminated; at which period all claims were to be audited, and three months allowed for payment, which was to be made on bills on the government, at six months' date.'—vol i. pp. 45—47.

There is certainly something not very flattering in this account to the ears of a native, but we really can discover nothing in it so monstrously bad or abusive as to deserve the rebukes with which it has been answered. There is very little, after all, in the members of a Venezuelan congress wearing during their sitting cotton shirts, old hats, or new blankets, for cloaks. The honourable gentlemen were no doubt thinking more of the important business on which they met, than on their personal appearance, and we can hardly discover any greater malice in the author's describing their costume as he has done, than we can in the description which many foreigners have given of the members of the English Imperial Parliament, habited in driving coats, Belcher handkerchiefs, and jockey boots.

It was a little time after the affair just mentioned our author had the satisfaction, if so it may be termed, of losing his old enemy, Admiral Brion. The character of this man is given with some humour, but we suspect with a little ill nature by the writer. He appears to have been a man of narrow mind, proud of his station, but ignorant of his duties: he embraced the naval profession at the late age of forty, and then obtained the command of the fleet, only because he fitted it out at his own cost. With regard to his courage, little more can be said than with respect to his intelligence or professional accomplishments; for when he was on the point, during some engagement, of capturing a large portion of the enemy's fleet, he suddenly fled and contented himself with displaying on the yard-arms of his vessel a barrel of wine and two or three live turkeys, as tokens of the jolly fare of his squadron. He was, in short, a character; and if the work before us have no other value, it is highly entertaining for the many happy hits the author has made in describing such human curiosities. The admiral's dress on board used to be an English hussar jacket, and scarlet pantaloons, with a broad stripe of gold down the sides, a field marshal's uniform hat, with a very large Prussian plume, and to complete the personal equipage of this strange figure, he wore dragoon boots, of an extraordinary size, which were armed with gold spurs, extending in horrid length and thickness. Let the reader, especially if he be a naval one, image to himself a Dutchman thus dressed and pacing the quarter deck of a man of war, and he will have as curious a picture before his mind's eye, as imagination can well draw. There were, however, many points in the private character of this remarkable man, which should be set against those which rendered him so ridiculous in the eyes of the Englishmen with whom he came in contact. He was fond of his fellow countrymen to excess, was liberal to all who came in his way, of whatever nation they might be, and could hardly be surpassed in the hospitality of his table; he seems, in short, as the author says, to have been at times so liberal, that every thing could be obtained from him 'except fighting and naval promotion.'

Another character described in this work, as being as ill adapted, though in a different way, to the defence or pursuit of South American independence, is that of General Urdenetta; a man who, if any reliance can be placed on the present account of his character, is an example of all that is base in men raised to a high station by the arts of a bold but base nature. Next to him is mentioned General Valdez, equally bloody and tyrannical in temper, and only different from Urdenetta in possessing less craft and subtlety. Several other characters of nearly the same description are given, all tinged with the darkest vices, and most of them manifesting the same dislike to the English. This latter feature of character in assertors of liberty like those described, is what we might be almost sure to find. Men whose youth has been spent in adventure—whose education has been how to intrigue the most successfully or dare the most desperately; and every one of whose impulses, noble or base, has been mixed up with the desire of self aggrandisement, are not likely under any circumstances to enter with a right spirit into the defence of liberty, and will, therefore, be seldom found to unite well with others who have been bred up with different views, taught to look to the attainment of their object, as to the first great principle of exertion, and on their personal will as subordinate to the public good. We do not pretend to think that all, or even many of our English adventurers in the South American war, went out with feelings highly elevated above those which most men possess, who have been born in a free country; but there is a certain order of sentiments which they habitually feel and respect, and which render them unacceptable overlookers to men naturally less true to the cause of right.

But we turn from these characters, and from the military details of the work, to a portion of it which few readers we believe can peruse without interest: it is a description of some of those awfully sublime solitudes, which the traveller in South America so frequently finds on his journey from one part of the New World to another. The author, we must observe, had been deprived by the caprice of the Admiral, of his vessel, and was journeying with a party of men to the town of Maturin. On his way he determined upon making the ascent of the Andes, with no other companion than a large and faithful dog. The account of this adventurous undertaking is given with some force, and we extract it as nearly entire as our limits will admit.

'Taking an extra cloak, which had belonged to a man who had died the preceding night, and a broken lance to assist me in climbing, I left the division, having my rifle and the flag-staff slung over my shoulder with my provisions, and accompanied by my dog, which would not stay behind me. I separated from my companions about noon, and pursuing a nearer direction to the point I was making for, left them to the left, and before it was dark I had nearly lost sight of them. I slept about four hours, after having drawn upon my stock of provisions, and as I had now regularly two

meals a day, I was acquiring strength hourly. I travelled all the next day, taking little rest, being apprehensive that if I lost too much time I should not overtake the division; and being without a guide or food in an unknown country, I should have been in an awkward situation. I found the temperature vary considerably as I increased my ascent, and at night it was very warm, but a refreshing breeze passing over the spot where I lay, made it agreeable. At dawn of day I again set forward, and taking advantage of an easier path, winding to the left, obtained a view of my military friends, who were still proceeding, though much below me. I was now relieved from all fear of being left behind, as I was certain that I could reach the furthest extremity I wished to arrive at nearly as soon as they could arrive at the top of the part they were crossing. On perceiving them I discharged my rifle, which produced one of the most powerful echoes I ever heard, reverberating from rock to rock for a long time. It was answered by the firing of ten or twelve muskets, the reports of which were rendered by the echo equal to those of as many twelve-pounders.

'I found the air grow colder as I advanced, after ten a. m. of this the third day, and lay down at night amidst large flakes of snow, with which the summits of the Andes are continually covered. There was a slight fall of it, occasioned by the wind driving it from the higher parts; but being under the lee of a crag, it drifted over me, and my couch was free from it. In the morning the sun shone vividly, though the cold increased to severity; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that before another night I should be at the extreme point of elevation, unless accident prevented me. Thinking I had better start early enough to enable me to descend below the place where I then reposed, to sleep the next night, I did not repose more than two hours. On resuming my journey, I found that I had the most laborious part of it to perform, and in spite of my endeavours to conceal it from myself, I felt that my strength was gradually diminishing. The ascent was now, for some distance, almost perpendicular, and the face of the mountain composed of the species of stone I have before spoken of. Its sharp edges soon cut through the flimsy covering I had on my feet, which was merely a piece of cloth, and the half-closed gashes inflicted upon them at the commencement of our march were re-opened. The blood was frozen before it could well emerge from them, and the pain was then lost in the benumbing sensation created by the cold. My hands were also lacerated by these excrescences, as I was necessarily compelled to catch hold of them at times for support. At six a. m. I found myself on a plain gradually inclining from east to west, and extending about a mile in length, and three-quarters of a mile in breadth. I ran across it to restore myself to a necessary degree of warmth, and came to the foot of another rock, as upright as the last, but more lengthy. This was the worst of all, and must have occupied me at least five hours in the ascent; although I had now no means of ascertaining the time, as my watch had stopped, and upon examination when I reached Maturin, I found the mainspring had flown into several pieces, owing to the cold.

'It was while climbing this rock that I first experienced the strong inclination to sleep, which the Creoles had cautioned me against. It was very troublesome, and scarcely resistible, and at times I could not shake it off without inflicting pain on myself, which I did by striking the shaft of the lance against my forehead. The wind was blowing strong from the west-

ward, and I had taken the precaution recommended by the natives, to envelop my head and neck warmly, and keep my face averted from it; but when the tendency to sleep increased too violently, I turned towards the blast, which caused a sharp pain like that which follows a smart lash of a whip, and banished drowsiness for some minutes. The highly rarified air operated so powerfully upon my lungs, and caused such an oppression, that I was under the necessity of stopping at every ten or twelve paces to gain breath; but on the slightest cessation of motion, a chill which affected every fibre, came over me, which was succeeded by the desire to repose. To proceed was sometimes impossible, and to stay was dangerous; I therefore hesitated to go farther, but feeling no wish to be laughed at for relinquishing my project, I still went on. On surmounting this steep, which had well-nigh baffled me, I found another plain, where I halted to replace the covering on my feet. About the centre of it was a small crater, which had been evidently formed by one of those volcanic eruptions so common in the Andes. From the appearance of it, it must have been burned out several years, but the streams of lava were still visible in many places, and where the snow had partially melted, several channels could be seen filled with it. The crater exhibited nothing remarkable, except its amazing depth, which was far greater comparatively than that of Mount Vesuvius.

I had now arrived at the foot of the last rock, which was in a more sloping position than the previous ones, and consequently easier of access. After two hours I attained the height of my aërial trip, but so wearied that I could not resist the temptation of sitting down a few minutes. Here I remarked that the dozing sensation first came upon my canine compagnon de voyage, but either he had more self-command than his master, or it did not assail him so heavily. He seemed to have an instinctive dread of its effects, for the instant he felt his eyelids drooping, he jumped up and shook himself violently, and then sat down, placing his nose between his paws to shelter it from the wind. On one occasion the sagacity of this faithful animal certainly preserved me. I had sunk into the deadly slumber so far as to lose all recollection, when I was startled by his loud bark, accompanied by a rough scratching on my breast.—pp. 143—148.

There is a great deal of matter similar to this scattered over the 'Recollections.' The descriptions are lively, and, as we have before said, many of the persons who made a figure in the war, are brought forward in a very skilful manner; but it is a history in which, interested as a reader can hardly fail to be in many of its details, we continually perceive the want of some solid ground for conviction, and which we therefore turn from without satisfaction.

The Memoirs of General Miller come forth under auspices of which we can better judge, than of those of the former publication. They are authenticated by the name of his brother, and the most part of the accounts are taken from the mouth of a person, of whose character for probity and veracity every one has the means of judging. The subject of this biographical sketch was originally with the English army, and served in Spain, but in what capacity, whether civil or military, his brother does not inform us—an omission for which we are unable to account. While on the con-

tinent in 1816 and 1817, he had an opportunity of becoming connected with a French mercantile concern, but he resisted the temptation, and preferred setting off for South America, the river Plata being the point to which he turned his eye. He landed at Buenos-Ayres in September, 1817, and upon application, obtained a captain's commission in the army of the Andes, which was then in Chile, and was under the command of San Martin. He hastened to Santiago, the capital of Chile, arrived there on the 24th January, and was immediately put upon duty. In a very short time he obtained the brevet rank of major, and embarked as the senior officer with the troops pertaining to the Chilian squadron. Shortly after this, Lord Cochrane arrived and took the command of the fleet. The expectations and hopes which filled the hearts of the Valparaisans on this occasion, are described by Mr. Miller as raised to the highest pitch. But there is nothing in the former part of the memoirs which we can fix upon as possessing the interest we had expected to find marking them throughout. To this, however, must be particularly excepted the highly romantic narrative of the singular escape of Benavides. This man was a celebrated leader of some desperate bands of freebooters, and an object of terror to the patriot army. His barbarity was unequalled for its monstrosity. He cut out the tongues of his prisoners with the most Algerine delight, and he employed every species of torture to revenge the injuries which the Araucanian Indians had formerly suffered. General San Martin having obtained possession of Valdivia, by that means deprived Benavides of his grand depôt; but the history of the way in which he became at first connected with this villain, who afterwards leagued with the opposite party, deserves to be recorded. Benavides and his brother had been made prisoners at the battle of Maypo. They had obtained a pardon as regarded their lives, but were expelled the country. On their way, they attempted to bribe the soldiers who accompanied them. The commandant discovered it, and ordered their instant execution. They were accordingly shot; but what was San Martin's surprize, when, some time after, he was informed that Benavides was still alive, and desired an interview with him. To make the romance, however, complete, this meeting was not till certain stipulations had been made, and it took place in the chapel porch of a lonely country mansion, and at midnight. But we shall follow Mr. Miller's own example, and give the relation which Benavides has himself made of the extraordinary affair of his escape.

'The following is the account which Benavides himself gave of the transaction to General San Martin. He said that, upon leaving Santiago, neither he nor his brother entertained any suspicion they were to be executed on the road; that if they had apprehended any such design, it would have been easy for them to have absconded before they left the capital: but feeling satisfied on the score of personal safety, they postponed the attempt until a favourable opportunity should occur in the course

of their march, and more particularly as they wished to avoid compromising their friends of the royalist party then resident at Santiago; that on the evening of the second day the officer of the escort ordered a halt for the brothers to be searched, and seventeen doubloons being found in the lining of the boots of the elder, the officer asked if they had attempted to bribe the soldiers, *which was answered in the negative;* that the party then left the road, and having arrived at a lonely spot at nightfall, the officer ordered them (the two brothers) to prepare for instant death. They were made to kneel, with eyes unbound, and a volley was fired. Benavides received two balls, one of which passed through his right shoulder, the other through his left side. He fell, but, preserving his presence of mind, he feigned himself dead, in the hope of ultimately effecting his escape. The serjeant of the escort, as he supposed, drew his sword, and gave him a heavy cut across the throat, saying at the same time, "Take that, villain, for the murder of my family!" The soldiers then threw a quantity of earth and stones over the two bodies, and withdrew. Benavides remained motionless for some minutes, when, finding that his executioners had finally left him, he immediately set to work to disengage himself from the load of earth with which he was encumbered; he then, with great difficulty, untied the cords with which he was bound, and having stripped off the jacket and shirt of his deceased brother, to bind up his own wounds, he quitted the fatal spot. He walked the greater part of the night, suffering acutely from the pain of his wounds, and from the still less supportable agonies of thirst. Having reached the hovel of a good old man and woman, they took pity upon him; and although poverty confined their means of cure to the constant washing of his wounds with water from a neighbouring rill, Benavides found himself sufficiently recovered, at the end of sixteen days, to creep unperceived into Santiago, where he remained concealed.

'General San Martin and Benavides had several subsequent meetings, which were held at night near the fountain in the great square of the city. Benavides revealed the names of those who were still inimical to the patriot cause, and also the means they employed to carry on their correspondence with the royalists, and to remit subscriptions to promote the restoration of the ancient order of things. He reiterated the offer of his services to the republic: they were accepted, and a plan of operations for the ensuing campaign in the south of Chile was determined upon. He was soon afterwards sent, in charge of an officer, who was kept in ignorance of the name of the person he escorted, to General Balcarce, at that time commanding the troops in the province of Concepcion, and who was minutely informed of the character and conduct of Benavides, and of the circumstances which rendered it expedient to place such a person upon his staff. Balcarce was instructed to observe the utmost circumspection in carrying into execution plans suggested by Benavides: and, taking care not to betray any signs of mistrust, to keep a watchful eye over that extraordinary man, whose local knowledge and prior connexions with the royalist chiefs, as well as his influence over the Araucanians, gave value and weight to his opinions, and rendered him a desirable instrument in the prosecution of the war. There can be no doubt that to his counsel was owing the conquest of the island of Lajas, and of the fort Del Nacimiento, and the successful issue of that campaign. Indeed, General

Balcarce distinctly attributed it to the advice of Benavides, whose adhesion to the cause of the country became undoubted.

Unhappily General Balcarce imparted his secret to Colonel Freyre, governor of Concepcion, who, at a conference at which all three were present, had the indiscretion to tell Benavides, in a moment of warm discussion, that a man of his *species* was not to be trusted. Fired at the insult, the stern Benavides disappeared within eight-and-forty hours, and speedily commenced a desolating war with fire and sword, committing unheard-of barbarities upon the helpless and unoffending inhabitants.'—vol. i. pp. 248—251.

After having been actively engaged in the various engagements which occurred during the years 1818 and 19, and having been dangerously wounded, Major Miller received from San Martin, the promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and set sail in the Santa Rosa, to aid in the liberation of Peru. He was again after a short time promoted, and took upon him the government of the district round Ica: but rapid as seems to have been the promotion of Mr. Miller, and important as it doubtless was to him, as well as in the idea of an affectionate brother, we cannot help smiling very frequently at the somewhat absurd notion of calling this work the 'Memoirs of General Miller,' because there is an occasional opportunity for mentioning his name, and he was in the South American army when the war of independence was being carried on. General Miller was, we have no doubt, very brave and very active during his service, but we have certainly not read a single thing in the first volume of his memoirs, which could rightly give the book such a title, instead of that of a narrative, or a history of the war itself. We shall therefore take our extracts without further attempting to draw with us the slender thread of personal narrative which the work affords. What Colonel Miller did, a great many other persons of his rank were doing at the same time; and, as we have not yet seen that he, in any marked way, or out of the ordinary line of duty, contributed to the events of the war, we feel it would be difficult to take our specimens of the publication with a view to the General's personal deeds. As, however, his brother has taken a long quotation from the Lima Gazette, respecting his wanderings on the desert shore of Lima, when endeavouring to reach Callao, we shall give the description of the truly fearful scenes which he passed.

'The coast of Peru may be said to consist of a line of sandy desert, five hundred leagues in length, the breadth varying from seven to above fifty miles, as the several branches of the Andes approach to, or recede from, the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It presents great inequalities of surface, and has the appearance of having once formed a part of the bed of the adjoining ocean. Were it not for the stupendous back ground, which gives to every other object a comparatively diminutive outline, the sand hills might sometimes be called mountains. The long line of desert is intersected by rivers and streams, which are seldom less than twenty, or more than eighty or ninety miles apart. The narrow strips on each

bank of every stream are peopled in proportion to the supply of water. During the rainy season in the interior, or from the melting of the snows upon the Andes, the great rivers upon the coast swell prodigiously, and can be crossed only by means of a *balsa*, which is a raft of frame-work, fastened upon four bull-hides sewed up, made air-tight, and filled with wind. A few of the large rivers reach the sea, but most of those of the second order are consumed in irrigating the cultivated patches, or are absorbed by the encompassing desert, where it never rains; where neither birds, beasts, nor reptiles, are ever seen, and where a blade of vegetation never grew. Sometimes a rill of water bubbles up, and is lost within the space of a hundred yards. Very often the banks of rivers are too steep and rugged to admit of the water being applied to the purposes of irrigation; consequently the surrounding country cannot be cultivated. No stranger can travel from valley to valley, as the inhabited strips are inappropriately called, without a guide; for the only indication that the desert has been trodden before, is an occasional cluster of bones, the remains of beasts of burden that have perished. The sand is frequently raised into immense clouds by the wind, to the great annoyance of the traveller, who generally rides with his face muffled up. The obstacles to moving a body of troops from one point to another in this country can only be appreciated by military men who had to contend against them. But description, unaccompanied by a statement of facts, will fall short of conveying even a faint idea of the horrors of the desert.

'It is not a rare circumstance for the most experienced *vaquianos*, or guides, to lose themselves. In that case, terror instantly reduces them to a state of positive insanity. Unless they recover the path by chance, or are fortunate enough to see other travellers loom above the horizon, they inevitably perish, and their fate is no more known than that of a ship which founders unseen in the distant ocean. In the desert, a puff of wind obliterates the footsteps of a column of soldiers.

'The *vaquianos* are nevertheless very expert, and regulate their course by circumstances unobservable to the casual traveller. When Colonel Miller galloped across the desert of Siguas, ten leagues in breadth, he expressed some doubts to the guides, as to whether they were in the proper direction. They told him that, so long as a bright star which they pointed out was in sight, there was no danger in losing themselves. They remarked, that as the wind always blew from the same quarter, they had only to keep the breeze in their left eye, to make the valley of Vitor. However, detachments, and even entire corps of the army, often have been known to lose themselves for a considerable time.'—vol. ii. pp. 51—53.

This is extremely interesting, and throughout the work there will be found abundant matter of the same kind for the curious and inquisitive reader. It contains information respecting almost all the subjects connected either with the present or past state of South America; and the romantic narratives with which the purely historical details are varied, are given with a good deal of ability. We find fault with Mr. Miller for having endeavoured to fill the large, gilt and splendid frame of such a history, with the portrait of his brother, but the work itself is one which few readers could lay aside without regret.

Of the kind of materials with which a great part of the work is filled, and which give it an interest independent of the military details, the account which is given of the City of Cuzco, is a good specimen. The same also may be said of that of the origin of the children of the sun, the history of the Peruvians being certainly one of the most remarkable of which human tradition has preserved any fragments. They were separated from those portions of the world which were supposed to enjoy the exclusive possession of learning, of laws founded on reason, and customs influenced by a known progressive refinement. But notwithstanding their separation from the people of the other quarters of the globe, they were in most of the circumstances which regard civil life, in a high state of enlightenment. Their cities were grand by their extent, and the plan of their edifices, and they were built so as to accommodate a population addicted to luxury and elegance. The history of the Incas is too much mixed up with fable, to be regarded in many points as authentic; but what light can be drawn from the singular traditions of the country, is sufficient to shew that, however the arts might advance, there was an insuperable barrier to the real advancement of civilization. An isolated nation may, by the slow but certain result of human ingenuity, working with human necessity, become skilful in science, and even well acquainted with the best and most necessary rules for the protection of society. It may, as the result of this knowledge, become gradually more wealthy, and more fixed, in a state of regular, undisturbed peace. But if it be to grow enlightened in the same proportion as other nations differently circumstanced, or to be seen tending towards the strength and glory of an emancipated humanity, it must feel the breath of the mighty spirit, which gives a oneness to all people and nations; and which, whether there be peace or war on the earth, forces men into the consciousness that, as they are all of one kind, so have they all a common bond and destiny; not to know which, is to be still within the chances of the wind or rain to make them again barbarians. There are some curious traits mentioned in the following extract:—

'On the invasion of Pizarro, the Peruvians were found to have attained a high degree of civilization, much higher, indeed, than any other nation was ever known to have reached prior to the knowledge of letters, or graphic records. Wonderful remains of works of utility prove their knowledge, skill, and extraordinary industry. In many of the provinces, the sides of lofty hills, or rather mountains, are cased round with terraces, or hanging gardens as they have elsewhere been called, which rise one above another to a surprising elevation. Each terrace is faced with stone, and, although of inconsiderable width, they cover the sides of such high and extensive mountains, that they alone must have produced subsistence for a very considerable population. Those terraced strips of land were by the Peruvians called Andenes, which probably induced the conquerors to give the name of Andes to the entire mighty ridge of mountains, or

cordillera, which stretches from the straits of Magellan to the isthmus of Panama. The *Andenes* are often to be seen in districts where rain never falls, and how they could have been irrigated is now unknown.

'In the lower ground, what are now desert levels of many leagues square, were once irrigated by immense *azequias*, which conveyed abundance of water that gave fertility to tracts at present condemned to absolute sterility. In several places may be seen the ruins of well-built cities, which cover more ground than modern Lima, or Madrid. Some of them are upwards of twenty miles from the nearest supply of water.

'The crumbling remains of numerous fishing villages on the border of the Pacific prove, that the ocean was made to contribute extensively to the wants or luxuries of the people. By means of the messengers before described, the tables of the Incarial family at Cuzco were regularly supplied with sea fish. The subterraneous *azequias* of Nasca are worthy of investigation. How far they extend is not known, but it is supposed that the Peruvians drove an *adit* horizontally until they met with a perennial spring. The valley of Nasca depends exclusively upon water thus obtained. The desert north and south of it is nearly a hundred miles in breadth. The underground aqueducts are lined with uncemented masonry. From the bottom of the channel to the crown of the arch is about four or five feet, and about three feet in width. Many of them are now choaked up; but a sufficient number remain to give amazing fertility to the valley of Nasca, where the vine, which is extensively cultivated, is often equal in girth to an elm of thirty years' growth.

'The valley of Santa once contained a population of seven hundred thousand souls. It now numbers only seven hundred, according to the account given by the governor in 1824. Acari once reckoned sixty thousand inhabitants: it now contains but six thousand, the greatest part of which are negro slaves. Acari, or Nacari, signifies tribulation, and is the spot to which offenders and criminals were formerly exiled.

'It appears that the Peruvians never built a town, or suffered a single house to occupy a spot that was susceptible of cultivation.

'The monuments which in Cuzco still survive the destructive barbarity of its conquerors, attest more strongly than the concurring accounts of early Spanish authors, the power, the splendour, and the civilization of the people, by whom they were erected. The extent and magnificence of this city arose, in a great measure, from one singular and striking trait in the policy of the incas. Every tribe or nation of which their vast empire was composed, was allowed (on being conquered) to add a new division to the city. Those who, from commercial, political, or other views, chose to reside or settle in the capital, were permitted to do so, in the full enjoyment of their own language, usages, and costume. These aggregations were rendered the more numerous, by a regulation which obliged the youth of certain superior classes to be sent from all parts of the empire to be educated in the capital.'—vol. ii. pp. 188—190.

There is much general information also of a statistical kind in Mr. Miller's work, and the observations which he appears to have made on the present state of Peru, &c., are many and judicious. As soon as the war ended, General Miller, who had advanced to that rank, was made prefect of the department of Potosi. This

district contained three hundred thousand souls, and is rendered of considerable importance by the extent and value of its mines. The town of Potosi itself is surmounted by the Cerro, an argentiferous mountain, in which above five thousand mines have been opened, but only fifty or sixty of which are at present worked. The upper portion is supposed to be exhausted, but the lower part of the mountain has been left almost unworked, it having cost 560,243 dollars to drain off the springs, with which it abounds, from one of the principal mines. The information given on this interesting subject is very full, and forms a useful feature in the work. The following extract will give some idea of this celebrated mining district:—

'The surrounding country is also metalliferous. Silver of great fineness abounds in a hill called Guayna-Potosi, close to the *Cerro*, but which cannot be worked, on account of numerous springs being met with at no great distance from the surface. The ore is pulverized in mills, worked with overshot wheels, turned by streamlets conducted from lakes or pools in the mountains, from one to ten miles distance from the city. The largest of these lakes are formed by dams built across the *quebradas* or ravines. The water is sparingly let out by a sluice in the day-time, but never at night, and sometimes not oftener than twice a week, according to the supply. Some of the larger pools are fed by tributary ones, situated in higher recesses of the same mountains. People are constantly employed as lakekeepers, to attend to the sluices, and to repair damages. In very dry seasons it has happened that a scarcity of water has caused the mills to stand still. This inconvenience might be obviated if the *azequias*, or channels, were paved, and the lakes properly cleaned out.

'In the year 1572, a mint was constructed, at the expence of 11,000 dollars. It was intended to be only provisional; but it was not until the year 1751 that the present edifice was built. Up to the last mentioned date, the different sorts of money coined at Potosi were flat angular pieces of silver or gold, bearing the Spanish arms, and a figure denoting their value.

'The process of extracting silver from the ore was of the rudest kind until 1751, when Velasco introduced the amalgamation with quicksilver. Before this, several thousand *hornillos*, or small furnaces, were used for smelting. Their appearance at night on the *Cerro* is described by Acosta, and other early travellers, as forming an illumination as beautiful and symmetrical as it was extraordinary.

'If eight marks of silver *in pina* be obtained out of each *caxon* (which is fifty quintales, or fifty hundred-weight of ore), it is considered that the proprietor does not lose by working his mines on the *Cerro* of Potosi. At other places from ten to twenty marks per *caxon* is the proportion required to pay expences, which are augmented by the situation of mines in mountains difficult of access; distant from inhabited places, provisions, fuel, and water to turn a mill. The mines actually worked in the *Cerro* of Potosi do not in general yield more than ten marks per *caxon*. At many places on the side of the *Cerro* are extensive heaps, called *rodados*, formed by the refuse of mines, when they were so productive as to render the *rodados* unworthy of attention. They have however become valuable, and are found to produce from three to fifteen marks per *caxon*.

'The richest *vetas*, or lodes, and the largest mines, are now under water, and it would require European science and capital to drain them.

'The Portagalete mines, in the province of Chichas, sixty-five leagues from Potosi, produce ore that gives from sixty to eighty marks the *caxon*. Another mine, the Gallofa, in the province of Chayanta, produces ore that yields forty marks per *caxon*.'—vol. ii. pp. 241—243.

We have to repeat, in closing this work of Mr. Miller, which certainly contains much interesting and useful matter, the observations we have already made, that it might as well and better have been termed a history of the South American war, than Memoirs of the author's brother. From beginning to end it possesses the character not of a personal, but a general history. It contains the date of General Miller's birth, tells us how and when he entered the army, and relates some anecdotes of his exploits, and of those of his particular acquaintances; but we really can discover nothing in all this which could either make us think a simple life of General Miller worth reading, or the life of General Miller of such importance to the cause of independence in South America, as to render it fit to be the initial letter of its history. As a work of general information on most of the topics connected with the late scene of the patriot war, the publication will, we have little doubt, be long regarded as highly valuable and entertaining, and it in a great measure deserves to be so; but it should have been sent into the world under its proper character—a work made up of the united recollections of two brothers, the one a member of the patriot army, seeing much, but disliking authorship; the other a traveller, learning things of a different nature, and loving to describe all he saw or was told of. Of the Recollections, we have already given our opinion. The work is in some parts infinitely amusing, but wants the seal of authenticity, and is far below that of Mr. Miller, in respectability or usefulness.

ART. IV.—*A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c., during the Year* 1827. 12mo. pp. 427. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

FOR the publication of this little journal, we have the usual plea of the kind commendations of partial friends; though we have not met for some time a volume that stands less in need of apology. France has been traversed in every direction; so likewise have been the States of Genoa; often have their attractions been displayed in sober prose and animated verse; but they are not yet exhausted. Much remains in even the most frequented countries for tourists to describe. Without depending on cathedrals and picture galleries, on celebrated scenes that have been over and over depicted, and anecdotes that are to be found in every guide-book, there are a thousand traits in foreign countries which have hitherto escaped the attention of our most observant travellers.

The habits and features of the people vary in every province; every village has its peculiar notions and traditions; and to a man of intelligence and feeling, who permits none of the sufferings or enjoyments of his fellow creatures to escape his sympathies, subjects will perpetually present themselves at every step he takes, which he can hardly fail to render engaging, if he have only the enviable faculty of treating them with vivacity and good taste.

Besides, how few are there even among the best educated of our travelled gentry, who approach the soil of France or Italy with that enthusiasm, apparently so necessary to any writer who would attempt to realize the ideas which are generally associated with teeming vineyards, with flowery vallies, elevated mountains, and transparent skies! How few are there who can bring back to us the mysterious sounds of the forest, the music of the fields, the calm and happy aspect of the secluded hamlet, and the annals of its inhabitants! The hum of the evening, or the joyous bustle of the early morning may be found among the most delicious sources of pleasure which the wanderer experiences; yet how seldom does he note them; how vain his efforts to communicate them to the mass of mankind, who have no sense for luxuries such as these!

From early life we have most of us been accustomed to look on France as the favourite soil of chivalry, of rural gaiety, simplicity and benevolence; of romantic scenery, of quiet industry, and of happiness that would seem to make every day a festival. But if we compare our youthful prepossessions with the pages of our modern tourists, we turn away very generally in disgust either with them, or with ourselves: with them if they be wholly occupied, as they usually are, with public buildings, works of art, trade and manufactures; or with ourselves for entertaining such poetical fancies of a land, said to be flat and uninteresting, and intersected by no streams that are at all worthy of fame. We mention with praise the Loire, and are told that its navigation is interrupted by beds of sand;—the Garonne, and are informed that it is a sluggish, turbid river, and so we go on from page to page, chastising all our early bright prepossessions, until we are at last convinced that they are mere visions of the heated brain that ought to be committed to the winds.

If for nothing else, we feel no little gratitude to the good Spinster who has furnished out the present volume, for this at least, that she has awakened in us those very dreams of childhood, which a severe philosophy would have taught us to forget. She has restored, as far as in her lay,—to the streams, their nymphs; to the vineyards, their blithsome maids; and to every spot, the favourite genius of the place. She looked at France and Liguria with an eye of rapture; nothing escaped her intelligent glance. She was alive to every enjoyment that was supplied to the inhabitants of those countries by their soil and happy skies, and her work fully reflects the delightful feelings by which she was animated. Here

and there we discover a tone of thought, and a depth of information almost masculine; but she relates too many circumstances peculiarly feminine to make us for a moment doubt the truth of the name which she has affixed to her title page. If she be, as we apprehend on calculation she must be, an old maid, we must say that she is the most agreeable of that hapless tribe whom we have ever encountered. Her style of composition is vivid, and never verbose; neat without primness, and familiar without negligence.

Her first sojourn was at Bernay, of which she gives a very favourable picture. Her description of the comforts of the inhabitants may be applied to the French people generally.

'Who can observe and not love this people for their urbanity, their independent spirit, which induces them to every active pursuit, their kindliness to each other, their strong domestic attachments? The pride with which the parents lead along their pretty well-dressed children of a festival day; the happy countenance of the good-wife, who enlivens the atélier or métier of her husband with her chat, while her eye and hand are busy with her work or distaff, or spinning reel; the confidence neighbours have in each other, by living as they do with open doors and windows, all bespeak the highest qualities of human nature and of Christians. Their supposed inferiority certainly is not in their head or their heart, most certainly not in their bodily comfort. No peasantry or bourgeoisie are more neatly or substantially clad; and the cheapness of every prime article of food, and their own simple and sober habits, allow them almost always to have more than a sufficiency. An additional proof of an orderly mind is in their houses: look into the humble cottage, you see substantial, sometimes curious furniture, good kitchen apparatus, a garden stored with their favourite vegetables and fruit, and enlivened with beautiful flowers, the out-house preserving peats or fire-wood. The fowl is admitted, it is true, into the family circle; but as most of the active housewives brush out their dwellings every day, and strew them with sand, or sprinkle them, litters do not accumulate. At the inns the beds are good; the rooms prettily decorated with the papers manufactured in this as in other provinces; the linen is always clean, though coarse; and the cotton blankets are very beautiful, though rather heavier than those of wool. The communications throughout the country are continual, and the roads in this province much less obstructed by repairs than in many counties of England. Certainly the tea equipage is not generally understood by the French: a tin pot, with a cover which rarely fits, is in lieu of tea urn, to which a plate, basin, and large table spoon is the couvert; and those substitutes for fingers, the sugar-tongs and salt-spoon, are never put upon a table, though they sometimes ornament a shelf.'—pp. 29—31.

From thence our fair Spinster seems to have had a pleasant journey to Alençon, Beaumont, and Le Mans. The latter is one of the most spacious and agreeable towns in France; but we own that we should have been better pleased with our Spinster's account of it, if she had not filled her pages with so many biographical sketches of the celebrated persons whom it has produced. There

is, as every traveller knows, in each of the considerable French towns, a portly quarto, which has been laboriously compiled by some clientless advocate, or patientless physician, giving a full description of all the localities, produce, manufacture, character of the people, eminent persons born within the district, and all the natural and other wonders by which it has at any time been distinguished. From such a volume our author has easily collected a great abundance of heavy matter, which might have been well dispensed with. This is a vice to which she is rather too prone. She seldom mentions a town without winding up her remarks upon it with an extract from the quaint eulogium which the topographer usually takes care to place in a prominent chapter of his volume.

Although in religious matters she is of course an exclusive, and appears firmly to believe that every person who is not a sound Protestant will go straight to the old gentleman; yet we are happy to find that she gives the French women due credit. 'It is an illiberal and erroneous judgment,' she truly says, 'that we often form of French women. Because they have ease and liveliness of manner, we imagine their thoughts and their conduct unsteady. But observe a well-educated French woman of any rank, watch her attentively, and you will find that her ease proceeds from an obliging disposition, and her liveliness from a good and guileless heart.' She then adds a rhodomontade about religion, which as it springs entirely from ignorance, may be passed over. It is impossible, however, for any person at all acquainted with the various forms of worship existing in the world, not to laugh at this and another similar passage which occurs in her account of Genoa. 'Never,' she asserts, 'during my sojourn in this country, did I hear the mediation of Christ invoked; and I firmly believe that "the mother of God" is considered a sufficient mediatrix by the devoted, the deluded people.'—(p. 334). All that need be said upon this is, that she must not have understood any one of the numerous offices of the churches at which she attended, as it is well known, that there is scarcely a single prayer out of the many composing them, which does not conclude with the words—"per Christum dominum nostrum." So much for the Spinster's knowledge of religion!

From Le Mans our fair traveller had the courage to make an excursion to La Fleche, whose hills were visited with delicious breezes, 'that recalled all one had ever read or heard of the freshness and fragrance of the brilliant skies of France. Streams of golden and purple light as the sun sank, heightened then softened every tint; while hay-harvest that still lingered (it was the middle of August), till it mixed with the busy wheat fields, brought out groups of villagers, whose gay dresses and merry faces were in perfect keeping with the scene.'

From La Fleche to Angers is but the journey of a day. Our

author's account of the latter place is somewhat too copious. We shall only extract from it a single anecdote, which, wherever she found it, is really too good to be passed over.

'When the parliaments were exiled under the administration of the Chancellor Maupeau, Monsieur de Montbelin, one of the most ancient and respected members in that of Paris, was treated with extreme severity, because his influence was known to have directed the opinions and confirmed the opposition of numbers. A "lettre de cachet" ordered him to l'Ile Dieu, where in a wretched village, consisting merely of fishermen's huts, he found only one habitable dwelling, that of the priest, in which he requested he might take up his abode. The curé received him with the ease and politeness of a man accustomed to good society, gave the stranger every possible accommodation, and surprised him by his intelligence and erudition. Equally pleased with his visitor, the curé ventured to ask what could have induced him, possessed of every qualification for society, and who had evidently been in the constant habit of it, to choose so desolate a spot as l'Ile Dieu for his residence. The poor exile feelingly replied, "that it was not from choice, but in obedience to an imperative order, that he had craved his hospitality; for," added he, "as counsellor to the parliament of Paris, I am member of a body which has had the misfortune of displeasing the king, while performing only its duties. But allow me to ask you, sir, how, with the intellect and manners that must have distinguished you in the world, you can have confined yourself to a spot where neither can be valued?" "Necessity not choice fixes me here; for, being a Jesuit, I am a member of a body which has had the misfortune of displeasing the parliaments, while performing only its duties."'—pp. 156—158.

We must take the liberty to pass over our fair Spinster's account of her journey to Paris, and of the curiosities which she inspected there. Neither shall we offer any apology for refusing to linger with her at Lyons, or at Turin, on her way to Genoa. The mountains of Savoy, and the winding picturesque roads of that country might, perhaps, have detained us, if our author had endeavoured to convey more accurate ideas of their remarkable beauty. At Asti she began to feel the influence of Italy.

'The profusion of beautiful fruits arranged in stalls with much effect, and served by pretty, sprightly women, whose gypsy countenances became the large double handkerchief carelessly tied over their black well-parted hair, or left to fall lightly on the shoulders; the various forms and devices and shades of the maccaroni; the profusion of fancy bread, without one butcher or poulterer's stall intervening, bespoke the simple taste of the people; while the portiera in place of doors, the apparatus for making lemonade at every house of refreshment, the outer-closed shutters, or long blinds, more general than at Turin, announced the nearer approach to a tropical climate. We replenished our fruit-basket, listened eagerly to the first accents of Italy, and returned the smiles and nods which the good-humoured people gave, as if from habit, to the great diligence.'—p. 315.

We hasten to Genoa, 'the superb city,' with the appearance of

which Barker's Panorama must have made every Londoner acquainted, who has not had the good fortune to visit the beautiful original. 'This new world,' exclaims our author, 'this new life, is wonderfully pleasing. It seems as if we were returning again to childhood, observing every object in nature, endeavouring to form new combinations, and to fix impressions in the mind for the first time.'

'In the morning my senses were charmed by airs fragrant with orange and verbena; for that elegant plant in this climate is no longer a slight shrub, but a lofty, strong, and richly scented tree, whose long-spiked blossoms are one of the greatest ornaments of autumn. I was somewhat perplexed to conjecture whence all these sweets proceeded: my apartment was "au troisième," and the depth from my window to the court seemed profound as to the bottom of Carisbrook's famous well. Another tier of apartments rose above me, and yet in higher air were suspended the terraces and the gardens that sent all this regale to our lower regions. The breakfast was peculiarly refreshing. The bread simple, delicate, guiltless of all the artifices which give it unnatural fairness in England, unspoiled by the carelessness which generally makes it an atrocious food in France. London does not receive such teas as Genoa; but it is possible the great difference immediately perceived in every aliment and beverage here, may be attributed to the mediums of air and water in which they are taken. One must in a degree become an epicure at Genoa; and yet it is not epicurism to receive with thankfulness the sanatory and exquisite gifts, which Providence, by a rare combination, perfects in this fine climate. There can be no doubt that many of the ills which embitter so much of our existence in our chilling climate and experimental country, would be mitigated, if not entirely removed, by migrating in due time and season to this unsophisticated land, where the people gather the rich fruits, rear the nourishing vegetables from the native soil, and where the most simple, and consequently the most safe, process prepares whatever aliment is vended or served. The good Madame Germain, with the heartiness of a Burgundian, did honour to the English lady, and to her own adopted country, by giving her every dainty the season offered. Quails and ortolans, the freshest vermicelli and most delicate Parmesan cheese to season the potage; choicest green figs, opening to show the rich crimson of their juicy pulp, and grapes, sweet and transparent, were amongst the daily varieties, and all at the cost of three lire for the lady and her companion. The apartment, which was completely furnished, was twenty-five Genoese lire a week, about equal to nineteen shillings English; thus the invalid who is obliged to form her arrangements with economy, may come to Genoa without apprehension for her finances, which would be difficult in many cities even of Italy.'—pp. 324—326.

It makes one's heart bound even to imagine the various delicious enjoyments which are yielded by the harbour, the hills, the skies, and fruits of Genoa. Life must be there a beautiful stream, if it be but spent in innocence. Our good Spinster is almost beside herself with rapture, when she speaks of some of the festival days she witnessed amidst its fragrant scenery.

'If you are at Genoa on St. Matthew's day, the 21st of September, you may possibly be attracted by the groups of gay citizens and persons of all ranks in their mise de fête pacing along la Strada Balbi, towards the city gates. Continuing with the throng that pass the magnificent palace of Prince Doria, where you will have often lounged, and from its terrace watched the moving scene in the harbour, you will be led on and on, up precipitous steeps and down abrupt descents, till, at the distance of two miles, the crowd becomes impenetrable, and you are borne along to the little chapel of the saint, which is the end and object of the pilgrimage. This appears a favourite festival of the young, for "each lad" seemed to be "with the lass he loved;" who, in neatest array, eagerly sought admission to the shrine where her vows were to be offered. The whole of the way presents every beauty of Genoese landscape, and all the kindliness of Genoese character. This charm of country, this orderly gladness of the people, entirely accord with the brightness and serenity of their heavens. Round some of the hills the path is dizzying, for a rushing stream fills the mid-way, and the bank slopes suddenly into a deep valley. On many a knoll amongst the rocks, shaded by ilex, chesnut, fig, whole families seat themselves, purchase fruit and fancy bread from the stalls, which are set out wherever a ledge of rock gives space, while others are covered with toys, chaplets, and the trifles which, on such a day as this, are received as important gifts from those beloved. The animated beings grouping in every direction—the sounds of mirth—the exhilarating air, still more balmy as the sun declines—the feeling, that, though a stranger, you are kindly regarded by this happy-tempered people—for the time must obliterate every care; and when returned to the sad realities of life, the remembrance of San Matthew's rural festival will often chase away the heaviest thoughts.'—pp. 338—340.

We are surprised to learn that music is seldom heard in the streets of Genoa. The beauty of the climate, the murmurs of the neighbouring sea, the plenty that teems over the land, and the gaiety which rings every where around, ought, one should think, to place a guitar in every hand. The Genoese are peculiar, and not at all enviable in this respect. They love better to lounge of an evening through the streets, or to assemble on the heights, whence they may admire what is not unjustly called, 'one of the most superb panoramas in the world.' Their chief pursuit at present, among the fine arts, is painting, which is successfully cultivated by several noble amateurs. Such is the 'march of intellect' among the ladies, that the Siesta is now nearly exploded. But instead of dwelling further on the occupations of the Genoese, let us join our author in an excursion to Voltri.

'Saturday, the 22d of September, was one of those bright, calm days, freshened sufficiently by Mediterranean airs, which are peculiar to these favoured climes. It was not possible to resist an excursive fancy; the limoniera, with our careful driver, was ordered early, and in this commodious light carriage we proceeded leisurely to Voltri, a small coast-town, about four leagues from the city, and at the entrance of the Corniche road. The gardens of the palaces throughout the whole drive perfumed

the air: orange and tuberose, carnation and jasmine, seemed to draw increased fragrance as well as greater beauty from their native skies; for it certainly is not the care of the gardener or the lady of the villa that improves their growth and brilliancy. The concourse of the country people towards the city was amusing, and the sails that glided over the wide waters, completed the animation of all nature. The skies indeed around Genoa are not peopled: no bird did we ever perceive; for the ortolans and beccafiche seldom rise above their favourite coverts, and not one little chirping sparrow ever attended our explorings in any direction round the city. But if the air is tenantless, the earth is swarming; never in our most active districts have I seen greater population than in these little coast towns, where industry is unwearying, and the supplies of wholesome and favourite food plentiful and cheap. The beauty of the children is often remarkable, and the pictures which they form when grouping round some venerable old man, whose silver beard descends to his girdle, are studies for a Guercino.'

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'The valley which winds up amongst the hills that enclose Voltri on all sides, except that which spreads along the sea, is very picturesque; and the river Chierusa, which imperceptibly steals through it in the summer, is a powerful torrent during the rainy season, and runs foaming over its rocky bed into the Mediterranean, immediately under the western limit of the town, where the houses are built on a high cliff. Much of the grain which gives the people a sufficiency of bread and maccaroni is supplied from their valleys, that yield the figs, grapes, chesnuts, habit has rendered needful to the Ligurian. The olive gardens are not so valuable as in those districts more open to the sea and sun; for this narrow vale is kept inclining northward by the hills, which attract many noble families during the hot season to their villeggiatura. The principal occupation of the women here is preparing cotton from the pod to the thread, which is greatly imported from the kingdom of Naples; and the waste and refuse serves to keep large paper-mills in activity, which have been established time out of mind, about three miles up the valley, where the flow of the river is certain.'

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'The noble families of Voltri have been profuse in their gifts of rare marbles, and gems and ornaments, to decorate not only the altars and chapels of this elegant church, but the very pavement and columns; and it must be the splendour of these religious buildings, with the music and the august ceremonies often performed in them, that preserves the taste and humanises the manners of this poor and ignorant people. We were surrounded with curious groupes, as we passed through the long, narrow, thickly-peopled streets. All were respectful, all pleased with the stranger's notice. The spinning-wheels were stopped, to show the ingenious but simple machine for drawing the cotton easily and firmly into a thread. The mothers were delighted at our surprise of the extreme fairness of the children; and all smiled and bowed as gracefully as Catalani, when we admired their country, and sky, and sea. Cheerful as this scene was, we escaped from it to climb the high rock that overhangs the entrance into the Corniche, a station inspiring to the poet and the romance writer, and therefore sacred from the hurried description of

a tourist's pen. Thence we descended on the shores of the great sea, whose majestic waves rolled leisurely and evenly on the clean shingled shore. For the native of Le Mans, who had never seen a collection of waters greater than the Loire, this interminable expanse was overpowering; and to the Hyperborean, who had only known the cerulean seas of her land of mist, these glowing heavens and these roseate waves realised the poet's vision. Hour after hour passed deliciously: at length the declining sun warned us to our repast; and up a laddery staircase, and through a chamber where priests and travellers were taking a meal potent with oil and garlic, we penetrated into our little, clean room, where the couvert was neatly laid. The exquisite smelts, which had been bathing in their own clear waves late in the morning; an omelette such as Italy only prepares; lettuce more delicate than that of Cos; grapes and figs, with bread, fresh, light, fragrant, gave the corporeal after an intellectual feast; and sun, moon, and stars poured all their effulgence upon us on our late return to the city of palaces.'—pp. 352—360.

We shall indulge the reader with only one extract more, which presents a very lively picture of the preparations usually made for the great market of Genoa. The author's concluding observations on the general character of the Genoese, are in unison with all that we have ever read or heard on the subject.

'The peculiar costume of every surrounding village is now exhibited to perfection. Here the handsome native of Recco, with her fanciful blue boddice, trimmed with gold braiding, her rose-colour petticoat, her large gold fillagre Maltese cross, and immense bell-shaped ear-rings, ranges her elegant osiers and reed-baskets, in which the rich green fig, the purple and white grapes, oranges, olives, or the succeeding fruit of each season, are neatly spread. The villager, from the hills towards San Quirico, with her head attired after the fashion of Asti, her substantial striped stuffs, her hard-featured, tanned face, exhibits her maccaroni of every shade and fancy, her filberts, her chesnuts, and the berries which seem equally prized by the people as fruit. The gardeners of San Pier d'Arena, Sestri, &c. with their smart jackets, ornamented with silver fillagre buttons, their tricoté, jelly-bag cap, whose long tasselled end hangs negligently on one shoulder, while their curly black hair adds to the humorous expression of their keen, handsome features, display their vegetables, particularly their artichokes, which are in request even at Milan. The Genoese themselves, and the immediate peasantry, some in their mise de fête, with the rich chintz, or clean muslin, placed over their braided hair; others in their most dishevelled, unshod, unadorned state, add their various contributions to the general stock. Perhaps some pretty girls, more anxious for display than the graver matrons, have teased the simple countrywomen, who bring profusions of plants and nosegays to this gay mart, till they have given them the finest tuberose, the orange or pomegranate blossoms, the sprig of rich jasmine, or bunch of fine carnations, their fancy had decided on; then, in childish glee and triumph, they seat themselves on the first empty basket or unoccupied stand that offers; and in an instant, with all the seriousness of friendship, begin smoothing and plaiting each other's beautiful long hair, secure it in the classic Roman coil, then arrange every

curl in the most effective manner, and place becomingly on one side the flowery prize that has been the motive of all this anxiety.

'Never have I seen more cordiality and kindliness amongst a people than in Genoa; and their liveliness, their continually thronging or sitting at their occupations in the streets, shows their habits and tempers evidently to the observer. We may well believe the assertion of my Italian friend, a Milanese by birth, that since her residence of three years in this city, during which time she has had an opportunity of knowing whatever has passed amongst the people, not one instance of theft, not one serious quarrel, not one attempt at any violence whatever, has been alleged against any individual. Yet there are many poor whom the public and private charities, and the fraternities of this great city, fail to relieve, though beneficence is most active.'—pp. 378—380.

Putting out of the account the mass of dull matter which our Spinster has borrowed from the guide-books, and topographical quartos, the reader can hardly fail to conclude from the passages which we have quoted, that this is a very pleasant and well-written volume. The author appears to have felt a particular delight in noting down sunny landscapes, and in preserving the memory of acts of kindness performed towards her, and of persons whose features and manners afforded her pleasure. Her work may be fairly said to be the reflection of a good and cheerful mind, and an amiable heart.

ART. V.—*America: or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their future Prospects.* By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. pp. 356. London: Murray. 1828.

THE motto which the author has chosen to prefix to his work—Matre pulchra filia pulchrior—at once discloses the main object which it has in view. To probe and expose the vulnerable parts in the political condition of England; to shew that its present ascendancy is raised upon an artificial foundation, which sooner or later must give way; to shadow out the opening glories of North America, and to demonstrate that each succeeding century to the end of time, is likely only to widen the circle of her national opulence and power;—in a word, to convince the world that the daughter is fairer and destined to be greater than the mother, who is, however, admitted to have some claims to beauty and to station—these are the leading points, which through a dense array of argument and conjecture, this citizen of the United States exerts himself to establish.

We must do him the justice to acknowledge that his essay, however objectionable it may be to an Englishman in several respects, is marked by ability of the very first order. Since the publication of those admirable dissertations which were collected

in "The Federalist," we have not seen any political composition from the pen of an American, that can at all be compared with this. The style is idiomatic and thoroughly English, formed in our best school. It is, indeed, occasionally verbose, but still the language is good, and musically arranged; and we are often compelled to admire the beauty of the periods, when we are most disposed to differ from the sentiments which they convey.

As a matter of course, this work will appear to Englishmen as overcharged in every page which touches on the present or prospective position of the United States. We dare say the author thinks that he is a mere matter of fact writer when he treats of that subject, and that he really intended to separate himself from those boasters, who have made the world sick with their nauseous exaggerations and visions of American grandeur. It is necessary, however, only to turn over a few leaves of his book in order to perceive that, whatever may have been his prudent designs on setting out, he is soon carried away with his absorbing theme, and becomes quite as enthusiastic upon it as any of his countrymen. It is amusing to observe how calm and rational he can be when he speaks of France, or Germany, or Russia, and how rapidly he glides into what he himself justly designates as *fanfaronade*, when it is necessary to underrate the fortunes of England, or to magnify those of his own country. This is the universal characteristic of American writers, and is just as conspicuous, though not perhaps as offensive, in the author before us, as any author that has ever existed. He has a courteous method of expressing his notions, which in some measure veils their deformity, and palliates their erroneousness; but as a genuine Yankee braggadocio, he differs in no respect from Mr. Cooper.

Information, and that commanding knowledge which arises from much study and reflection, as well as experience in the world, the writer of this volume possesses in an eminent degree. There is scarcely any fact unproduced by him to be found in ancient or in modern history, which tends in any way to illustrate his arguments, or to give them plausibility. He is a capital rhetorician, and under an outward appearance of great candour, exercises occasionally a degree of discretion which sinks into cunning. His views are certainly very often comprehensive, and treated in a statesman-like manner. But he is a diplomatist by profession, and seems generally to have in his contemplation, an antagonist whom he sometimes wishes to bully, and sometimes to overreach.

His essay comes very seasonably after that of Colonel Evans, which we reviewed in our last number. It is impossible for a British minister of the present day to take up both, or either of these works, and not to feel that they contain matter for his most serious reflections. In order to restore legitimacy upon the continent, and to save Russia from being a province of France, England has burthened herself with a tremendous debt, which

must cripple her energies for centuries. And yet no sooner have the European powers begun to enjoy that independence which she had secured for them, than they apply their renovated strength to projects of their own;—projects which, particularly in one instance, are calculated on a basis of self-aggrandizement, that must disconcert all the hopes she had fondly entertained of the future repose of the world. This is for England a new and an unexpected position. How she is to extricate herself from it without making new sacrifices, and at the same time without hazarding that supremacy which she has long enjoyed and beneficially exercised, is a problem which it will very soon be necessary for our government to solve. We recommend to their grave attention the work before us. It will place not only Europe but the Americas under their view, considered in those relations which it is the business of politicians to inquire into, and understand in all their bearings.

It is easy to perceive that it is a darling object of ambition with the author, to connect the political system of the United States with that of Europe. He wishes that the influence of their councils should be felt here; that the acts and words of their government should command as much attention in the Old World, as those of the cabinet of England. He has no wish that America should borrow any institution or custom from Europe; but that on the contrary Europe should imitate America in everything, and adopt not only her form of government, but submit to all the suggestions of her envoys. To render the "Union" the great and principal leader of the Christian nations, is the longing desire which pervades every sentence of this work; and so fondly does its author cherish this idea, that it is sufficiently apparent before he terminates his task, that he seems to himself at least to have realized his glorious vision. In more than one passage he styles his country the head of the Christian system. Beyond this even American enthusiasm cannot soar. The fledged eagle now looks at the sun itself undazzled.

It was the advice of the illustrious Washington, that the United States should form a political system of their own, "entirely distinct and separate from every other." This recommendation was strongly urged in his farewell address, and has been hitherto considered as a presiding and invariable principle with the different presidents who have succeeded him. Our author, however, thinks that the season is arrived when it ought to give way before his better doctrine; it was sufficiently suitable to the time when it was first propounded; but it would never comport with the new destinies of the Union.

With respect to the states of Europe, it cannot be denied that they have risen with the enlargement of their colonial possessions, and have sunk again to their original station, as soon as they lost their dependencies. Thus Spain, Portugal, and Holland, which

in turn held the rank of eminent powers, in proportion to their distant conquests, have resumed their secondary rank since their colonies have been lost to them. In the same way it is contended England must consent to be a subordinate power, as soon as she shall have lost her colonial possessions—an event which our author believes likely to occur in the course of two or three centuries. Meanwhile he considers the British empire as the second of the three principal elements composing the general political system which prevails throughout Christendom: the continent of Europe, with its dependencies in other parts of the world, he considers the first of these elements, and America, including its whole extent, he enumerates as the third. The continent of Europe, however, he looks upon as entirely under the control of Russia, in consequence of the immense physical force that is wielded by that state; and in the American world the United States take the lead, by reason of their priority of political existence. 'Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, are therefore he contends, now the three prominent and first-rate powers of the civilized and Christian world. All the rest stand at present in an order secondary to one or the other of these.' Having thus complacently fixed the United States beside Russia and England, our author may be excused for setting down Austria and France as second-rate powers, which are destined to be mere satellites of the northern Bear.

The author then institutes a comparison between the forms of government existing in the three grand divisions which he has just arranged.

'The United States are admitted by all to furnish the most finished model of a popular government that has yet been seen; and they afford indeed the first instance, in which purely popular institutions have ever existed tranquilly for any length of time in a great community. The British constitution, on the other hand, is undoubtedly the most favourable specimen that has ever been exhibited of the mixed or intermediate system of government; while the Russian empire, although the aspect of its administration varies very much, like that of all despotic states, with the changes in the person of the despot, has displayed on the whole, since the time of Peter the Great, one of the best examples, as it certainly has the most imposing and remarkable one ever known, of the worst description of political institutions. Here then we have a vast and splendid panorama, in which those persons whose attention is directed by curiosity or habitual pursuits to the science of politics, may study the practical operation of the three great systems, developing themselves under every possible advantage and on the most extensive scale. Such a spectacle is surely well fitted to attract the observation of all those, who feel an interest in the fortunes of the human race, and have duly considered the permanent influence of political institutions upon their condition and happiness.

'If the object were merely to settle in the minds of the impartial inquirers, the question of the comparative advantages of liberal and arbitrary governments, it would perhaps be quite sufficient to survey, however superficially, the present situation of these different sections of the Christian world,

especially of the continents of Europe and America, in which the two forms present themselves respectively in a pure and simple shape. Under the operation of the liberal system, we see throughout America an exhibition of prosperity, national and individual, such as probably the world never witnessed before upon the same scale; a substantial equality of property and of personal and political rights, a high degree of intellectual and moral activity pervading and animating the whole mass of society, a general diffusion of the material comforts of life, of knowledge and virtue, and, as a necessary consequence, of happiness; an increase of population and a progress of improvement, unheard of, unthought of, in any former age or region; gigantic enterprises in the way of internal development and foreign commerce, of which monarchs never dreamed, conceived and executed by states and individuals; tens of millions of busy, proud, and wealthy men, governed and defended almost without either armies or taxes; and finally, as if in mockery of the idle fears and vain pretences of the adversaries of this system, the whole movement going on in uninterrupted tranquillity, while at the same time the empires which are ruled upon the opposite principles, and whose professed object, and only supposed advantage, is tranquillity, are constantly convulsed with revolutions, and given up for ever to the standing curses of foreign and domestic war.

'The despotic system, as exemplified on the continent of Europe, presents us with a picture in every respect precisely the reverse of this. We there see a few individuals in each separate state monopolizing all the property, and enjoying exclusively the material comforts of life, somewhat happier of course, but, from the vice of their position, not much wiser or better than their fellow citizens; the mass of the community poor, abject, and wretched; no intellectual or physical activity; no generous expansion of social feeling; no circulation of thought or diffusion of knowledge; no virtues but those of instinct, and all the vices which ignorance and misery constantly engender; wealth and population declining, or at best stationary; the useful and liberal arts at a stand; manifest improvements, familiar in more favoured regions, rejected and prohibited; loathsome and inveterate abuses in morals and politics retained and cherished, with a sort of affectation; we see, in short, in consequence of the very peculiar situation of these nations, the spectacle, altogether new I believe in the history of the world, of a number of contemporary governments voluntarily shutting their eyes upon the lights of the age in which they live; spurning in practice, at truths which they cannot dispute in theory, and regulating their public conduct agreeably to known and acknowledged errors. Such is the singular condition of the vast communities professing the Greek and Catholic religions, which occupy so extensive a portion of the ancient continent, and whose policy, as I have already stated, is now preponderant through the whole of it, and unresisted except by the vain wishes and stifled complaints of a few individuals. It may be proper, however, to add that the Protestant countries, and also to a certain extent, France and some parts of Catholic Germany, though moving in our order secondary to the great military power of the continent, are yet governed, as respects internal affairs, on a better system, commonly called the mixed or intermediate one, and which is also established in the British empire, or at least that part of it (not by any means the largest) which is subject to the British constitution.

'This intermediate system exhibits the principle of liberty and that of despotism or arbitrary power, co-operating together, or rather contending for the mastery, within the compass of the same body politic. Institutions of this description have found, like those of despotism, their apologists and even their admirers; and have sometimes been extolled by men of high discernment, under the name of mixed governments, as the most finished products of political wisdom. In reality, however, although they argue a better state of society than that which exists of necessity in despotic governments, they may perhaps, when considered in the abstract, be fairly ranked as inferior to both the simple forms; or, to speak more properly, they should be described, not as a distinct class of governments, having a separate principle of their own, but as a sort of transition or passage from one of the simple forms of government to the other. This is the light under which they are now viewed by some of the most intelligent European writers, as for example, M. de Chateaubriand; and we find in fact, that, in all the countries in which we see them established, they have been the effect of accidental circumstances, which have planted the seeds of liberty and encouraged its growth, in a soil before appropriated to despotism. If this notion of the system be correct, it would seem that it can hardly be in any case a very durable one. When the new occupant becomes strong enough to display his character, a struggle must ensue between the two pretenders to the mastery, which, though it may endure for a considerable period of time, must apparently terminate in the complete triumph of one or the other. The intervening epoch of confusion and collision is the one through which the constitutional monarchies of Europe appear to be now passing; and the incongruous forms of legislation and administration, naturally produced by this conflict of principles, constitute, at least on this view of it, the celebrated system of mixed governments.

'We find accordingly, upon examining this system as exemplified in England, the only country where it ever grew up spontaneously, and where, if anywhere, it must be supposed to exhibit itself in its natural and proper shape, that it displays a combination of contraries, which no ingenuity can reconcile in theory, and no art or skill unite in harmonious action. We find institutions existing together, which suppose the truth of directly opposite principles, and which, if they retain any real force, must lead of necessity to continual collision:—a king reigning by the grace of God, and a parliament claiming and exercising the right of deposing him at pleasure;—an established church, with universal liberty of conscience and worship;—equality of rights and hereditary privileges;—boundless prodigality in the public expenses, with a strict accountableness of all the agents;—with a thousand other incongruities of the same description. The administration of these countries presents in fact the appearance, which we should naturally expect from the view here taken of their political forms. We see in their proceedings and condition something of the favourable influence of liberty, and something of the ruinous effect of arbitrary government; but their most remarkable and distinctive feature is a continual collision between the two principles, and a ceaseless fluctuation in the public measures, as one or the other predominates in turn.'—pp. 12—17.

We do not mean to controvert any of the assertions which are made in this eloquent and striking passage. It contains many truths which it may be disagreeable to our tories to hear; and

which it is occasionally useful for us all, of every party, to reflect upon. We cannot, however, agree with the author in thinking that there was any inconsistency between the encouragement which the British government has given to the independence of Spanish America, and its long and relentless opposition to the Revolution of France. It was not against the *principle* of revolution that Great Britain waged war, when it proceeded to hostilities against republican France; that would have been an error which no British statesman would be allowed by the country to commit, seeing that the house of Brunswick sits on the throne of England by virtue of an acknowledged revolutionary compact. It was against the spirit in which the French revolution was conducted, the firebrands which it scattered over all Europe, the enormous crimes which it perpetrated, the destruction of all the land-marks of society which it avowedly contemplated, and the military tyranny which was its offspring, that our country rose in arms. Had the French conducted their revolution with a proper temper, Great Britain would have been among the first to recognize their new system of government. In acknowledging the young states of Spanish America, she acted upon a principle too long and too well established in her history to be departed from with impunity.

From the comparison which our author has made between the three great empires above enumerated, he, of course, concludes that the pre-eminent station is to be conceded to the United States. He shudders, with due diffidence, at the vast responsibility which such a position imposes upon his country; but he assumes it to be one which she cannot, even if she would, avoid; and, therefore, he proceeds to a survey of her institutions, policy, and prospects, in order that her citizens may clearly understand their rights, together with their corresponding duties.

In order to make this part of his essay the more intelligible, our author offers a rapid sketch of the principal political events of the last five years. The first of these was the recognition of the Spanish American Republics by the United States and by England. The author is mistaken in considering that this recognition afforded the earliest decisive indication of the separation of England from the Holy Alliance. The first step towards that separation was taken at Verona, when the Duke of Wellington, as the representative of Great Britain, gave every opposition in his power to the expressed intention of the Allied Powers to interfere with the constitution then established in Spain. The recognition of the Spanish American States was the consequence of that act; and, as Mr. Canning very truly said, the New World was by him called into political existence, to repair the errors of the Old. The most important of those errors was, the overthrow of the constitution of Spain by France, at the mere dictate of Russia. From the day that M. de Villele declared that unless he made war in the South, he should have to meet one in the North, and showed his fear of the latter by preferring the

former, he may be said to have surrendered France to the Autocrat It was not the loss of her colonial possessions that reduced France to the station of a secondary power, but this timid and disastrous policy on the part of the French ministry. Had they taken their stand on that occasion, and declared that no foreign government whatever should interpose in the affairs of Spain, what a point of support would not the liberty of Europe now have possessed against the designs of universal domination which Russia scarcely affects to conceal!

The opposition of England to the invasion of Spain commenced, and her subsequent recognition of the Spanish American States completed, her separation from the Holy Alliance. She was destined thenceforth to move, as Mr. Canning more than once expressed it, in an orbit of her own; and whatever vacillation may be perceptible in the councils of our present ministers, it cannot be doubted that her true policy is to be found in that orbit, and no other. We do not therefore understand the point of our author's assertion, that the recognition of South America was to England 'almost equivalent in its consequences to a geographical removal from one quarter of the globe to the other. Distrusted by the continental powers, as a false friend, and deserter of the common cause; banished from their markets, excluded from their councils, and an alien from their principles, Great Britain seems to have lost her hold on the other world in which she is situated, and to have become an American rather than a European state.' We have no objection to the cultivation of the warmest feelings on both sides between America and England; on the contrary, we are confident that the true interests of both countries require that amity the most cordial and unreserved should subsist for ever between them. But England wants no geographical removal, nor any thing equivalent to it, we trust, in order to be enabled to preserve her independence, and to pursue her own policy. If she be but thoroughly English, that is to say, true to her own glory, and to the spirit that first raised her from being a petty island to be the mistress of the seas, the geographical position which she now holds is the very one that is best suited to her wishes. But if she much longer continue to permit her influence to be trampled under foot by Russia, and to be scorned even by the contemptible usurper of Portugal, the sooner she is sunk in the sea, the better for her memory.

The death of the late Emperor Alexander, is another fact that has occurred within the last five years, upon which the author makes some just reflections. It is evident that that monarch was a great favourite with him. He calls the Autocrat 'the Titus of the age, and the delight of the human race.' 'He felt a real sympathy in the fortunes and concerns of other men, and was fond of mingling with them on equal terms. I have seen him repeatedly in the streets of St. Petersburgh, walking unattended, by the hour

together, and conversing familiarly with persons of all classes, whom he happened to meet.' Had the author deferred closing this chapter until he had learned that the troops which Alexander had so long detained behind the Pruth, were now actually investing Shumla, and on their march to Constantinople, he would probably have devoted a considerable portion of it to the policy of the new Emperor. He concludes with the following grandiloquent observations:—

'During this interval, the boundless regions of Spanish America have completed their emancipation from the government of the parent country; and our own United States have taken the stand which they are henceforth and for ever to occupy, in the political system of Christendom. What volumes of detail are comprehended in these lines! How insignificant do the events of former times appear by the side of those which this new epoch must bring to light! How confined the sphere on which the most distinguished actors in those events performed their parts, compared with the present political theatre, which has no limits but those of the globe! Is it too much to anticipate that the minds which are to figure upon this more extended field of action, before this enlarged circle of observers, will be moved by purer and nobler views, and rise to loftier heights of patriotism and virtue, than those which preceded them? May we not hope at least that the new world will continue to produce Washingtons instead of Cromwells and Buonapartes; and Adamses, Franklins, and Jeffersons, instead of Machiavels and Mirabeaus? Certainly the present appearances tend to encourage very strongly these ideas, and to cheer the hearts of the lovers of our race with delightful visions of the future.'—pp. 58, 59.

The remainder of the volume is engaged in commentaries upon these two events—the emancipation of Spanish America, and 'the *stand* which the United States have taken, and are for ever to occupy, in the *political system of Christendom*.' The latter topic is treated first in point of order, as it seems to be a matter of course that the United States are to take the lead in every thing. In noticing this over-ambitious, not to say inordinate arrogance of our author, we wish to be clearly understood as having no desire whatever to undervalue the political institutions, the domestic prosperity, and the legitimate foreign influence of that great Republic. To talk, however, of the *stand* which it has taken in the political system of *Christendom*, simply because its President lately said, that it would not view with indifference any attempt that might be made to restore the Spanish States of America to the mother country, seems at least evidence of a desire to infer the largest possible consequence from a very narrow, and not to say it disparagingly, a very equivocal premise. The phrase, 'not to view with indifference,' might, if circumstances required it, be construed to mean absolutely nothing. For ourselves, we doubt extremely whether the people of the United States would ever undertake a war, the sole object of which would be to defend the freedom of South America. A war even for their own preservation, when it

affects their commerce, is not very agreeable to them, as their history shows; and to suppose that they would contract a new debt, and shed the blood of their children, for the sake of securing independence to Mexico or Columbia, is far more than any man who knows the people of New York or Massachusetts, would ever expect from them. It is all very well for the President to use fine words, which may admit of any meaning which future circumstances might render necessary; but it is a little too much for an American writer to place his own construction upon them, and then to erect them into a great and permanent principle of action, upon which his country has taken a stand in 'the political system of Christendom!' The thing looks ridiculous, and is, in fact, mere bombast. If by Christendom, Europe be chiefly meant, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that America has taken no stand here, and that when her councils are not confined to her own hemisphere, they are treated with no degree of respect.

In the author's commentaries upon the general and local constitutions of the United States, he adopts uniformly the fantastic and absurd language of M. Chateaubriand, that the representative republic of America is "the most splendid discovery of modern times." Could the author, or the author whom he quotes, have been ignorant that a commonwealth once existed in England, which was in a great measure representative, although its forms were abused? Could they have been ignorant that since the revolution, at least the democratic branch of the British constitution has been treated by our best lawyers as a representative republic, and as the first one of the kind that ever endured for any considerable period? The states of Holland also, what were they but a rather less perfect picture of what the United States of America now are, in their mode of government; and yet are we told that a representative republic is "the most splendid discovery of *modern* times!" Our author, not contented with this, gives a long and elaborate history of the discovery of the representative principle, as if it had never been known or reduced to practice, save in the new hemisphere! There is a want of candour, and of fairness towards England, in this part of his work, which we much regret to perceive in the pages of so able a writer, who cannot be supposed ignorant of the history of the country which gave all the models of her free institutions, and what is better, the spirit that produced and defended them, to his own.

With the exceptions just noticed, the explanation which our author has given of the federal, and the States' constitutions, is clear, copious, and satisfactory. They are rather more complicated in their relations, and at the same time more distinct from each other in their practical application, than most foreigners, even Englishmen, are apt to imagine. To those who wish to understand them, we recommend the essays in the "Federalist," and the third and fourth chapters in the book before us. They will

see in the former the plans traced out by Madison and Hamilton; they will see in the latter the manner in which their theories are carried into operation, as well as very able biographical sketches of those two justly celebrated persons. In these chapters there are also some remarks on the internal economy of the United States, in which we find great encouragement given to the establishment of manufactures. So anxiously does the author feel on this point, that he even recommends a minister of trade to be added to the cabinet, for the purpose of superintending and promoting this branch of industry.

The fifth chapter is taken up with the political condition of the new states of Spanish America. The author looks upon the emancipation of those states as completing in one of its principal parts, the 'developement of a new *universal system*,' and as forming 'one of the leading circumstances, in the most interesting crisis in the fortunes of Christendom, that has occurred since the first establishment of the European commonwealth upon the ruins of the Roman empire.' The causes both immediate and remote of that revolution, are treated in a masterly manner. In the author's observations on the political institutions of the new states, we are not altogether disposed to acquiesce. They are founded on the plausible principle that 'the material virtue of a good constitution is its conformity to the condition of the people who are to be governed by it.' Speaking generally, this rule may no doubt be received as a good one; but it admits of exceptions. As for instance, in the case of the Spanish Americans, what condition could be said to appertain to them, to which a constitution of any kind could be considered as strictly conformable? They were not rich enough to support a despotic government, still less a mixed government, which would be much more expensive. In selecting a republican form of government, they sought to enjoy the practical advantages of that liberty, for which they had so long and so heroically struggled; and if they were at first untutored in the theory and practice of legislation, and in the exercise of the franchises which are necessary for the support of a general system of freedom, is it therefore to be contended that they ought to remain slaves for ever? A few years will give them all the experience of which they can stand in need under their circumstances; and although the constitutions on which they fixed cannot be said to have been in conformity with the condition of the men of the revolution, they will be perfectly in consonance with that of their children. Liberty is always worth an experiment, and if it only be permitted to have fair play, it cannot fail in due time to knit itself into the hearts of those who are within the sphere of its influence.

The author does not tell us what form of government he would have given to the Spanish states, if they had consulted him on the subject. He thinks, indeed, that they all possessed in common one element—that of *religion*—of which they have made too little

use as a means of union and strength for their political systems. It might, he says, have been rendered with great propriety and utility the principal basis of their institutions. In other words, perhaps he would have them governed as the Indians of Paraguay formerly were by the Jesuits, or by patriarchs, who would be at once the law-givers and executive officers of the new theocrasies. In strict reasoning, perhaps, a government of this sort would have been more conformable to the condition of the Spanish Americans than any other, for in point of religion their condition was universally the same. But although we set as high a value as any person can set on the utility of religion, yet we apprehend that no greater injury can be done to it, than by converting it into a political instrument. When mixed up with the government of a nation, its sacred name is often assumed as a mark for hypocrisy and vice of every description. A political system, solely founded on religion, would not be practicable, and certainly not at all conformable to the present usages of the world. We may add, that if governments supported entirely by religion, had been established in South America, there is not one of the new states that would not at this moment have been again under the dominion of the Peninsula.

The author's notions on this subject are eminently absurd and paradoxical. 'Religion,' he says, 'wherever it can be employed in this way, seems in fact to be the proper corner stone of every political fabric; the theory of the natural separation of the church and state, which grew up at the time of the reformation, and has since gained so much currency that the Catholics themselves have found it necessary to admit it, has, in fact, no foundation whatever in truth.' It is not true that the theory of the natural separation of the church and state, grew up at the time of the reformation. It was established by HIM who said that His kingdom was not of this world, and the innovation commenced with Constantine, who for the first time allied the Christian church with the state. Far from the theory of separation growing up at the time of the reformation, it was then violated more vigorously than ever, in England, in Saxony, in Prussia, in Holland, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, in Scotland, and in Ireland, in each of which kingdoms the doctrine of the natural union of the church and state was enforced by law, and often by persecutions of the most flagitious character. If there be any one thing more enviable than another in the system of the United States, it is its total want of an established religion. This is a matter which it has wisely left to every individual to take care of for himself, and we hope that sooner or later the same practice will prevail all over Christendom. No church can be the true one which requires to be bolstered up by human laws.

In treating of the European colonies in America, (to which the author devotes his sixth chapter), he takes it for granted, as

indeed he may, that the Spanish Islands will soon abandon their dependence on the mother country. He cautiously avoids going into any details about Cuba, which already exercises a virtual sovereignty as to its foreign trade. He thinks this a delicate subject; he knows that the United States are, in fact, suspected of looking upon that fair island with an eye of desire, and rather than dissipate the visions which are fostered concerning it, he rapidly passes it over. The British dependencies, he need hardly inform us, will also fall off from the parent empire in due season. We disagree with him in thinking that the Canadas will be the last to cling to us. On the contrary, they will be the first to claim, or at least to obtain, their independence. Indeed, every one who has read the debate that incidentally arose concerning them in the last session of Parliament, must have seen that the retention of them was a matter concerning which the government is not, and need not be, very anxious. The West Indies will remain with us to the last, because the proprietors of the soil require all the protection we can give them.

We have been much pleased with the tone in which the author touches in this chapter on the question of Hayti. He properly enough considers that island as a European colony, since it holds its independence 'by a somewhat doubtful tenure, (the price that is to be given for it being not yet paid).' It is well known that the successive governments of the United States have declined to acknowledge the de facto independence of Hayti, from a fear of encouraging a spirit of revolt amongst the numerous slaves who are spread over their own territories. The greater the measure of praise, therefore, that is due to our author for the manly and generous language in which he expresses himself on this subject. He shews in a very satisfactory manner, from the history of the Ethiopians, the Egyptians and the Moors, that the natives of Africa instead of being that inferior and degraded race which they are generally represented to be, were the original authors of much of the civilization, and many of the arts which are now so highly appreciated in Europe. He insists that it is most unjust to derive arguments against all the inhabitants of the African continent, from the unhappy specimens of them who are carried away from their native shores in the slave ships, and suddenly transferred to a distant land, of the language and usages of which they are totally ignorant. The whole of his reasoning on this interesting subject proves that he has given it great attention, and his mode of handling it is novel and engaging.

In the seventh chapter we have a dissertation on the foreign policy of the two Americas. The author considers the relation between them and the Continent of Europe, so far as it is represented by the Holy Alliance, as one of 'hostility actual in some parts, and only virtual in others, but real and effective in all.' The causes of this hostility resolve themselves, as was remarked by the

President Monroe,' into the opposition that exists between the principles of government that respectively prevail in the two great divisions of the Christian system. The Spanish Americans are contending for independence and liberty, and the United States sympathise with them, because they have not long since passed through a similar struggle, by means of which they acquired and are now enjoying those great blessings. The continental powers of Europe sympathise with Spain, because their governments are all organized on arbitrary principles, and because they are naturally led by this state of things, to disapprove the extension of liberal principles in any part of the world, and to apprehend the re-action of such extension upon their own subjects at home.' The author gives the continental governments some very good advice upon this subject, which we much fear will be lost upon them, at least for the present century. The position of the British empire, as respects the two continents, is by no means so obvious. It was certainly placed 'in a friendly attitude towards America, and in a hostile one towards the continent of Europe,' since our recognition of the South American States; it continued to be so until the Russian armies crossed the Danube; but to what new changes of policy, to what new alliances in Europe that important event may give rise, it is difficult at this moment to ascertain. If Great Britain, Austria, and France, shall unite to oppose the ambitious designs of Russia, it is manifest that the European system must be altogether altered, and that the Holy Alliance must give way to a tripartite league against the Autocrat of the North. This league, however, cannot affect the friendly attitude of England towards America. Upon this subject we cheerfully extract the following observations. They are somewhat acidulated in their spirit, and want that very tone of cordiality which they profess to encourage; but they are nevertheless well intended, and we are happy to second their object.

'It has so happened, therefore, by a somewhat singular effect of the course of public events, that Great Britain and the United States, who but a few years since were at war with each other, upon grounds, as it then appeared, of a permanent and essential character, who for a long time previous had been in a state of continual and bitter collision, and had never since the war of independence, one may say, in fact, since the first settlement of the colonies, had a single moment of real cordiality, have now, without any sacrifice of pride or principle on either side, without concession and indeed without concert, been brought, by the mere force of circumstances, into a situation of virtual alliance and amity, so deeply and broadly founded in the interests of both, and in the established political system of Christendom, that it cannot well fail to supersede all the old motives of contention, and to endure as long, perhaps, as the national existence of either. This relation is so far from having been the effect of any reconcilement of feeling, between the countries and their governments, or of any artificial arrangements, digested by leading individuals, who might be supposed to rise above the low sphere of na-

tional animosity, that it has taken place, as it were, against the will of the parties, whose sentiments are even now less friendly than their position, and who seem to glare on each other with eyes of hatred and suspicion, at the very moment when they are exchanging good offices of high importance, and taking the field, in fact, together against a common enemy. It is known indeed that the British government, though often requested, has constantly refused, through the whole period during which this new relation has been growing up, to act in concert with the government of the United States. They declined the proposition made by the latter, that the two governments should recognise, by a simultaneous act, the independence of the American states, although such a proceeding would have been perhaps upon the whole even more honourable to them, than to follow step by step, and at short distances, in the course marked out and pursued by us. They also affected to consider as hostile to them the declaration made by President Monroe, that the American continent was no longer open for colonization, although the obvious purpose was to discourage a cession by Spain of any part of her American colonies to any other power, a purpose that had already been distinctly and formally avowed by England. There is, therefore, this rather singular difference in the form and spirit of the relations now existing between the British empire, and the two continents respectively; that with that of Europe a feeling of deeply seated animosity is veiled by a semblance of apparent good will, while in regard to us, the new sentiment of amity has hardly yet begun to beam out brightly, in the countenance of either party, through the sour and gloomy expression, which had been so long worn by both, that it had become habitual and in some degree natural. But this is a matter of little consequence. The forms in this, as in most other cases, accommodate themselves, after a while, to the substance; and we have reason to expect that the two governments, after they shall have stood by each other faithfully, for half a century, in regard to their most important interests, will not refuse at last to exchange a few civil speeches and good humoured looks. Mr. Canning indeed, whose decision and talents have done so much in fixing the new position of the British empire, in regard to the continent, has been also among the first to perceive the bearing of this position upon the direct relations between that empire and the United States. His address to Mr. Hughes, at the Liverpool dinner, is conceived in the true spirit of these relations, as they now exist. The tone being thus given by the leading voices, the minor performers will of course in due season join in the chorus; and it would not be surprising if we should, after a while, be as much surfeited by the gross adulation of the inferior British presses, and second rate politicians, as we have heretofore been disgusted by their causeless and tasteless satire.'—pp. 243—245.

'We cannot reconcile this passage, however, with one which follows it at the interval of two or three pages. We shall give it without commentary, as at the conclusion the author pretty well accounts for it, by almost admitting it to be a mere effusion of national pride.

'In the progress of future events, we may anticipate that America will become every year more and more important to England, and that England,

on the other hand, will gradually cease to render any essential service to America. Such is the rapid growth of our continent in population, wealth, and political power, that it must at no distant period be entirely secure in the extent of its own resources, not merely from conquest, which it is already, but from any apprehension or danger of attack. The adherence of Great Britain to our system will then be to us of no utility; while the same causes will render the connexion, in an economical point of view, to her constantly more and more valuable. Add to this, that while our continent is yearly developing new resources of every kind, it is altogether probable that the British empire will be gradually brought within smaller dimensions, by the successive falling off of its distant appendages, and will ultimately be reduced to its primitive possessions on the north-western coast of Europe. The United States, having thus become the most populous and powerful nation of English origin, will naturally take the place of the British islands, as the commercial and political centre of the English settlements in every part of the globe; while the original, but then exhausted parent soil, will lose her present high standing as a constituent member of the great system of Christendom, and finally sink into a dependency on the continent. But without dwelling too much in anticipations, which may appear to some to be dictated by national pride rather than just political foresight, it is sufficient for our immediate object to remark, as I have done before, that the existing friendly relation between the British empire and the continent of America is, for the present at least, whatever it may be hereafter, equally as well as highly beneficial and honourable to both the parties.'—pp. 248, 249.

We have left ourselves no room to notice an excellent proposition, which the author has taken much pains to recommend to the attention of the Governments of Europe; its object is to establish as a maxim of international law, that upon the seas, as upon land, in time of war, all private property should be held sacred. The two cases are not, perhaps, in all points parallel; but the proposition certainly deserves the most serious consideration. Any thing that tends to civilize the ancient ferocity of war, ought to be received in these enlightened times with the utmost attention.

The eighth and ninth chapters are employed on subjects peculiarly American—the international relations of the northern and southern portions of the continent, the abortive congress of Panama, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States, and the death of Messrs. Adams and Jefferson. The tenth and concluding chapter, which treats of 'the prospects of the future situation of America, and its influence on the fortunes of the world,' is little more than a repetition of all the dreams of grandeur which the wildest of American visionaries have already imagined. The following paragraph will perhaps be deemed a sufficient specimen of its contents.

'With a territory equal to that of the greatest empires of ancient or modern times, with a government far superior, as we think, to any one that was ever tried before, unless the auspices under which we have entered on our march of national existence should, contrary to every reasonable anticipation, prove fallacious, we must become, and that at no very distant

period, a more populous, wealthy, and powerful community than any the world has ever seen. Supposing the number of our citizens to increase as it has done, from the first settlement of the country up to the present day, (and as it must continue to do, unless arrested by disastrous political events,) it will amount at the close of the present century, to about eighty millions, a population twice as large as that of Russia at present. By the middle of the next century, it will reach three hundred millions, and will then be equal to the most exaggerated estimates of the population of China, and much exceed those of later date and more authentic character. Continuing to advance on the same principles, it will arrive, in less than two centuries, at the sum of twelve hundred millions, and will then considerably exceed the present estimated population of the globe.'—pp. 339, 340.

Thus it will have been seen that amid many wise and admirable reflections on the present political condition of Christendom, some gleams of the American visionary now and then break out. We take leave of him, however, with unfeigned respect for his talents, which are calculated to raise him to distinguished eminence in his own country.

ART. VI.—*Hinterlassene Schriften von Carl Maria von Weber.* Zwei Bände. Dresden und Leipzig: Arnoldsche Buchhandlung. 1828. *Carl Maria von Weber's Posthumous Works.* 2 vols. London: Black and Young. 1828.

THE charms of music have been sung in all ages; the rude and the civilized, the sage and savage, have all paid homage to its commanding and sympathetic power. Other arts and sciences are suited only to one people or to one age, but this is common to all; its language is understood without previous cultivation; it speaks to all nations and to all times; it is the associate of man, and expresses his feelings alike in the depression of grief, the calm serenity of contemplation, the harrowing accents of despair, or the ecstatic delights of love and happiness: it brings him more closely in connexion with universal nature, for in its origin it was less the result of the principle of imitation and adaptation, which so remarkably distinguishes man, than the effect of the same impulse which induces the light and feathered tribes to express their instinctive joy in existence by their thrilling and delighful warblings.

Whence is it, (it has been often asked, and the question has been recently repeated), that in former times such marvellous effects were attributed to this divine art, whilst men in our degenerate days are comparatively insensible to its powers? Is the difference to be accounted for by any change that has taken place in the art, or are we to suppose an alteration in the state of human feeling?

A few observations on this subject may not be without advantage, and may serve in some measure not only to explain the distinction that is to be made between ancient and modern music, but to show what is the ultimate object of this art, and, consequently, what ought to be expected from it.

The stories of Linus and Orpheus have been constantly and

triumphantly advanced as indisputable proofs of the degeneracy of modern taste and feeling, by the *laudator temporis acti*, the eulogist of former ages, who finds a strange consolation in endeavouring to persuade himself and others that the world gradually becomes weaker as it advances towards maturity. But if these fables mean any thing more than the civilizing power exercised on man by the arts and sciences,—for our readers should recollect the universal bearing which the ancients attached to the term music,—and are to be considered as unadorned instances of the power of musical sounds upon the human feelings, they clearly prove that music, *as an art*, was in its infancy. Nor could they have occurred except in a very simple form of society. The savage, whose wants are few, whose desires are the more intense in proportion as his sphere of action is more limited, expresses them more vividly than the civilized European. Unrestrained by any cultivated powers of mind, he proclaims his internal feelings by outward actions; he testifies his joy and delight by shouts and dances. The peasant or the shepherd who (like his ancestors from time immemorial) has passed his life in one sequestered spot, finds there his only associations, and his soul is wrapt in the wild or simple melodies of his native land. Our readers will easily recal to mind instances of children, whose ecstacy of joy at the sound of music realizes the most highly coloured fables of the times of old. Thus music, considered as the instinctive expression of the feelings, produces effects equally powerful as those so vauntingly advanced by the depreciators of modern art: we allude now, of course, to simple melody. But it is an essential principle of the human mind as it is at present constituted, that it remains not contented with the given reality, but seeks always to extend the sphere of its activity. Music soon felt the influence of this principle, and when man investigated the principles on which harmony depends, and sought to apply them in a particular manner to the science of sound, he left the field of nature, and entered that of art. It is therefore manifest that music should now be judged by the rules of art, which are not varying or capricious, but fixed and immutable as the laws of nature, or rather proceeding from the same source. Those who would judge of music at the present day according to the visible effect produced on the hearer, mistake its nature and object. Mere outward emotion is not the object of the arts, nor is it so difficult to be excited as is usually imagined. It is more frequently the result of constitution or habit, and therefore weakness of nerves would, on this principle, be an infallible proof of purity of taste. But it has for its object the Beautiful*, strictly so called, and should consequently be considered according to the degree in which it attains the aim which it proposes.

* We have before entered our protest against the use of the term *fine arts*; such indefinite expressions should be abolished, and some word adopted which could convey their true object,—the Beautiful.

Every work of art should be formed upon the principles of the universe, nay should even become an image of it. Now emotion is so far from satisfying this conviction, that it necessarily presupposes a violent and undue preponderance. Complete harmony cannot subsist unless the parts are so blended with the whole as to form an undivided unity. The passions and feelings in their deepest intensity are not discernible to the sense of vulgar emotion, but partake of the calmness of repose: in pourtraying the beautiful, this should always be the repose of completion, and not of exhaustion. A higher delight should be conveyed than the pain of pleasure, "or the warm weeping rain of rapture." That this aiming after repose is really the highest object of the art, and not the opinion of one school or one nation, may be proved from philosophy and history. The course of the celestial world which rolls on in one majestic, uninterrupted sphere, so beautiful and so equable, is produced by an infinity of forces each mighty in itself, yet so admirably subdued and tempered to the rest, that in the wonderful ease and apparent simplicity of the whole, we are apt to overlook the vast and infinite variety of combining causes.

The longing of the human heart after rest, the calm repose which all nations suppose to exist in the regions of the blest, the undisturbed serenity of Divinity, prove that this feeling is the highest and purest of our nature. Art, therefore, which acts not upon a servile imitation of outward objects, but attempts to give some idea of the spirit which pervades nature, should endeavour always to attain the highest.

From all this it follows that the artist, in the real meaning of the word, must not only be conversant with the technicalities of his art, he must likewise have studied carefully the principles of nature and of human nature; he should trace the feelings to their source, and whilst his mode of describing or exciting them may partake of the almost infinite variety into which individual character diverges, he should never lose sight of those primary features which alone can command the sympathy of all.

Music may excite the feelings more powerfully than the sister arts, but it cannot express them so definitely; the highest aim of the artist should be to give to these indefinite expressions a local habitation and a name. He must not remain enveloped in his art, for he would thus be embarrassed by the vicinity of personal contact, but should place every thing in the clear objective point of sight: he should stand above it, and judge not only of single parts, but combine the scope of the whole. The good artist must consequently be a good man, not misled by human passions, or in the moment of creative power seeing clearly through them, exalted by enthusiasm for what is great and beautiful, yet taking that calm and collected view which the consciousness of superior power alone bestows. It is this rare union of self-collectedness and enthusiasm, that constitutes genius in its highest, purest sense. And

this union Weber possessed in no common degree. Mild and cheerful in private life, although always disposed to seriousness, enthusiastically attached to his art, he neglected not the more comprehensive view of nature and of character that can alone exalt the composer to excellence. Without yielding up his own opinion, which was formed upon mature reflection, he endured patiently the mistakes and even misrepresentations of others, and opposed to the violence of personal attacks only the moderation of his own mind and the truth of his cause.

Who is there that has not felt the power and poetry of his music, his chaste and manly, although diversified, expressions of human feeling in all its varying gradations; the boisterous merriment of rustic mirth, the exhilarating excitement of the dance and wine, the airy gracefulness of fairy song, the pleasing melancholy and longing of devotion, the agitating palpitations of fear, and the overwhelming combination of united feeling? These form his most honourable monument, and entitle him to rank among the great masters of German music.

Among the somewhat unconnected contents of the volumes before us, is a short and not uninteresting account of Weber's life by himself, which was found among his papers after his death. As we are not aware that it has previously appeared in an English dress, we shall give our readers a condensed translation of it.

Carl Maria Von Weber was born on the 18th December, 1786, at Eutin in Holstein, and his education was carefully superintended by his father, who was a celebrated violinist.

'The retirement in which my family lived, the constant intercourse with grown-up persons of talents and culture, and the great care taken to preserve me from noisy youthful companions, early taught me to live within myself and in an ideal world, in which I sought my employment and my happiness. Painting and music principally divided my time, and I successfully cultivated several branches of the former art, yet after a time, I knew not how, music expelled her sister. My father frequently changed his place of abode; but the injury which a succession of masters produced was afterwards amply compensated by the awakening of my own power, and the necessity of drawing on my own reflection and industry.

'.... As my father observed the gradual developement of my talents, he spared no sacrifices to extend them, and took me to Salzburg to Haydn, but the serious man was at too great distance from the child, I learned little from him, and that with great labour.'—p. 7.

His first opera, *das Waldmädchen*, was performed in November, 1800, before he had completed his fourteenth year. It afterwards attained greater celebrity than Weber wished, (it was performed fourteen times at Vienna, translated into Bohemian at Prague, and acted with applause at Petersburg), for 'it was a very immature production, in some parts not altogether destitute of invention.' The second act was composed in ten days,

'one of the unfortunate consequences of those marvellous anecdotes of celebrated men, which excite a young mind to imitation.'—p. 8.

'In 1802, my father made a musical journey with me to Leipzig, Hamburgh, and Holstein, where I diligently collected and studied theoretical works. Unfortunately, a *Doctor Medicinae* destroyed all my beautiful systems with the oft-recurring question, Why is this so? and threw me in a sea of doubts, from which only the formation of a system of my own, supported upon natural and philosophical grounds, gradually delivered me, as I sought to trace the excellencies of the old masters to their fundamental causes, and to form them to one selected and complete whole.'—p. 9.

In his residence at Vienna, he became acquainted with many celebrated men, among whom was the Abbé Vogler, of whom he was always the ardent admirer, friend, and defender. By Vogler's advice, though not without considerable reluctance, instead of continuing to produce compositions of his own, he dedicated two years to the diligent study of the different works of the great masters, and, with his adviser, traced the structure, train of ideas, and means which they adopted to produce effect.

An invitation to become Director of Music at Breslau, opened to him a new field for acquiring a knowledge of effect; and although his various employments precluded him from producing much of his own, yet it gave time for the confusion arising from the attempts to master such various adaptations of principles of art to subside. He afterwards resided for some time in the house of Duke Louis of Wurtemberg, until, in 1810, he again devoted himself completely to his art.

'From 1813 to 1816, I conducted the opera in Prague, after I had completely remodelled it. Living only in my art, in the conviction that I was born only to cultivate and extend it, I relinquished the management at Prague, when I had attained my object, and every thing had been performed that could be done with the limited means of a private management.

'I then lived in the world unoccupied, quietly awaiting the sphere which fate would present to me. I received many honourable offers, but I determined to accept the invitation to establish a German opera in Dresden. And thus I entered with vigour and diligence upon the task I had undertaken; and if a stone be laid upon my grave, these words may with justice be inscribed upon it—"Here lies one who wished to act sincerely and purely towards his art and towards mankind." '—pp. 13, 14.

In this there is abundant evidence of the pure and earnest striving of his mind after improvement, although we could have wished that the tone in which he speaks of himself had been occasionally somewhat more modified. The volumes before us present us with many other instances of his earnestness to discharge his duty, and exhibit that union of inflexible uprightness, integrity, and forbearing kindness, which so eminently distinguished him.

We shall give some extracts from a letter to one of his pupils. After warning him to beware of the seductive power of the imagi-

nation, and to correct the tinge which real life receives from that intentional pursuit of the varied dreams of fancy which becomes necessary to the artist, he continues—

'But the real power of a man is displayed in proving whether he rules the spirits and lets them play freely in the circle which he has drawn round them, or whether, possessed by them, he wanders like an insane man or a faquir, the victim of idolatry.

'But unwearied industry is the magic charm that will transmute these demoniac influences to pure inspiration. How foolish is it to imagine that a diligent study of means impairs the mind. The free creative power proceeds solely from a conquest over them; only by traversing all the beaten paths, and moving freely over them, can the mind discover new ones.'—p. 29.

We find the same earnestness of feeling, the same conviction of the dignity of his art, the same self-consciousness and independence of sentiment and opinion, pourtrayed in the numerous criticisms which have been copied into these volumes from other works. These are written in the true spirit of a master more anxious to discover beauties than to detect faults, expressing himself in clear and unaffected language, not losing himself in fruitless pedantry, but viewing and examining collectedly the whole. With a mind disposed to do justice to all times and all ages, his love of the serious and earnest, and the peculiar colour of his own thoughts, would probably, under any circumstances, have induced him to prefer the depth and fulness of the German school; yet he frequently assisted the Italian opera, and, with the tolerance of true genius, was ever the first to defend it when attacked. The warm friendship that subsisted between him and many of the most celebrated men in Germany, proves the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen, not only as an artist, but as a man; and the zealous affection with which the former have cherished his memory, is honourable alike to the survived and the survivors. It may, perhaps, be admitted, that in the volumes before us, much is to be found which the partiality of friendship would alone have admitted, yet many of the pieces of poetry are not without merit, and the *Tonkunstler's Leben*, (Life of a Composer,) displays considerable humour and talent in delineation: many of the scenes are evidently worked up from incidents that occurred to himself, and we would willingly have given some extracts if the work, in its present state, had admitted it. As it is, the light which the present publication throws upon the character and the merits of a man who ended his days amongst us, and bequeathed to us the dying sounds of his lyre, will impart to it additional interest; and in communicating the contents to our readers, we have only discharged a debt of gratitude for the refined enjoyment the works of Weber have often afforded us.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick.* Edited by his friend, Henry Vernon. 8vo. pp. 326. London: Ridgway. 1828.

THERE is one respect at least in which the making of books differs from that of chairs and tables, which authors of all sorts would do well to remember. In this particular department of art, an imitation even of the best models may be too close. There may be such a thing perhaps as the abstract excellence of a jointstool, but not of a book. When we think of the latter production, it is always with some reference to the producer. An article of furniture, whether useful or ornamental, pleases or displeases us by its own qualities alone, and generally speaking, might, in respect of its origin or fabrication, have sprung ready fashioned out of the earth, or dropped from the clouds, for any thing that our tastes or affections care about the matter. Not so a book. This, except it be an almanack, or a dictionary, or a volume of Term Reports, is absolutely nothing to us unless when considered in relation to its author. Not that it is necessary that he should in every case be known to us by name, any more than it is that we should have a visiting or bowing acquaintance with him; but he must be at least among the number of the familiars of our imagination. Features and a shape of one description or another he must have in our mind's eye, before we can take any more interest in his book than we should in so many sheets of blank paper. The principal charm of all our best works in particular, is derived from this association of them with their authors. If we had no Homer and Milton to think of in reading the Iliad and Paradise Lost, how comparatively lifeless and unaffecting would be all the poetry of either!

It is on this account, we suppose, that every body feels imitation in literature to be so very unsatisfactory and insipid. It perplexes and confounds our conception of the real author of what we are perusing. The work reminds us, it may be, in every sentence, of a favourite writer, whose production, nevertheless, we know all the while it is not; and thus we are kept hopelessly and provokingly oscillating, like a pendulum, between the fact which we cannot forget, and the imagination which we cannot turn away from. It is exactly the same state of mind into which we are thrown by an exquisite piece of mimicry, with the difference that in this case the titillation is taken in the way of sport, and enjoyed accordingly. When the imitation is meant to be seriously understood, the predicament of the ass between the two bundles of hay, or of a man tossed in a blanket between heaven and earth, continually approaching and yet never reaching either, is a fit type of his feelings who is compelled to endure it.

Among other consequences of this obstinate aversion in human nature to the imitative in book-making, it happens that the performances of the unfortunate practitioners of this art, stand obviously

a very poor chance of having even common justice done to them by the world in general. The work is, in truth, of a sort which nobody cares to have any thing to do with, and is accordingly without ceremony voted a *bore* by every body. Nay, the better it is done, the worse is it likely to be treated, for it is thereby rendered only the more like to that, the resemblance it bears to which is its crime and its ruin. Better a thousand times for his credit and reception in the world, that a man should write downright nonsense, than that he should write the soundest sense that may be, just as another would have written it.

There is possibly a sort of instinctive and unconscious justice, after all, in this universal hostility of mankind to the species of composition we are considering. A writer's manner of thinking and expressing himself is his own property, and ought no more to be pilfered from him or encroached upon by another, than the estate of the landholder, or the invention which its discoverer has secured by a patent. Doubtless it is difficult, and indeed hardly possible, for a man to preserve himself in the age to which the world has now arrived, altogether unaffected by the productions of predecessors or contemporaries. The greatest minds and happiest natures are in some respects of all others the most liable to be fascinated and impressed by what they see elsewhere of the excellent and the splendid—and in so far to become the veriest slaves and bondsmen of imitation. But such are never imitators merely. Original are so intermixed in their works with borrowed beauties, that even the borrowed too seem to be original. Or rather to them the worshipped model has been in reality not so much a copy, as a fountain of inspiration; not a thing of brightness of which, looking to it from a distance, they laboured to achieve a cold phosphoric representation, but a central sun, whither they 'repaired, and in their golden urns drew light.' A thorough and genuine imitator, on the contrary, plays much the same part, in our estimation, with the echo from the walls of a room where we have met to hear a great debate, which seems to have nothing more to do than to annoy and disturb both the speakers and the audience.

In another respect, too, it appears to us, even the best mere imitation resembles an echo, as compared with the imitated original. There is always about it a something of incurable imperfection which betrays the counterfeit—a want, if we may so express ourselves, of that firmness and polish of touch which, in every art, the inventor of a style generally gives to his productions. Whether it is that the imitator, not having the same inducement, does not take the requisite pains here, or is, by virtue of his subordinacy as an imitator, incapacitated for rivalling his prototype in this particular part of the operation, or that one man cannot so entirely convert himself into the copy of another, as that some unalterable difference shall not remain to distinguish the two, we know not; but certain it is that a competently tutored taste will, we may say in

almost all cases, very quickly and certainly detect the work of the imitator, by its inferiority in the respect to which we have alluded. It seems to be that it is only that which is thoroughly natural that admits of exquisite and perfect finish. The artificial is hammered out by a process of too much elaboration, and under a feeling of too much constraint, to come forth from the work-shop other than bearing some tokens of its ruder and more anxious fabrication.

The volume before us affords not a bad exemplification of the truth of these observations. It is written in evident and almost avowed imitation of Mr. Washington Irving; and we shall bestow upon it as much praise as, in these circumstances, the author has any right to expect, when we say that it is throughout a very fair, and, in some passages, a highly successful copy of Mr. Irving's style and manner. It is deficient certainly in that ease and gracefulness which belongs to Mr. Irving's compositions; and this is to be accounted for both from the fact to which we have already adverted, of the unattainable nature of such qualities, in any very perfect degree, by a mere imitator, and from certain radical differences which, obviously enough in the present case, distinguish the mind of our author from that of his model. The writer of the 'Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick,' is a man of coarser—some, perhaps, would say, of more healthy and vigorous tastes, than the celebrated American essayist, as is manifest from the whole tenor of his volume. The sensibilities of the one are neither so timid and shrinking as those of the other; nor is his wit so refined, or his humour so gentle and airy. He lays on his colours in general with a more lavish and dashing hand, and gives in every way more warmth and less delicacy to his delineations. In other respects, it is but fair to admit that he has copied a good deal of what is best in Mr. Irving, with much tact and felicity. There is in both the same subdued and meditative tenderness; the same imaginative partiality for by-gone times, and the remnants of old and fading manners; the same sympathy with eccentricity of character, and power of exhibiting its grotesqueness in a full and favourable light. Both conceive rather readily and vividly, than either extensively or profoundly, and express themselves with too trim and punctilious a carefulness to write very naturally or powerfully. There is more, finally, to please us in the manner than in the matter of each; and if we are generally pleased with both, we are rarely excited to any deeper emotion by either.

But near as the merits of the one author may thus be thought to approximate to those of the other, their claims upon the admiration of the public both deserve, and are certain to meet with very different measures of attention. An imitator, to rival his original in desert, must, in fact, greatly surpass him in essential excellence. Only to come near to him, is utterly to fail. And such, we apprehend, will be the verdict passed upon the present writer—in spite,

even, of not a few passages in his work which may be thought to merit a better fate.

The 'Remains of Wilmot Warwick' are rather clumsily introduced by a preliminary paper, which represents the author as leaving them on his death-bed in charge of the friend who professes to be their editor, after a life, the story of which is neither more probable nor more interesting than such prologues usually are. Warwick and Vernon had set out in the world as fellow-runaways from a public school, but this was nearly the only part of their sublunary career which they performed in company. The father of the former dying insolvent, and that of the latter leaving his son a handsome patrimony, the more fortunate youth passed through life in the enjoyment of the ease and independence to which he had been born; while the other, after a short experience of its buffetings, in the office of an attorney, falls in love, gets jilted, shoots his rival in a duel, and eventually takes to the occupation of an itinerant ballad-singer, in which condition he is at last discovered by his old school-fellow, but only in time to permit them to recognize each other before he expires. From this rencontre, however, as we have stated, the present volume takes its origin, the collection of sketches of which it consists being the contents of a packet, 'which occupied,' says our autobiographer, 'many a spare hour during the last two years of my apprenticeship.'

These sketches are of various degrees of merit, and exemplify also a good many different modes of composition. The 'Old Gentleman' who is introduced in the first, and occasionally re-appears throughout the remainder of the series, is, as well as the antiquated spinster with whom he is contrasted, a vigorously, though perhaps somewhat coarsely drawn character. It is in the delineation of peculiarities of human character, indeed, that the author, we think, is most successful. We do not much admire either his sketches of manners or his mere tales. 'The Haunted Mill,' 'The Dead Arm,' 'The Wig,' 'St. Valentine's Day,' &c., have one and all of them hardly any higher pretensions than the ghost stories and pictures of society of which our magazines were wont to be made up some thirty or forty years ago. Of the remaining papers, one of the very best is that entitled 'Henry Halworth,' of which we shall now proceed, therefore, to lay a few extracts before our readers. It commences in the following fashion:—

'"I'LL be a bachelor for the remainder of my life," said Harry, as he sat at his wine one afternoon: "yes, as Benedick says, *I will die a bachelor.*"

'"And I," said his sister Kate, "(to use the language of Beatrice) *am of your humour for that*—I will die a maid."

'"Well," said the mother, "(to quote from the same author)—*as time shall try: in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*"

'The old lady, however, disapproving all rash resolutions, hoped in time to see them both well mated. "As your vows," said she, "were put up in the *language* of Benedick and Beatrice, I trust they were also formed in the same *spirit;* that like Benedick and Beatrice, you may be hereafter justified in breaking them."

'Harry is a fine open-hearted fellow, with the frame of a Hercules, and the spirit of an eagle. Though brought up chiefly amid scenes of rural activity, and accustomed from his youth to the hazards of the chase, his education has been by no means neglected, and he is equally an adept in solving the difficulties of Euclid, and mastering the fury of a young horse. He does not exactly possess that capability for small talk which renders a man agreeable as a drawing-room companion; but his society is still extremely enviable, and his friendship such as every one must be proud to possess. His chief employment now consists in farming an estate left him by his father; this, and the sports of the field, form his out-door occupations; otherwise, he is a domestic character, fond of his family, his books, and his fireside.

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'"He has likewise a special contempt for pretty fellows" (as they are termed,) and their petty gallantries; "being," as he used to say, "fully assured, that universal benevolence is inconsistent with matters of heart between the unmarried of the sexes,—that such affection, if not concentrated, is nothing worth; and that he who is attentive to all women cares for *none*." He had no objection to the conversation of a sensible woman, and would be always happy to take a ramble with any lady who might feel inclined to honour him with her company; "but," said he, "if ever you see me 'bandying compliments' with a giggling girl, who expects me to feed her vanity with flattery, and to pocket her pert repartees with patience—'write me down an ass.'"'—pp. 237—240.

A not uncommon revolution of sentiment, however, upon the subject of the sex, is at last brought about in the mind of our hero by an event, the commencement and conclusion of which are thus pleasantly narrated:—

'His mother and sister would occasionally joke him about some pretty girl or other; but he always denied the charge, and at one time was even rash enough to defy the little god in all his power. He said that he had stood the test of beauty and of time—for he was now thirty years old—and intended for the future to pay his court to the married women, and not "meddle with the young girls" till an additional twenty years should authorise the freedom.

'Vain was the determination!

'It certainly was a most extraordinary circumstance, that, of all the women in the neighbourhood, he should fix upon the only one who might be said to realise his opinion of female demerit: yet such was Miss Amelia Musgrave—the prettiest girl in the place, and the vainest. No sooner had she attracted attention by her beauty, than it was superseded by disgust for her affectation; and Harry Halworth—as if to prove the impotence of the stoutest heart that ever boasted invulnerability—became enamoured of her!

'The first symptom of my hero's apostacy appeared in his dress, which

was completed with more nicety than usual: the jockey coat was exchanged for one of a London cut; and the spotted neckerchief was superseded by a cravat of the whitest muslin. Reports had already found their way to the principal tea-tables in the neighbourhood, and became still more general on his having, upon one occasion, escorted the lady through the high street. This circumstance, in short, was deemed conclusive. Successively related at each house, it gained an accession at every transfer, till it reached the parsonage at the end of the town, when suppositions were argumented into certainties, and appearances established as facts. The clergyman's wife issued a second edition, improved by her own *addenda;* and it was soon almost universally understood, that if Mr. Halworth and Miss Musgrave had not been already united in some other parish, the ceremony would be immediately performed in their own.

'When all this came to Harry's ears, he had but one reply to make: he honestly confessed that he liked Miss Musgrave, and was only sorry that the report was so great an exaggeration.

'"However," said he, "'tis a pity all this talk should be about nothing; so I'll e'en give them cause for a little more tattle, and make the young lady a regular offer."

'He did so—and was refused. Neither was he rejected in the civilest way possible; and he subsequently heard that she had deemed his offer "bold" and "presumptuous."

'"Why, d—n it," said Harry, "I don't exactly see how I can have offended her, either; egad, I think I have paid her a very high compliment. Have I not broken my vow of celibacy on her account? Have I not offered her the dominion of my house? the possession of my ewes and lambs?—I'll be a bachelor," said he, "for the remainder of my life."'—pp. 242—245.

A short time after this affair, a detachment of infantry is stationed in the town, among whose officers was a Captain Sullivain, a mere St. James's Street soldier, and a lady's man in the most exquisite sense of that phrase. As Harry is one day waiting the arrival of his sister by the coach, he hears this personage, at that time a perfect stranger to him, addressing her, at the window of the vehicle, in a strain of impertinent familiarity.

'His blood rushed up in a moment! he held back a while to be fully assured of the fellow's purpose, and heard Miss Halworth desire him "to go about his business."

'"But, my love," said he, "my business is with *you*."

'"First of all, Sir," said Harry, turning the dashing captain from the door of the coach by his collar—"first of all, Sir, you'll settle matters with *me*. I am a fitter person for your insult than that lady, for I can resent it."

'"D—n it," said the warrior, "here's a fa-e-llow! And pray, Sir, who the devil are you?"

'"One, who may prove a very devil, indeed, if you don't instantly take yourself off. Come, Sir, march! or I'll so soil your finery in that gutter, that your comrades won't know you again."

'"I am a soldier—and—"

'"So, I suppose, by your livery," said Harry, "though, from your manners, I very much question your right to the title."

'"You are an impertinent scoundrel, I think," said the man-o'-war; "and, I trust, you do not imagine that I shall put up with your insolence."'

'"You'd *better*," said Harry; "it will be more easy to put up with than my resentment."

'"Your resentment!" exclaimed the other, fumbling for his card case.

'"Come, Sir," added Halworth, coolly, "take yourself off, while your epaulettes are on your shoulders. A little reflection will, I am sure, convince you that you have done nothing worthy of a soldier by insulting a woman."

'"It is not my way," said the son of Mars, "to argue the matter in the open streets. Here is my card—you will be kind enough to favour me with your's."

'"I don't carry cards," said Harry, laughing; "but if you wish to know my name and place of abode, I'll tell you: my name is Henry Halworth, of Halworth Hall, close by."

'"I shall remember, Sir—here is *my* card; and you may shortly expect to hear from me."

'Halworth took the card from him, and instantly tearing it in pieces, threw the fragments into the kennel. "We differ," said he, "in our mode of settling disputes."

'"Then," replied the captain, "I have but one alternative."

'"I guess at your intention," said Harry: "you mean to post my name up as that of a coward. Now, hark you, Sir. It is not in your power to hurt my reputation, either as a man of honour or courage. I neither choose to subject myself to the fallacies of military custom, nor do I think that by doing so, I should give any proof of bravery. My life, Sir, is valuable to others, and certainly of too much worth to be staked against your own. If I have done you wrong, seek legal redress. For my own part, I should as much object to trouble myself with a prosecution, as I now scorn to take advantage of that physical force which would enable me to shake the very soul out of you! But you know that the weakness of your cause is equal to your personal imbecility."

'"Sir," said the other, interrupting him, "we shall meet again—or, at least—"

'Halworth's patience was now exhausted. He seized Sullivain by the collar, and thus concluded the conference.

'"Know, then, Sir—the lady whom you have insulted is my sister! she and her mother look up to me as to their only protector. You shall not rob them of that protector, depend upon it. Any communication from you will be treated with contempt; and, if you cast the slightest imputation upon my courage, by G—d, Sir, I'll break every bone in your skin!"'—pp. 247—250.

The characters here are at least spiritedly and forcibly drawn, if not with any remarkable fineness of touch. The author, in order to afford us the most favourable display of his powers, generally requires what we should call a few strong points of character to

deal with, and these he brings out with very considerable skill in all their breadth and prominence. Several of his other sketches are nearly as good as the one from which we have taken our extracts. We would particularly mention 'The Poachers,' and that entitled 'The Painter's Account of Himself,' as very graphically told.

ART. VIII—*Conversations on Geology; comprising a Familiar Explanation of the Huttonian and Wernerian Systems; the Mosaic Geology, as explained by Mr. Granville Penn; and the late Discoveries of Professor Buckland, Humboldt, Dr. Macculloch and others.* 12mo. pp. 371. London: Maunder. 1828.

THE science of Geology is comparatively too new and imperfect as yet, to be reduced to that popular conversational form, which has contributed so much to diffuse among our rising generations a knowledge of botany and of chemistry. Indeed, the name of science should not have been conceded to a pursuit, which is still far from being fixed upon any steady principles, or even upon any consistent theory. The minds of the various men who have given their attention to this subject, appear to have almost all arrived at different conclusions respecting it. Hardly any two of them agree in a sufficient number of inferences, to afford a fair foundation even for a plausible system. Researches have been enthusiastically pursued upon the Alps and the Pyrennees, upon the Appenine and the Andes; their vallies and caverns have been explored; the channels of rivers, the bed of the sea, the undulations of the desert, have been resorted to, in order to collect data for geological dissertations, but the results still continue to be unsatisfactory. Every new adventurer still returns with some fanciful notions of his own, which are strong enough in his opinion to overturn every thing that was imagined before his time. Having erected in his mind some darling scheme, he is much more anxious to make whatever facts he may have collected, conformable to his project, than to detail them with philosophical accuracy and candour. Had those persons who have made geology their study, contented themselves, like Saussure and De Luc, with examining into the structure of the globe, and with simply reporting their observations upon it, without attempting to account for their discoveries, the scientific world would at this moment be much better enabled to compare and classify them, and if not to mould them into one system, at least to reduce them to order. But as matters stand, most of the facts hitherto ascertained, appear to be in a state of anarchy.

The different strata which compose the surface of our planet, are, perhaps, better understood now than they were a century ago. But if we attempt to go one step farther, and ask how they happened to be arranged in their present positions, we are at once

thrown back to the ignorance of the dark ages, and are bewildered amid a world of conjectures. One geologist assures us, that every thing that we see on the face of the earth, was thrown up from its capacious and mysterious womb by the potency of fire. Another tells us, that the sea is the universal agent; that beneath its plastic power every rock was made, and those huge mountains which astonish us were lifted to the skies. A third proclaims that all these notions are mere absurdities; that the only true theory of the earth is to be found in the Bible, that it is useless for us to go beyond that supreme authority in our researches, and that all things which we behold appertaining to the structure of our globe, were fashioned by the hand of the CREATOR. Whenever a difficulty occurs, it is met by referring to His unquestioned power. Do we inquire why a flint is imbedded in a piece of chalk, we are desired to believe that it was the immediate work of the Deity!

Far be it from us to encourage the introduction of arguments or suggestions into this or any other scientific pursuit, which would tend improperly to lead the mind away from the Great First cause, the Fountain of all existence, to whom are finally to be referred all things around, beneath, and above us, in this boundless and wonderful universe, of which our planet forms a part. But when we turn our eyes downward on this earth, and then upward to the sun, and to the countless worlds by which he is surrounded, we must feel persuaded that the Divine Author of the creation acts, and has always acted upon general laws, calculated to produce the effects which are so consonant to His final purposes. We cannot imagine the Deity interposing by his immediate power to mould every pebble that is washed on the shore of so inferior a planet as ours; and although we do not affect to understand the phrase that "the Creator has impressed his laws" upon matter, we may, nevertheless, feel that His laws are in constant operation, and that there are multitudes of intermediate causes between those laws and the results which ultimately they produce.

The scriptures were intended to teach us geology no more than they were meant to instruct us in astronomy. We are not bound to believe that the sun stood still because we find it so stated in the Book of Joshua. It seems to us perfectly consistent with all the reverence that is due to whatever we find related in the Old Testament, concerning the creation of the earth, and its destruction by a general deluge, to push our inquiries into the structure and history of the globe, as far as our feeble faculties, and the dim lights which we possess, can enable us to do. It depends altogether upon the spirit that directs us, whether we make a good or an evil use of the information which we may obtain. But taking it for granted that there can be only one Final Cause for all things, to whom the creation, the disposition, and the surprising harmony of the universe are to be ascribed, we see no reason for fixing any limits to geological researches, which would not be equally applicable to geometry, or indeed to any other science.

Few subjects of investigation can be much more interesting to us than those connected with the composition and vicissitudes of the planet on which it is our lot to exist. Compared with the innumerable globes which roll in their various orbits around our sun, or suns of their own, this earth is, indeed, but a speck,—a mere ruin as it were on the shore of the universe. But to us who are cast upon its rocks, it is still a source of laudable and useful curiosity to explore the various inequalities by which it is marked, the soils of which it consists, the changes to which it has been subjected, and which from year to year it still appears to undergo. Before chemistry and mineralogy were brought to their present degree of perfection, geology was little more than a field for the wildest conjectures. Some hints have been afforded by both the sciences first mentioned, which have explained some things hitherto obscure, and opened a field to new classifications that were before unthought of. Nevertheless, a great deal still remains to be done in this sphere of inquiry, before it can be said to assume any thing like an intelligible and satisfactory form.

The conversations before us are calculated to do much good, because, however imperfect the state in which geology may be, they divest it of much of its repulsive technicality, and serve at least to place the young student in possession of the principal theories which are now floating in the scientific world. They laugh slily enough at the fancies of Burnet, who conceived that before 'the deluge of Noah, the earth consisted of a light crust or shell, of uniform thickness, with the waters of the sea under it; that there were no mountains, no valleys, but one smooth, unvarying surface over the whole earth; and that this crust, being broken up at the deluge, formed the rocks and mountains as they at present exist!' Woodward was scarcely less imaginative, and certainly not less absurd, when he asserted, upon his own authority, that 'the deluge was caused by all the solid parts of the earth dissolving, and forming a paste, among which the sea-shells were mingled by the agitation which then took place.' But how were the rocks dissolved? Their powers of cohesion were suspended! How suspended? To this question Master Woodward gives no answer. But ridiculous as were these theories of grave philosophers, they were wisdom itself compared with the theories of Whiston, who supposed that the deluge was caused by the tail of a comet; whereas we know that if a comet does any thing at all for us, it brings us fine weather; or of Descartes and Leibnitz, who maintained that our globe was an old sun, that had burnt out like the snuff of a candle; or of the great naturalist, Buffon, who held, that a comet passing too near the sun, lopped off a little corner of it, which said corner being melted by heat, formed the sphere of our earth, and is now, or at least was in his time, undergoing the process of cooling! What extravagant dreams!

But extravagant though they be, we might mention fantasies

much more whimsical even than these. As, for instance, that of De Marschall, who imagined that all the rocks and mountains are so many meteors which have fallen from the sky! To this we might add the theory of Demaillet, who says that the rocks were all made by shell-fish, and that all animals, man included, inhabited the sea, while the shell-fish were engaged in the construction of mountains high enough for our present land animals to stand upon! And last, though by no means least, in this catalogue of visions, let us not forget the happy thought of Kepler, who described the earth as being actually alive, with the waters for blood, and the rocks for bones!

These personages, however, and a great many of their disciples, we may leave to that oblivious repose which they have for some time enjoyed, and apply ourselves to the modern theories, among which that of Dr. Hutton, formerly Mathematical Professor at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, stands pre-eminent. He is what is called a Vulcanist, that is, he ascribes every thing to the immediate agency of fire. He sets out with imagining that before our globe was fashioned as we now find it, a great number of other globes must have formerly existed; that having been acted upon by the moist atmosphere, by rains, frosts, thaws, and tempests, those globes crumbled gradually away, and were carried by rivers, in the form of sand, clay, and gravel, to the sea, at the bottom of which they arranged themselves in beds, differing in thickness according to the circumstances by which they might be affected. Being thus disposed in beds, the Doctor next imagines that a great central fire exists in the interior of the earth, which found its way to the said beds, and fused them into rocks. The newly-formed rocks were next elevated above the sea by the expansion of the central fire, and thus assumed the character of continents, diversified by hill and valley, which in their turn are destined to be again crumbled into sand, and to be returned to the bottom of the sea, where they are to undergo a repetition of the process just described; and thus matters are to go on to the end of time. Dr. Hutton does not pretend to inform us what seas are particularly favourable to this vast chemical manufacture of continents and mountains. Nor does he at all explain how the sea-beds are operated upon by his central fire, without the interference of the element beneath which all this fusion is constantly going on. As to the cause of the expansive power of the fire ceasing as soon as its products are lifted to the pure atmosphere; or as to the sources whence his central fire is fed, the Doctor is discreetly silent. Professor Playfair, in his eloquent vindication of this system, compares the central fire to that of the sun, and maintains, that as the latter cannot be accounted for upon any principle with which we are acquainted, no questions should be asked about the former. If this reasoning be admissible, we are at liberty to imagine that the interior of the globe is inhabited, because the sun is said to be in a similar condition.

If, as Dr. Hutton insists, the rivers are constantly adding gravel, sand, and clay, to the bottom of the sea, sufficient to form new continents, how happens it that the waters of the sea are not continually rising and inundating the land already constructed? Some islands and cities, we know, have been overwhelmed in the ocean, but the instances are not at all sufficiently numerous to meet the question. Again, how were those globes manufactured, the ruin of which was necessary before our earth was composed? But in fact the objections to this theory are endless.

The next geological man of note is Werner. We shall give a description of his theory from the little work before us:—

'According to Werner, all the substances which now constitute rocks, mountains, and soil, on the earth's surface, were originally existing in a state of solution in the waters of the great chaos, which he supposes, at the beginning, to have surrounded the globe to a vast depth. The substances or materials of rocks, thus swimming in the primitive ocean, he conceives to have gradually fallen to the bottom, sometimes by chemical, sometimes by mechanical means, and sometimes by both together; and in this manner he thinks all the rocks have been formed which we now find, on digging into the earth. The inequalities of mountains and valleys on the surface of the earth, which were thus produced as soon as the waters began to subside (and this subsidence is an important point in the system), gradually rose out of the primitive sea, forming the first dry land. The rocks which were in this manner first formed, Werner calls the *Original*, or *Primitive Formation;* they consist of granite, gneiss, different species of slate, marble, and trap.

'The formation of these rocks, however, did not, it seems, exhaust the materials floating in the waters, for the deposition went on, and a class of rocks were formed, consisting of gray wacké, limestone, and trap, which rested on the primitive, and are called by Werner the *Intermediate* or *Transition Rocks;* because, on their appearance above the water, the earth, he conceives, *passed* into a habitable state. After the formation of these primitive and transition rocks, Werner alleges that the waters suddenly rose over them to a great height, covering them in many places, as it again subsided, with a new formation of rocks, consisting of sandstone, conglomerates, limestone, gypsum, chalk, and rock salt, which he called *Level* or *Floetz Rocks.* Since that period, the wearing-down of the rocks, by the action of the weather and other causes, and the washing away of the worn materials by rains and streams of water, have formed soil, gravel, sand, peat, and the various other beds which are called *Alluvial.*'—pp. 58—60.

The Wernerians do not pretend to account for the existence of their great chaotic ocean; in this respect they claim the same freedom of hypothesis as Dr. Hutton insists upon for his original globes. They argue, however, in this way. In every part of the earth great masses of rocks are met with, the origin and formation of which can only be explained by supposing them to have been deposited from a solution of their materials in water. But it is chemically impossible that so extensive a solution could have existed

without a vast quantity of water; therefore the chaotic ocean must have existed. Conceding this conclusion to be true, we may ask, what became of this chaotic ocean? Whither has it retired? To a great central abyss, say the Wernerians, or hollow in the centre of the earth, formed by impenetrable walls of granite! But how were these walls formed? Supposing them, however, to exist, how could the ocean, which first contained the whole earth, be subsequently contained within it? Others say, that the earth was sent to afford a retreat to the waters of this sea, when they were no longer necessary; and others again maintain that the waters in question were decomposed, and that its component parts were disposed of in the atmosphere. A conjecture more simple and more satisfactory than any of those just mentioned is this, that a sufficient number of Leviathans rose to the surface of this superfluous ocean, and drank it all up. This is a strong conjecture we grant, but not more untenable than any that we have enumerated.

There are chemical objections to Werner's hypothesis, of an ocean holding so many substances in a state of solution, which leave it, in our apprehension, without even the appearance of plausibility. Besides, he seems to have imagined that all the rocks in the world were like those of Saxony, which is as much as saying that all the porcelain in the world is like that of Dresden.

But although we may be dissatisfied with the theories which make a great central fire, or a chaotic ocean the universal agent, we cannot deny that the deep produces rocks, and those, too, of the most solid description; nor yet that, as the volcanic islands prove, there are powerful subterraneous fires constantly in operation. But both of these phenomena stand well authenticated by the reports of different voyagers. The former are the work of the coral animalculæ—minute and delicate creatures, which seem to have the power of encasing themselves in a hard crust, for the purpose of protection. They are described as more like a snail, or a shell-fish, than an insect. Colonies of them abound in the seas between New Holland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea, where they have erected large coral reefs. Indeed, one coral barrier is said to run three hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, opening into the sea. This reef is connected with others, so as altogether to make an extent of nearly one thousand miles in length, and from twenty to fifty miles in breadth. The process by which the coral is made seems to resemble that by which the snail forms its shell. The sea water always contains lime; the coral snail produces by its breathing carbonic acid gas, which, uniting with the lime, forms the basis of the coral rocks; and this being cemented and strengthened by the slime of the animal, becomes that durable substance which the sailor often fears to meet amid the waves, and which we often see dangling from a lady's ear.

The intelligence with which the coral snails combine their operations, is as wonderful a chapter in natural history, as that which

describes the economy of the bees. The mere creation of the coral rocks seems to be little more than the result of a chemical process; but the manner in which they assist each other, in order to produce a firm compact wall, from the bottom to the surface of the sea, is surprising. But it is still more so to observe that these reefs are generally constructed in the form of a crescent, or of a circle, with the convex side to the waves, as if the little masons were perfectly apprised of all the qualities of the arch in resisting the force of the waves. If the barrier consist only of a segment of a circle, the strength of the arch is always sure to be nicely placed in that quarter from which the storm most frequently blows. The description given by Captain Flinders, of the operations of the coral snails, is singularly interesting.

'"It seems to me, that, when the coral animalcules cease to live, their structures adhere to each other, by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some propensity in the salt water; and, the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed up by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising banks, and die in their turns, to increase, but principally to elevate, this monument of their wonderful labours.

'"The care taken to work perpendicularly in the early stages, would mark a surprising instinct in these diminutive creatures. Their wall of coral, for the most part built in situations where the winds are constant, being arrived at the surface, affords a shelter, to leeward of which their infant colonies may be safely sent forth; and to this, their instinctive foresight, it seems to be owing, that the windward side of a coral reef, exposed to the open sea, is generally, if not always, the highest part, rising almost perpendicularly, sometimes from the depth of two hundred, and perhaps many more, fathoms.

'"To be constantly covered with water seems necessary to the existence of the animalcules, for they do not work, except in holes upon the reef, beyond low-water mark: but the coral sand, and other broken remnants thrown up by the sea, adhere to the rock, and form a solid mass with it, as high as the common tide reaches. That elevation surpassed, the future ones, being scarcely covered, lose their adhesive property, and, remaining in a loose state, form what is usually called a *key*, upon the top of the reef.

'"The new bank is not long in being visited by sea-birds; salt plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocoa-nut, or the berry of a pandanus, is thrown on shore; land birds visit it, and deposit the seeds of plants, shrubs, and trees; every high tide, and still more every gale, adds something to the bank; the form of an island is gradually assumed; and, last of all, comes man to take possession.

'"Half-way Island is well advanced in the above progressive state; having been many years, probably some ages, above the reach of the highest spring tides, or the wash of the surf in the heaviest gales. I distinguished, however, in the rock which forms its basis, the sand, coral, and shells formerly thrown up, in a more or less perfect state of cohesion. Small pieces of wood, pumice-stone, and other extraneous bodies, which

chance had mixed with the calcareous substances when the cohesion began, were inclosed in the rock."'—pp. 153—155.

This island will probably be fit for habitation before the end of the present century. Captain Cooke says that the coral reefs are most probably "the origin of all the tropical low isles over the whole South Sea." Here, therefore, is a natural cause producing rocks and islands from the deep, though not exactly in the way that Werner and his disciples would be most happy to discover.

On the other hand, Dr. Hutton's theory of the agency of a central fire is partially countenanced by the fact, that islands have been occasionally thrown up to the surface of the sea by volcanos. The instances, however, of these eruptions are too few to establish a general conclusion in favour of his hypothesis. The island of Teneriffe is supposed to have been produced by an eruption of this kind. According to Mr. Barrow, eighteen small islands appeared above the surface of the sea, near the Azores, at the termination of a great earthquake, but they gradually sunk again, and vanished from the view. Professor Pallas gives us a curious account of an island that appeared in 1790, in the sea of Azoph, after loud thunder and subterraneous noises.

'"Then," he says, "after an explosion like that of a cannon, an island, about the size of a large antient tumulus, rose from out of the sea, which in that part was from twenty-five to thirty feet deep. The island was about six hundred feet in circumference, appeared to raise itself, to break into chasms, and to throw out mud and stones, till smoke and flame at length broke forth; the perpendicular height of the island was about twelve feet. There was an amazing swell of the sea during the whole process, which lasted two hours; and, in the course of the day, two earthquakes were felt at the distance of fifty leagues. The final dimensions of the island were four hundred and thirty feet in length, two hundred and eighty-eight in breadth, and seven in height; but the following year the island disappeared."'—pp. 158, 159.

So, also, an island which in 1811 rose from the bottom of the sea, in view of his Majesty's ship Sabrina, and called by that name, was engulphed again in a few months after; whence it would appear that these volcanic islands are very unstable in their duration. Teneriffe, however, is an example to the contrary; as is also the island of Erini, in the bay of that name, about twenty-eight leagues to the north of Crete. Several other similar occurrences might be mentioned. Volcanos have also produced mountains on land, in some few instances, and not more than three or four years ago, we all remember that the shore of the Pacific, to the north of Valparaiso, was raised two or three feet by an earthquake—an alteration which it still retains. But Dr. Hutton's theory applies only to rocks and mountains raised from the sea, and we rather fear that, however ingenious may be his speculations, he can hardly muster a sufficient number of facts to support them.

It is time for us now to proceed to Mr. Granville Penn's geolo-

gical theory, the third and last which is analyzed in these Conversations. He is the least imaginative of all the rest, as he founds his speculations on the Mosaic history of the world, and he very laudably sets out with overturning the copious hypotheses of his Neptunic and Vulcanic predecessors. He insists that the whole globe is created in the same way as plants and animals. There is certainly great force in the argument borrowed from Newton, that 'the three great classes of animals, vegetables, and minerals, have a community of system, the earth being fitted to support the two first, and they again being necessarily dependent on the earth. They are, therefore, constituent parts of the whole, and the *first* formations of each must accordingly be referred to the same *cause* and to the same *mode*.' Whence it would follow, that 'if we can prove one of these to have been created immediately by God, the others, also, have been formed in the same way.' But nobody denies that animals and plants were both created; therefore the earth was created.

Mr. Penn proceeds to argue that rocks and the different strata of the earth were created and arranged from the very beginning of the world. He shows satisfactorily enough, that there is no good reason for arriving at a conclusion the reverse of this proposition; but in point of argument his affirmative is vaguely made out. He next infers from the sacred record, that the rocks, at their first formation, were wholly covered with the sea, and he thus accounts for the convulsions which have recently taken place in many parts of the globe. He says—

'that though the earth was created on the first day, it was "invisible and unfurnished," not "without form and void," as our translation has it; and the sea continued to cover the rocks till the third day, when God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear," and it was so. From this he very plausible infers, that to provide a basin for the waters, in order to collect them into one place, a violent disruption and deepening of the solid crust of the earth must have taken place, and its solid framework burst, fractured, and subverted in all those parts where depression was required to produce the deep bed of the ocean. As this first revolution of the earth happened before the creation of plants and animals, it explains the circumstance of none of their remains being now found in the rocks called primitive.'—pp. 307, 308.

In confirmation of this account, he cites a beautiful passage in the 104th Psalm:—"Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be moved? Thou coverest it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys, into *the place* which thou hast formed for them. Thou didst set a *bound* that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth."

So much for the separation of the water from the dry land. After this stupendous change took place, Mr. Penn contends that plants and animals were created, and then came the second Terrestrial revolution, caused by Noah's deluge. We shall here select a page or two of the 'Conversations,' as a specimen of the manner in which they are executed. The dramatis personæ are a Mrs. R. and her son and daughter.

'*Edward.*—I am completely satisfied with this explanation; but there are many points of Geology which we formerly considered, which it will not account for: the existence, for instance, of conglomerate rocks, evidently formed from others, and the remarkable facts which you told us of large trees, inclosed in sandstone quarries, converted into coal.

'*Mrs. R.*—All these, and similar appearances, Mr. Penn explains by the second grand revolution,—the Deluge of Noah, and the circumstances which preceded it, from the creation onwards. It is important to recollect, that the period from the creation to the deluge was more than sixteen hundred and fifty years, and during that time, it is obvious that immense beds of shells would be formed in the sea, and not only so, but very probably would afterwards be covered with beds of sand, clay, or mud, and cemented together by the glutinous matter of the animals themselves. Similar circumstances would also tend to cover, with extensive deposits, the moss-beds of sea-weed, coral, sponges, and other marine productions then existing. It is, also, to be remarked, that the constant tides and storms of the sea, as we formerly noticed, would tend to wear down the rock exposed to their warfare, and thence would form immense beds of sand, gravel, and clay, all of which would of course, exist in the bed of the ocean at the time of the deluge.

'*Edward.*—This appears, however, to be little more than a version of Dr. Hutton's system.

'*Mrs. R.*—The account of the Deluge you will find to be very different from any system; for Mr. Penn is no less original than simple.

'*Edward.*—I scarcely conceive how he can say thing new upon that subject, if he adhere to the history.

'*Mrs. R.*—You shall judge better of that when you hear his account. All the recent Geologists agree, that the immense beds of sand, clay, and gravel, now covering the earth's surface, have been formed in the bosom of a tranquil water, and have been exposed by its retreat or removal. Now, Mr. Penn finds it recorded by Moses, that the former earth was altogether destroyed, and a new earth raised from the bottom of the former sea. The record states, that, in consequence of the wickedness of man being great, God resolved to destroy "man and beast,"—"all flesh, together with *the earth*," excepting only Noah and his family and a select number of animals.

'*Edward.*—I never remarked the words, "*together with the earth.*" before, though they seem to be so important.

'*Mrs. R.*—All previous Geologists have overlooked them in the same culpable manner; but St. Peter was well aware of the force of the passage when he says expressly, "the world which then was, perished, being overflowed with water;" and Job also says, the earth's foundations "were destroyed by a flood of water;" and, in another place, "he sendeth forth

his waters and they destroy the earth." What is no less conclusive, is the promise given after the Deluge,—"Neither shall there be any more a flood to destroy the earth."

'*Edward.*—He infers, therefore, I suppose, from all this, that a second earth was produced at the Deluge, after the first was destroyed.

'*Mrs. R.*—Yes: and that it was upon the mountains of the new earth that the ark rested. It will also follow, that if the first earth was formed (as we have seen it was) by the breaking up of the first created rocks, in order to form a basin for the retreat of the waters, it is highly probable that the second earth, on which we now live, was formed in the same manner, by elevating the basin of the first sea, or by depressing and breaking up the crust of the first land. The earth, therefore, which we now inhabit, constituted the bed of the ocean for sixteen hundred and fifty years, and was also washed by the waters of the Deluge for nearly one year. These two circumstances will account well for the immense beds of marine shells found both in the soil and in rocks, in all parts of the world hitherto explored,—a circumstance which has induced geologists, of the most opposite opinions on other points, to agree unanimously that the present land was formerly covered by the sea.

'*Edward.*—This, indeed, will solve my problem about the existence of shells in the rocks; but I understood you to say before, that the Wernerians refer many phenomena to the Deluge.

'*Mrs. R.*—But not at all on Mr. Penn's view of the event, as I have now stated it; for it was never imagined that the former antediluvian land was now the bed of the ocean, and our land its former channel. It was only said that the water of the Deluge, by washing over our land, had produced the great masses of shells and gravel which we now find, though the space of twelve months was probably too small for producing such an effect.

'*Edward.*—There is not, however, I suppose, any passage in the Mosaic record which mentions this disruption of the rocks.

'*Mrs. R.*—Yes: it is said expressly, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up;" and when the waters were assuaged, the same "fountains" were "stopped." In corroboration of this, there is the ample evidence of the present appearance of rocks, precipices, and mountains, which, I need not tell you, exhibit every where the marks of convulsion and ruin,—vast ravines bounded by fractured walls—Alpine pyramids of granite, with their summits rent and ruined—the whole face of a country covered with gravel, and soil, and huge blocks of stone, which have been detached from their native rocks, and worn smooth by water,—all most eloquent witnesses of the great catastrophe.

'*Edward.*—From the same conclusion it will follow, I presume, that the Garden of Eden is now overflowed by the ocean; and, therefore, it would be vain to seek for it on our present land.

'*Mrs. R.*—This is one of Mr. Penn's inferences, and he fortifies it with some curious and ingenious criticism, some of which, however, I do not pretend to understand; but the best part of his system is, the simple and natural account which he gives of shells and of the bones of animals, which are now so abundantly found in rocks, and buried in the soil of many parts of the world, though, as this is both an extensive and interesting subject, it will be better, I think, to reserve it for your next lesson.'—pp. 309—315.

Mr. Penn's account of the shells, bones, and other remains of the ancient world, which have been found in rocks, caverns, and various soils, is highly interesting and plausible. Into this subject, however, we have no room to enter. On the whole, we think his theory more likely to stand the test of criticism than any that has yet been suggested, and we strongly recommend the reader to make himself thoroughly acquainted with it.

There are a few difficulties to be encountered by the student at first in mastering the outlines of Geology; but it is assuredly well worth his while to try what effect the 'Conversations' before us will have upon him. To us they appear very respectably done. The science itself is not, as we have already hinted, in a state sufficiently perfect to admit of as clear an elucidation as might be desired; but this little volume will at least serve to clear the inquirer's way a little, and to excite his powers of observation, whenever he wanders on the beach, or climbs the mountain.

ART. IX.—1. *The Kuzzilbash; a Tale of Khorasan.* 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1828.

2. *Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches of Life.* Third Series. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1828.

3. *Yes and No; a Tale of the Day.* By the Author of 'Matilda.' 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1828.

4. *Ringrove; or, Old Fashioned Notions.* By the Author of 'Letters to a Young Man,' 'A Tale of the Times,' &c. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

IN conformity with the intention we expressed in our last, of making up our account with the novelists of the past season, we have headed this article with some of the works which are the most likely to attract popular attention.

There are as many distinct kinds of novels as there are of poems, and these, if we believe poetical theorists, are almost infinite in number. There is one bad consequence in this, as it regards works of fiction, and it is, that the good become confounded with the bad—the true, genuine productions of inventive genius, and knowledge of human nature, with the weak, puerile, and noxious imitations of feeble and uncultivated minds. The bold and hardy descriptions of manners and character by Fielding and Smollet, have been followed by details confined to one small and narrow province of human life. The character and habits of mankind, the darkly-shadowed picture of society, are pretendedly set forth in a set of weakly-drawn sketches, representing the summer fashions of lords and ladies. The rich and splendidly-illustrated romances of Sir Walter Scott—the very magic mirror of the magician—the record that best enables us to hold intercourse with the generations that are gone; these have been mingled in their character of historical

romances, with others as little fit to be their companions, as those we have before mentioned are fit to be named with the productions of Fielding and Smollet. Richardson, again, has had his imitators; but instead of the pure and determined morality which his pages exhibit, his followers have attempted to inculcate virtue by the whimings of a false sentimentality, or an indecorous mixture of religion with the separate province of fiction. Novels of all these kinds, therefore, are in continual danger of being unfairly judged, and of being condemned without a hearing, by readers of a particular class. A most plentiful, and frequently very pure, source of amusement is thus frequently cut off from the young and the unemployed of both sexes; and the name of a romance or novel is made a bugbear to all prudent fathers and mothers, who imagine their daughters are sure to elope, and their sons to marry without a fortune, if they become addicted to this kind of reading. But this confusion with respect to novels of the same class, is not, perhaps, so fruitful in error, as confusion in regard to the different kinds of fictitious composition. We are very doubful whether any class or portion of society, depicted very closely, and in all its variety of manners, pleasures, and occupations, could afford what may properly be considered a direct and obvious moral. If, also, on the other hand, amusement be the chief object in a work of fiction, it is very certain that a novel of manners must be vastly inferior to one which depends upon its plot and characters for interest. The class of novels, therefore, which come under the title of fashionable, we have always regarded as occupying the lowest place in the list of fictitious works. Their morality, with a very few exceptions, is more than doubtful, not perhaps from any indifference or design on the part of the writers, but from the very subjects which form the foundation of their plots; and as tales they very seldom exceed in interest a common Magazine story. Turning, then, from these to the historical romance, we enter upon a new and more promising field of fiction. It is worthy of remark, that in this class of novels, description of manners, which in those of a fashionable character, is generally a mere vehicle for caricaturing, or a rapid detail of common-place occurrences, is a most interesting and highly valuable feature in the composition. In the quick and stirring narrative they give of by-gone events, nothing can be more entertaining than to see the living picture in all its first vividness and freshness of colour. It is like obtaining for the time an exemption from the common lot of our race, which forbids our seeing more than the objects of the present moment; and the knowledge we thus obtain of old customs and habits, gives us an additional clue to that labyrinth of past ages, in which the olden history of mankind is treasured up. Historical romances have, in this respect, a considerable claim upon attention; and even supposing their story to be unimportant, or even trifling, as some rigid critics may frequently decide it to be, they can seldom be read

without leaving many agreeable impressions and glowing images in the mind. But their near affinity to the highest species of poetical composition, was acknowledged long before they attained that popularity in the reading world which they now enjoy. They succeeded the works which shone with the full and noontide brightness of ancient and yet unweakened imagination. They supplied the place of those half-heavenly offsprings of earthly natures, which had, as it were, grasped hold of the human mind with a force that was never to decay; and they were sent into the world as evidences that the spirit of poetry was yet awake, under the ruins of the gorgeous temple which had been raised to its divinities.

It is, in fact, a curious point in literary history, and well worthy of consideration—this transition from poetry to romance—or rather this change which took place in the form and style of early imaginative composition. The old Grecian romances partook very essentially of the spirit of poetry. They presented many errors, and were imperfect throughout in the plan of their fable; but these were defects attributable to the newness of the experiment; and they were formed rather on the models of poems, than on a plan similar to that which guides the modern romancer in his labour. As, however, this kind of works became more and more popular, as first the old classical style of poetry was forsaken, and then the legendary ballad became enlarged into the prose romance, they assumed a different form, were less confined to one particular kind of subjects, and became such as we see them in our own day.

The historical romance, consequently, traces its descent from a source which gives it a legitimate rank above the other species of prose fictitious works; but it has an additional merit besides those already noticed, and it is, the superior opportunities it affords a writer of talent for the delineation of the most powerful and the most complicated passions of our nature. The author of an historical romance, in choosing his subject from the great book of the world's history, not only finds the outline of his plot, but the characters which he is to delineate in life and action. He has not to make guesses as to the manner in which they would act under certain circumstances; but to judge relatively by the knowledge he already possesses. He has data for his imagination to act upon, and while he keeps them in view there is no danger of his offending against the laws and measure of probability. The characters, therefore, which he presents, the situations in which they are found, and all the collateral circumstances which make up the picture, may be relied on; and what is fictitious in the detail is to be regarded but as the filling up of some part which accident has left deficient. A similar observation may be made with regard to the interest of the story. In an historical romance, if the subject be at all well chosen, there is a verisimilitude throughout which gives an air of consistency and probability to the story, which

cannot be possessed by a work, the foundation of which is entirely fictitious. This results from two causes. In the first place, the very knowledge which a reader has of one part, or the ground-work of the plot being founded in truth, is a sufficient aid to the imagination to give, during the perusal, an implicit credence to the whole. In the next place, as it is with respect to the characters, the key-stone of the work being truth, the parts which are the result of pure invention, will wear an appearance of consistency, all events generally possible being connected together by some principal circumstance in the series, which, if true in the details of a romance, makes the writer follow throughout the guidance of nature, or fail altogether. From these causes it results, that an historical romance, when written with talent and according to the just rules of such a species of composition, is a work of no ordinary merit, and deserves a much higher place even among the solid productions of literary genius, than it is always allowed to claim. To be well written, however, it requires the union of no common talents in an author. It is harder to fill up the dim outlines of an historical picture, drawn by an artist of eminence, and to give the impression which we may suppose he would desire to the different figures in the piece, than it is to paint a picture after fancy, where any character may be given to the party and to the whole, which the taste of the artist may be able to exhibit with the most effect. Another difficulty, again, in the composition of a work of this sort, and one which only a writer of real ability can overcome, is the formation first of his counterplot, or rather the purely *romantic* part of his work, and then of the fictitious characters which must necessarily be introduced to carry on the action. To any author of genius, the having truth for the foundation of the plot is of incalculable advantage, but to one of inferior ability it is sure to prove his most dangerous stumbling-block. It is only a powerful mind that can so penetrate into the secret heart of nature and humanity, as to make truth its possession and subject, so as to be able to exhibit her whenever and under whatever forms it pleases. But this the writer of the historical romance must be able to do. If he be confined to the page of history, his work will be but a sort of disarranged record. If he have imagination only for his guide, there will be only a mixture of shadows with the substance, which will fail of giving the impression desired. It is only a strong and intuitive perception, therefore, of truth in all its different modes, that can enable him to form that one full, flowing, and compact fable, which every historical romance should present—the failure in which, consequently, renders so many imitations of the best works we possess of the kind miserably abortive.

Of the historical romance there are many off-sets. Of these the numberless novels "founded on fact" form one; but that which

comes the nearest to it in respectability and value, and which requires an almost equal degree of literary ability, is the kind of novel which takes the form of personal memoirs; and which, under that shape, describes men and things, and relates adventures and events in a free and picturesque style. There are several works in our language of this character, and the first on our present list, and of which we are about to give our readers an opportunity of judging, belongs to this species of romance.

'The Kuzzilbash' is the history of a Persian of high rank and most adventurous fortunes. The narrative is prefaced with an introduction, specifying that the author discovered the manuscript from which it is translated among a heap of old oriental writings, which he had collected during a long residence in the upper provinces of India. Ismael Khan, the hero of the tale, was born in the year 1740, and was the son of a celebrated chief of the Turkish tribe of Affshar. While he was yet almost an infant, the whole tribe fell a prey to a horde of Toorkomans, and Ismael was carried away an orphan, into captivity. Fortunately, however, for him, the chief into whose hands he fell, was pleased with his appearance, and had him carefully carried to his tent, to be a companion to his son, a little older than the young captive. Ismael soon became a favourite both with his master and with all the members of the household; and as he grew up, was allowed to accompany the Toorkomans in their predatory excursions into the territories of the neighbouring people. In these he distinguished himself by an unusual degree of courage; and he was fast rising in the good opinion of Omer Khan, his master, when an untoward event made him feel more heavily than he had before done, the misery of his condition as a captive and a slave. Omer Khan had a daughter, the very paragon of Toorkoman beauties; and withal, so mild and gentle in her beauty, that the heart of the young Ismael became more deeply enamoured of this daughter of the chief, than became his forlorn condition. His passion, however, was returned; and as it appears these children of the desert have their fondness for moon-light glens and secret bowers as strongly as lovers in more peopled districts, Ismael and the beautiful Shireen soon found means for carrying on a close and secret intimacy. The consequences of this soon became apparent, and Ismael, in order to escape the vengeance of Omer Khan, was obliged to take a precipitate flight, leaving Shireen to the protection of her brother Selim. The narrative of the escape, and of the terrors of a journey over the desert, is given with wonderful and terrible distinctness. But Ismael had been from his birth the subject of a mysterious destiny, and one of the most holy and celebrated of the wandering dervishes had both darkly hinted at his future career, and taken some share in his protection. It was this strange being who, just as the fugitive was about to perish in the fiery billows of the

sandy desert, suddenly appeared for his relief, and afforded him the aid thus described:

'He led the way rapidly and silently along the hollow which I had entered, and which became deeper as we proceeded, with bold and more lofty sides: it seemed strange to me, notwithstanding the cloud of sand, that inequalities so considerable could have escaped my observation. Our progress, however, was short;—the Dervish turned to a rocky part of the bank, which somewhat overhung a heap of fragments that had fallen from its summit—several of these of no small size, he displaced with ease, and discovered a hollow which appeared to extend to a great depth. After he had worked in this way for some moments, he turned to me—"Here, my son," said he, "lend the aid of thy youthful strength to enlarge this opening. The beneficent Allah extends his protection to the brutes of his creation, as well as to sinful man, and commands him to exercise towards other creatures that mercy which he himself receives:—the horse, which hath served thee faithfully, must not be left to perish—the noble animal must likewise enter here." I lent my assistance readily, it is true; but, exhausted with my sufferings, I could effect but little. The Dervish, however, was satisfied; indeed he seemed to require but little help. In a short time the opening was sufficiently enlarged, and my guide, entering, ordered me to follow with my horse. The sagacious animal, instead of starting at the dark abyss, quietly and cautiously followed my steps, as if aware that succour and protection were to be found within.

'We proceeded for a few paces in utter darkness, when a feeble yellow ray struck upon the sight, proceeding from a small iron lamp, which was suspended from the roof by a chain of the same metal. As the eye became accustomed to the dusky light, we found ourselves in a cavern, hollowed either by nature or art out of the solid rock; but the dimensions of which it was impossible to discover.

'To one who had suffered as I had done from the suffocating blasts of the Desert, the first and most gratifying sensation in this retreat, was the delicious coolness which pervaded it. The deathlike pressure on my heart was instantly removed, and the burning heat of my eyes and the throbbing of my temples were allayed. A moment after we entered, the Dervish brought a large gourd, containing pure cool water; "Here, youth," said he, "drink and refresh thyself; here thou art in perfect security—I will myself attend to the wants of thy steed." So saying, while I drank deep of the cool delicious beverage, and poured a portion over my still burning brows and breast, he took my horse a little on one side, and loosening the saddle and accoutrements, wrung the perspiration from its reeking sides, rubbed it with a woollen cloth, kneaded all its limbs, stretched and cracked its joints, and performed, in short, all that the most experienced groom could have done for a favourite horse: then throwing a numud over it, he washed from its mouth and face the sand that covered them, and permitted it to drink sparingly from a vessel which he held to its mouth. He then carefully washed its feet, picking out the sand and fragments of stone that had got fixed about the hoofs, fomenting them, to cool the burning heat which a long and painful march had occasioned.

'All this time I looked on in amazement; I was bewildered with all

that had passed, and confounded at seeing a man whose appearance proclaimed him to be devoted to meditation and prayer, acquitting himself so ably, in those offices which our warriors pride themselves on performing well. Before he had concluded, however, I rose to assist him, but he gently repelled my offers. "Rest thee, youth," he said, "thou needest repose; leave to me this portion of thy duty: there will be a sufficient cause for exertion on thy part ere long." I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my favourite comfortably disposed of in a corner of the cavern, with soft dry sand for his bed, and eating from his tobrah, with an avidity that proved him not likely to suffer from his severe exertions.

'The Dervish now turned his attention to me. "Youth," said he, "the cravings of nature must be satisfied. Hunger and thirst, like pain and sickness, were entailed on man through the sin of Sultan Adam, our first parent; but God is merciful, and has provided remedies for our ills, which we may lawfully use: eat, drink, in moderation, and relieve thy weariness by sleep; but never forget that these are all the gifts of Allah, and provoke not his wrath by disobedience to his eternal laws." With these words, he placed before me coarse barley bread, dried fruit, and some crumbs of cheese, with pure water which he brought from a dark recess in the cave, He then invited me to eat, by uttering a solemn Bismillah! followed by a few words which might have been of prayer, although I understood them not. He did not taste the food himself, but sat beside me in silence while I ate; and when I had finished, fervently ejaculating "Alhumdulillah!" he prostrated himself, with his forehead touching the sand. He then rose, and leading me to another corner of the cave, where a black felt carpet lay spread on the sand, he bade me "rest in peace," and left me to repose.'—pp. 181—185.

It will be too well worth our reader's while to follow the adventures of our friend Ismael, to make us think of abridging the pleasure they will derive from it, by attempting an abstract of the work. We should find it, perhaps, a sort of impossible task if we did make the attempt; for though an intrigue may be developed in a few lines, and a catastrophe related in still fewer, the spirit of a book, which depends for success on the vigour and force of each chapter and particular description, as the Kuzzilbash does, is not to be made into the compact essence of an analysis. We shall only, therefore, give the few lines of the story, which are necessary to link together and render intelligible the extracts we are making from this highly entertaining book. Ismael, after leaving the cave of the dervise in the desert, made his way over the sterile waste with which he saw himself surrounded, in the best manner he was able. Still exposed to the dangers of the wilderness, and still solitary, he had lost none of his fears of being again made a captive by some of the tribes whom he expected to meet on his path. After travelling for some distance, he arrived at a watering place, where, attracted both by a fresh stream, and the verdure of the spot, he determined upon making his lodging for the night. Neither friend nor enemy was to be seen or heard in the vast solitude, and Ismael sunk into a profound sleep, from which he was

not awakened till just as the day was breaking in the east, and his horse gave the signal of a stranger's approach by its loud neighing. Ismael in an instant was on his feet, the arrow drawn to its head, and his brow bent in resolute defiance of the enemy, whoever it might be. But there was no necessity for hostile preparation. The stranger was a most noble and courteous cavalier; and what was Ismael's surprise and pleasure when he discovered him to be of the tribe of the Affshar, and no less a personage than Ibrahim Khan, the brother of the great conqueror, Nader Khan himself. Thus brought back to the Kuzzilbashes, our hero began his career anew. He speedily distinguished himself in the army of Nader, was made one of his gholaums, or body guards, and soon after obtained the title of Beg. The city of Mushed, which it had been the great design of Nader to recover, was obtained and entered, and Ismael than gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment of his new honours, and the facilities the place afforded him for pleasure. A dangerous adventure, however, in which he engaged was near costing him his life, and occasion is given the author for entering into a full detail of some lively Zenana scenes; but we prefer giving the description of Mushed.

'Since the period when I quitted my Desert life, although it had been my fate to witness much that was dazzling and exciting, nothing resembling a town had yet fallen in my way; for the Koordish villages were mere collections of wretched mud huts, scarcely more imposing in appearance than our fair and well-made tents. Now for the first time I entered a city, and that city one of the first in the empire, the capital of Khorasan, and above all, the seat of that holy shrine to which every pious Sheah turns with reverence, as to a second Kibleh.*

'Many a day, while we lay encamped at the Khawjah Rubbee, within a short fursung of the walls, I gazed with intense interest on the lofty gilded dome of the shrine, the tall slender minarets, and the magnificent assemblage of buildings that surround it, composing a group in the centre of this great city, which never fails to attract every eye, even when it gazes from the greatest distance. How I longed for the anticipated moment, when the road would be free to enter and devour all its wonders! What fanciful pictures did my imagination form of every thing it contained; and all how unlike the truth!

'On the morning we entered the city, we were all too much occupied with our duty, too busy in pursuing the enemy, and securing his abandoned positions, to pay much attention to other objects; but on the succeeding days, when all was comparatively quiet, and when the completion of our General's arrangements permitted his servants to enjoy some leisure, I wandered about with some of my companions, determined to satisfy my curiosity to the full.

'We first made for the Sahn, or great square. What a splendid scene! Its high arcaded buildings, covered with porcelain of the richest

* The point where Mecca and its holy temple lie, and to which every true Mussulman, wherever he may be situated, turns his face when he prays.

colours disposed in the most tasteful devices, all glittering in the sun; the two lofty gates at either end, and noble archways in the sides, all similarly adorned, and one of which gives entrance to the holy mausoleum!—the gilded Succah khaneh, with its numerous conduits filled with streams of water perpetually supplied,—the ample gilded dome, and slender minaret covered with blue and gold, rising like a mighty sceptre to the skies!—these were the first objects that fixed me gazing to the spot, and filled me with wonder and delight.

Nor was the living picture that occupied this splendid scene less curious or less attractive; the crowds of moollahs, priests, pilgrims, soldiers, merchants, and every variety of trade and denomination among the faithful, that passed and repassed through each avenue to the Sahn; the rich goods displayed under the arcades of the lower story, which, like those of a caravanserai, are let out as shops; the groups of people bargaining at these shops, or praying upon the grave-stones with which the place is paved, formed a scene of very varied interest;—and the buzz of business and religion which rose on the ear; the hum of prayer; the cries of saints and pilgrims on the blessed names of Allee, Hoossain, and Imaum Reza; the gabble and the quarrels of those who were driving their hard bargains, mingled in a roar of sounds as incongruous and confused as the groups that uttered them.

'We entered the Mausoleum; what a striking contrast from the scene that led to it! Its lofty and dimly-lighted chambers seemed boundless in their obscurity, and the awe which overwhelmed my faculties was heightened by the deep silence, the mysterious character of the long-gowned figures that flitted about with soundless step, and the low, measured voice of prayer that issued from the chamber of the shrine.

'"Seek you to perform your devotions?" demanded one of the Khadums, in a low whisper, "behold me ready to conduct you." Even the gay thoughtless youths my companions, who came but to gratify their curiosity, were infected with the awe which I sincerely felt; and we all followed our conductor in silence.

'Prostrating ourselves, with our foreheads touching the sacred threshold, we prayed a blessing upon the departed Imaum, and all the tribe of Allee, his predecessors; and then entered the vault of death, which no infidel may approach and live. Here repose the bones of the departed Imaum (blessings be on his name!) and here also is deposited the dust of him whom all Sheahs abhor for his persecution of the blessed race of Allee, while they respect his great name, his liberality, and justice to all the world besides—the mighty Haroon-ul-Rasheed.

'The shrine, with its rich screens, its brocaded canopies, and numerous glittering ornaments, presented a striking contrast to the groups of grave turbaned priests and humble devotees, all prostrated in prayer around it; and the impression made upon me by this solemn pomp was so strong, that I no longer wondered at the endless crowds of pilgrims that resort to this celebrated shrine from every part of Persia.

'After reciting the customary prayers, and walking three times round the tomb, we made a trifling present to the Khadum, and quitted the Durgah, by the entrance which leads to the mosque and square of Gauher Shahud,* so called from their founder. Even after gazing on the

* 'She was the wife of Shah Rokh, the celebrated grandson of the still more celebrated Timoor, the conqueror and destroyer of the East.

'splendour of the Sahn, we were struck with delight at the beauty of this most elegant of mosques, with its slender, porcelain-covered minarets, and single majestic dome. But it would be endless to describe the various mosques, medressahs, and caravanserais, of this great city, the pride of Khorasan, and whose fame is over all the East.

'The extensive and well-filled bazaars were objects of a different but not inferior interest. With what delight did I traverse that long street, which, with a canal of running water in its centre, stretches from one end of the city to the other. I gazed at the well-filled shops of the long bazaars that border this canal; the rich silks, shawls, and furs, the gay cloths of India and Frangestan; the tempting booths of the fruitsellers, the cooks, and confectioners; the neat arrangements of the apothecaries' many-coloured drugs and liquids. But the shops of the armourers and harness-makers had the greatest attractions for me. The gold and silver-mounted horse-furniture with sharp bright stirrups, and gay martingales with breast ornaments; the brilliant suits of armour, both chain and plate, bright, damasked, and clouded; the well-tempered Khorasanee blades, darkly brilliant, and dangerous as a woman's eye; the curious matchlocks and pistols from Istambol, and the endless variety of knives, khunjurs, and daggers. These were the things I coveted; I would willingly have made myself master of the whole, and, indeed, it was not long before my purse began to feel the effects of my visits to the bazaars of Mushed: it would require to have been better filled to keep pace with my thoughtless extravagance.

'Another species of luxury to which I had hitherto been comparatively a stranger, was that of the baths, which were the constant resort of our idle youth, and which I now very regularly attended, for the sake of pleasant society as well as for personal enjoyment.'—vol. ii. pp. 2—7.

The troubles which Ismael suffered through the temptations offered by this gay place, were many and dangerous, but having been delivered from them by the almost miraculous interposition of the mysterious dervise, he again found himself in a situation for seeking the favour of his master; and the desperate acts of valour which he performed, soon raised him still higher in his esteem than ever. The principal part of the narrative, however, is taken up with the detail of the war, and we hear considerably more of the Khan's character and conduct than we do of Ismael. But events soon occurred which brings the story to its conclusion, and afford us more of the feelings belonging to romance reading, than any other part of the work. As we have not yet given a specimen of the author's powers in this respect, the following passage will suit the purpose:—

'Nothing worth relating had occurred for some time after my arrival in Mushed, when, strolling idly one afternoon by the Oosbeck caravanserai, and amusing myself with watching the crowds of people who frequented this great depôt, my attention was arrested by an exclamation of distress at no great distance, accompanied by some words in a female voice, and in the Tekeh language. They were uttered by a young woman in the Toorkoman dress, who, it appeared, in turning down a narrow lane close by, with a small tray of provisions in her hands, had been jostled by a surly

porter, so rudely as to cause her to drop her burthen. An emotion of compassion for her distress, together with a certain kindly feeling which always stirred within me at the sight of the Tooranian garb, led me to go and enquire what ailed her. I had no sooner begun to speak, than the girl started back, and stood gazing at me with a countenance full of doubt and amazement.—"Holy Prophet!" said she at last, regardless of my questions,—"is it possible?—am I mad or dreaming?—or is it the spirit of Ismael that stands before me?" I was startled in my turn, not less by the sound of her voice than by her exclamations, and replied, with a surprise little inferior to her own, "Yes, child! you are not mistaken; my name, no doubt, is Ismael, and though I cannot recollect your's, the sound of your voice as well as your language is familiar to me; for I also have lived in the Desert, and have not forgotten the language of its tribes."

'"Our language too!" exclaimed the girl, with increased eagerness,—"there can be no mistake,—it must be himself,—and yet alive! and in Mushed too! Oh! holy Fatimah, what a blessing is this! Dearest mistress, you will live now,—all will be well again! Ah, my lord! you must come with me immediately, if you would hear of one who once was very dear to you; if you would see her alive, lose not a moment but follow me."—"Stay! hold! what mean you?" exclaimed I with equal earnestness: "of whom do you speak, and who are you that thus recall, in language and in look, the memory of my youthful days?"—"Oh! for the sake of all you best love, delay no longer!" interrupted the girl, losing sight of my impatient curiosity in her own eager anticipations: "we shall be late; I can stay no longer from my mistress; come, I intreat, you come!"—"Your mistress! and who then is your mistress?" cried I, trembling with inexplicable forbodings.—"My mistress!" repeated the girl; "and know you not Sitarah, the little captive whom you gave to Shireen?—who should be my mistress but her?"

'Although from the first moment of this interview I had felt a wild and thrilling fancy, which, like the presentiment of something strange and awful, flitted over my mind, and made me tremble while I almost anticipated the import of her tidings—still, when at last she uttered them so plainly, they stunned me like the bursting of a thunderbolt. Shireen! my long lost, ever loved Shireen, in Mushed! and in danger!—dying perhaps!"—my head grew dizzy, and I could scarce articulate a word. "Lead on, lead on!" cried I, in a voice scarcely intelligible: "lose not another moment!" and I followed her with hasty steps, as she glided swiftly before me to a cluster of miserable huts at no great distance.

'She entered a small mud-walled court, and running forward through a mean apartment, into an inner chamber of still more wretched description, she pushed aside the ragged curtain which hung before a door, and addressing herself to a figure which lay extended upon a pallet in one corner of the room, exclaimed, "Good news, my dear mistress—I bring you tidings of joy! He is come! he is here! your misery is at an end; your own Ismael is here—he will protect us, you will recover, and we shall all be happy again!"

'A piercing shriek from the couch was all the reply; but it froze my blood and fixed every faculty with painful intensity upon the scene before me. I did not gaze thus long; my heart would have spoken had my

straining eyes even failed to discover the truth. On a squalid couch, surrounded with misery and poverty in all its forms, pale, emaciated, and dying, as it seemed, lay the wasted form of my once blooming, lovely, and still fondly-loved Shireen! Heedless of every other object, in a tumult of remorse, apprehension, and joy, I threw myself upon the couch, and clasped her in my arms—but, alas! she was unconscious of my caresses—cold and motionless, she lay as one already dead—I thought she was indeed no more, and overcome with grief and horror, fell insensible upon her body.'—vol. iii. pp. 184—187.

Shireen had been brought into this situation by the captivity of her whole tribe, and her brother was then in chains in Mushed. The tale closes with his release, through the hazardous, but almost fatal, interference of Ismael, and of the marriage of the latter with Shireen.

Of a widely different character are the other works at the head of the article. The merit they possess in whatever proportion, is a common-place merit; for they belong to a school which has sprung up and exhausted its powers during the few seasons it has flourished. We are not of those who would quarrel with an author, who having strong feelings bent in one direction, gives something like the same tone to every favourite character he draws. It is, in the case of many men of genius, almost impossible that it should not be so. But the lighter class of novelists of the present day, are not tiresome through a uniformity of this kind, but from one which springs from the conventional slavery of the whole tribe to the delineation of the outward expression of character only; to its representation almost uniformly in the same circumstances of social life, and to modes of detail and description which give the same varnish to every scene that is drawn. The author of 'Sayings and Doings' has undoubtedly a quick perception of character, but it is of character only so far as it is formed under the influence of fashions, or casual occurrences. The ridiculous, the outré, the perverted and extravagant, he sees and describes very acutely, but, with all the merit which a work written by such an author may possess, and without taking into account the errors into which his peculiar taste may lead him, it can at best be only a case of well drawn caricatures, or of portraits like the originals, merely because some slight deformity is strikingly represented. The following will serve as an illustration of both the faults and merits of such a style. It is only necessary to observe, to make the extract intelligible, that of the characters mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are a worthy couple, determined on killing themselves with physic, Caroline their niece, and Sir Mark a rustic full-grown baronet of forty, who has come to dine with the Crosby's for the first time, and make his declaration of love to Caroline.

'Every body has observed that whenever particular pains and trouble are expended to make up an agreeable party, the scheme universally fails;

and upon the present occasion the endeavour to put Sir Mark perfectly at his ease, by inviting nobody to meet him, was equally unsuccessful. Any of the ordinary visitors of Crosby Hall, the rector, the attorney even,—any body to have broken the solemn uniformity of the *partie quarre*—would have been a most charming relief: as it was, the silence and gravity were unmitigated; while the interest created amongst the servants, to examine with proper scrupulousness the avowed lover of their young lady, (for so he had been confidentially announced by Mrs. Davis to be) prompted them to rivet four pair of unmeaning eyes upon the worthy baronet; the consciousness of which inspection, added to his habitual bashfulness, placed him in the most uncomfortable possible condition; while Caroline, anxious for his *coup d'essai*, waited with exemplary patience for some sign, if not of rationality, at least of animation.

'The worthy baronet accepted the proffered soup from the servant.

'"Are you really going to take soup, Sir Mark?" said Mrs. Crosby.

'"Yes, if you please," said Sir Mark Terrington.

'"Take the pulverized ginger to Sir Mark," said the lady of the house to the butler.

'Instantly, a huge bottle, labelled accordingly, was presented to Sir Mark.

'"None, I thank you," said the baronet.

'"Sir Mark," said Mrs. Crosby, "there is a great proportion of vegetable matter in that soup, and it is absolute poison without a corrective—permit me to do it for you."

'Saying which, she kindly dipped a large thickly perforated spoon into the bottle, and in a trice scattered at least two ounces of its contents on the surface of Sir Mark's soup.

'"Now stir it up, Sir Mark, and I'll venture to say you'll suffer nothing."

'Now Sir Mark having, thanks to Providence, an excellent constitution, never anticipated any great suffering from eating a plate of soup, and would rather have dispensed with the *bane* than have mixed with it the antidote; however, the intention of Mrs. Crosby was everything, and the worthy baronet began the operation of demolishing the meditated mess which her assiduity had arranged for him.

'But he was not prepared for all his misery; none of the family ate soup, nor would they be persuaded to commence eating fish until Sir Mark had finished his jorum. The caloric of the soup superadded to the heat of the ginger, rendered this operation somewhat lengthy, as the Americans say; and at least seven minutes were occupied in its consumption—the perfect silence of the party rendered more than usually audible the noise which the worthy baronet somewhat gothically made in sipping it.

'"Have you taken your Barclay, my love?" said Mrs. Crosby to her husband.

'"No, I quite forgot it," said Crosby.

'"Robert," said Mrs. Crosby, and turning to a very thin, very pale footman, who was her great favourite, and took physic three times every week, whispered some directions in his ear, to obey which he speedily vanished.

'During all this ceremony, Caroline could not avoid observing that Sir Mark, in addition to the ardour of the pursuit in which he was engaged, was enduring the full blaze of the sun directly in his eyes, nor could she avoid asking him, whether he did not find the glare excessive.

"Not in the least, I thank you," said Sir Mark most amiably, his face absolutely crimsoned with the heat, and his purple veins starting at his temples.

'The sickly footman returned with the Barclay, which the Baronet had concluded to be nourishing brown stout for the invalid, but which turned out to be neither more nor less than a box of pills, one of which Mr. Crosby was in the habit of swallowing before he began to eat, as an artillery man fires a blind shell to ascertain the correctness of his range before he begins in earnest.

'"Hutchins," said Mrs. Crosby, in the act of helping the fish—"has there been a spoon boiled with these trout?"

'"Yes, Madam," said the butler.

'"We are very particular, Sir Mark," said the lady; and I never suffer a morsel of fish to be tasted which has not undergone the test of seasonableness: when the fish is likely to be injurious to the stomach, the spoon boiled in the water with it, becomes tarnished."

'"Indeed, Ma'am!" said Sir Mark.'—vol. i. pp. 109—113.

This is a fair and average specimen of the author's power in this his favourite style; but inclined as we are to laugh with him, we believe no reader of judgment can fail seeing that this scene, as well as all others of a similar kind, are mere farcical representations; and that the laugh which they provoke is very different from the expression of pleasure, at the nicer and more refined efforts of wit in the delineation of manners and character.

In 'Yes and No,' we have yet another variety in the description of life and society; but it palls and sickens us throughout to find almost every human being of which it speaks, decorated with a title, and uttering not a sentence but what is trimmed into the well-known form of the cant of high life. To such a ridiculous length, in fact, is this carried, that even the parson who comes to speak about a funeral, is called 'the *honourable* and reverend.' There is, indeed, in this novel, and others of the same class, an attempt made at delineating other scenes occasionally than those of ball-rooms, and other characters than those of peers and peeresses. But there can be nothing more amusing than the air of hauteur with which these portions are hastened over, or else made to prove to the reader on what an eminence of discernment, delicate taste, and politeness, the accomplished author reposes. As a proof of the pretensions of these fashionable novels to fine description, and of their general failure in the attempt, the following will well answer our purpose.

'Helen had been but four-and-twenty hours returned, when her mother expired in her arms; and as she slowly recovered from the immediate stupor of despair, the first sound that jarred discordantly upon her

returning senses, was the merry chime of the village bells summoning the rural congregation to morning-service, for it was Sunday.

'The powers of sound upon the brain in awakening dormant associations, have been felt by many, independent of time or space. And even, in declining life, an accidental imitation of the well-known tone of the bell that used to disturb the slumbers of the school-boy, has recalled for a moment the remembrance of the long-forgotten hopes and fears of childhood. But the summons, which, with its unwelcome jingle, and ill-timed cheerfulness, now grated upon Helen's ear, was one, which had never hitherto been unpleasing, either to her or her mother. And the last time she had heard it—it seemed but yesterday—how different had been her feelings! In the sameness of their tranquil life, the return of the Sunday had always furnished the principal event, and the consequent periodical return of Mrs. Mordaunt's walk to the parish-church, had for some time been the extent of her rambles beyond her own garden. Upon these occasions, the severe simplicity, though studied neatness of Mrs. Mordaunt's attire, had added to the impression created by her striking, though no longer blooming figure. And now Helen recalled, with an astonishing accuracy, the whole of her appearance, dress, and deportment, the last time that they had together started to obey that summons to church. She recollected too, and it was consolatory to her in her present state, the increased cheerfulness with which her mother always returned from thence; but it occurred to her, with some slight sensation of reproach, that she had not then been warned by the first symptom of bodily weakness shown by her mother, in requiring the assistance of her arm, on their walk homewards, the day before she had last left her on her visit to Lady Latimer.

'Still that distractingly cheerful sound continued; and with the desperation with which one sometimes turns one's attention to that which is painful, Helen half opened the window-shutters. It was a bright autumnal morning. At the distance of the garden she could see, on one side, small parties of the peasantry, all in their gayest clothing, and hearts as gay, hastening towards their morning duty; but opposite her own little gate, there was a still, and apparently increasing group; and all, as they passed, paused a minute, as it were, listening on the skirts of this group; and then, as they resumed their way, it was easy to observe in the awkward gait of all, and in the unfolded handkerchief of many of the women, that they had just heard heavy news. For Mrs. Mordaunt had been the best of neighbours to the poor; her charity had been, not only of the hand, but of the heart; and there are few so ignorant, as not to appreciate the distinction.'—vol. ii. pp. 35—39.

We hardly know where a worse piece of thoroughly affected writing could be found than this, and yet of such stuff is the major part of these works composed, when a moment's reprieve is obtained from the detail of intrigues, or the repetition of insipid dialogues. We are only astonished how the most simple, idle, and uncultivated mind, can endure two or three volumes of such wretched and tasteless productions.

The last work we have to notice requires but a few words. It is written with a good design, and by a writer always zealous in the

desire of promoting the cause of virtue. There is a great deal of matter in it which can hardly fail of being useful, and some of the characters are described in a manner calculated to render the incidents of the tale interesting as well as moral in their effect. The writer has disclaimed the idea of seeking the fame of a fashionable novelist, and if she has failed in composing a bold and exciting narrative, or in very striking pictures of life, she has succeeded in making a book which will be read by many with peculiar approbation, and can produce disgust in none. But of all the novels we have thus brought before our readers, the one which best deserves their attention, is the Tale of Khorasan. It is interesting for its description of oriental character and customs, and in some parts is as vivid and exciting as the best and more decidedly romantic narratives. Its faults are an occasional forgetfulness of the true state of society and feeling in the countries which form the scene of the history, and a mixture of refined European sentiment with the wild expression of unlicensed thought, which is hardly natural. Another fault is in the construction of the tale, it being only the first and last hundred pages of the work which can be regarded as devoted especially to the story, the intermediate parts being almost entirely taken up with descriptions of battles, political changes, and executions; but it is on the whole a work of great merit, and as such we recommend it to our readers.

ART. X.—*On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England; especially that of Hastings: with Observations on Diseases in which a residence on the coast is most beneficial.* By William Harwood, M.D. 8vo. pp. 326. London: Colburn. 1828.

SOME of our brother critics have found fault with this work, because it is written by a physician, and because that physician resides on the spot which of all other parts of the southern coast he especially recommends to invalids. The remark is as illiberal as it is unjust. In the first place, a medical man is the only person who is competent from his studies to distinguish between the different climates that are most apt to aggravate, to mitigate, or cure, the various diseases to which our species is liable. In the next place, no one but a medical man who, from long residence, or careful investigation, has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar healing properties of the southern coast, ought to be listened to for a moment on a matter, which, to many families, is one of the greatest importance. Unless some accredited authority be easily and generally accessible on the subject, few persons can be induced to believe that there are situations in England, and those too within a few hours' journey of the metropolis, capable of affording alleviation, if not recovery, in cases which are usually sent to Italy, to the South of France, to Portugal, or Madeira. The many advantages which Hastings possesses in this respect, arising from its exposure to the southern sun, the neighbourhood of the sea,

the purity of its atmosphere, its genial soil, and those beautiful hills which shelter it from the winds—the north-easterly and easterly—which are most obnoxious to invalids, can only be sufficiently appreciated and described by one who has had opportunities of observing and advising on their influence. Instead, therefore, of setting down Dr. Harwood's work as an empirical experiment, made for the purpose of augmenting the number of his patients, we are much more disposed to thank him for having devoted his time and attention to the composition of a treatise, which has been long a desideratum in medical literature. And we thank him the more disinterestedly, as we have no particular need of his assistance, being equally free from gout, consumption, asthma, and all that tribe of complaints, which he enumerates as susceptible of alleviation at Hastings.

To be candid, however, there is, we must confess, a slight partiality, an unconscious preference, perhaps, for Hastings, apparent throughout this work, which is not altogether free from suspicion. If we are to yield our faith to Dr. Harwood, there is no malady whatever, which that favourite spot is not capable either of curing effectually, or assuaging to a considerable degree. It is almost ludicrous to observe how constantly the reference occurs. In cases of indigestion and hypochondriasis, 'the mild and ever-playing breezes of the sea, are known,' we are told, 'to be no less peculiarly adapted for restoring enfeebled energies, and for effectually dispelling languor and lassitude of body, by their salubrious and vivifying powers, than the survey of its ever-varying surface is calculated to exhilarate and elevate the mind.' Again, the invalid labouring under acute rheumatism, is not only informed that the general prevalence of such affections is attributable to the variableness and severity of season and of situation; and that those persons are particularly liable to them who inhabit places most exposed to the north, north-east, and east winds; but also that there is a fortunate spot protected from those winds, which happens to be Hastings. Here also may the gout, that most intolerable of all complaints, be deprived of its tyranny: for as Dr. Scudamore has shown that it is increased by the cold, particularly by that which is brought to our island by the winds from Norway and Sweden, it follows that the patient will be relieved by the breezes which blow from the south and south-west, on the charming shores of Hastings. In cases of consumption, no person can doubt the efficacy of Hastings: winter cough it completely expels, scrofula it will not permit within its precincts; in short, there is hardly a disorder that can be named, which may not be cured, or at least vigorously combatted at Hastings, under proper medical care, meaning, of course, the care of Dr. Harwood.

But although there may certainly be somewhat of a local aspect every where apparent throughout this treatise, we are not therefore to reject the information which it affords us. Neither ought we

to feel less kindly towards the author, even if he have a very strong desire to widen the circle of his practice. Drapers expose their goods—innkeepers hang out signs—lawyers compile books, and booksellers advertise, and we ourselves criticise for the same laudable object. Self-interest is the idol of the day; and if we turn the worship of it into a crime, or even an objection, in the case of Dr. Harwood, of Wellington-square, Hastings, who shall be permitted to escape?

We only regret that the Doctor has not contrived to compose his volumes on a more popular plan. As the object of it professes to extend to the curative influence of the southern coast of England generally, as well as to that of Hastings particularly, we hoped that we should have found in it a comparative estimate of the different watering places which exist between Torbay and Ramsgate. A more ample geological description of the southern coast than that with which the author has favoured us, would also have been acceptable. Nor do we think that, for a work of this kind, he has been sufficiently diffuse in his observations on sea-bathing. We are aware that several treatises have already been written and printed on that subject; but they are too scientific and technical for popular purposes, and are therefore of as little utility as if they never had courted the light. Too large a portion of this volume is, moreover, taken up with essays on the various maladies which are supposed to be curable on the southern coast, whereas we had been led to believe from the title, that the influence of the coast upon those maladies was the principal theme which the author proposed to discuss.

His general observations on the advantages derived from a sea-coast residence are both just and happily expressed.

'The invigorating influence which the human constitution usually experiences from a residence on the sea coast, is generally admitted to exert itself more rapidly than any which is derived from the best directed medicines; and when we duly consider the variety of circumstances which such a residence combines, all of them so highly favourable to a state of health—as the numerous calls it induces on our bodily exertion, the influence it exerts on the due performance of our other physical functions, and the no less important soothing tranquillity which the grander objects of nature are so eminently calculated to afford to the mind; it becomes by no means surprising, that from the earliest ages, physicians should have eagerly availed themselves of so potent an auxiliary to their means of removing diseases.

'The first of these sources of benefit, then, embraces every species of exercise, while those from whence the latter are derived are far more varied; though the refreshing breeze, the moving majesty of the ocean, and the impending cliffs, which seem formed by nature to repel its force, are often amply sufficient to impart, unconsciously, animation, cheerfulness, and elevation to the mind, and arouse in it new interests and energies, when oppressed by tedious and severe bodily affliction.

'As great variety however exists in the advantages which different coasts

offer to the invalid for the improvement of health, the chief of which is derived from aspect, a judicious choice of situation becomes an important consideration. It is obvious also, that in England this is rendered more especially the case, from the great diversity of climate it embraces, and the immediate influence which the latter exerts on the constitution; for in addition to that rapid change, within a few degrees of latitude, which is peculiar to the temperate zones, the climate of England is no less affected by its insular situation, the very varied nature of its geological characters, and its peculiar position in regard to the widely extended continents of Europe and of Asia on the East, and of the Atlantic Ocean on the West. These by their co-operative influence, tend to render it more diversified than perhaps that of any other kingdom with which we are acquainted; and it is to this variety in its temperature, and its soil, that we are indebted for the growth and developement of the amazing number in the species of our vegetable productions, upon so comparatively limited a surface.

'The medical peculiarities, if I may so term them, of our coasts, are also more varied in proportion than those of most other countries, having often characters no less distinct than those which distinguish the various watering-places in the more inland districts; thus, whilst some have been selected for the coolness of their summer atmosphere, others have been chosen for their sheltered situation and the mildness and equality of their temperature, and many for other combined conveniences. But the necessity for a judicious choice of situation in disease, though so imperatively demanded in England, was considered of great importance, even among the physicians of antiquity, and such as practised their art in countries far less subject to variation than ours. The opinions however which were then entertained, led them to a selection very different from that which has lately prevailed; for as it has been our practice to recommend the climate of Italy in consumptive cases, so it was the custom of Celsus, who lived in the most interesting and eventful period of the world, (the commencement of the Christian era,) and of other physicians of ancient Rome, to send from Italy to the coast of Alexandria, such patients as suffered from these diseases; because, as they state, they were there of far more rare occurrence than in Italy.

'I shall now proceed to consider some of those natural causes, which appear to impart to coast situations so especial a claim on our attention in the cure of disease; and to notice some of those circumstances, which, in this country, seem to recommend the southern as the most eligible we possess, not less from the advantage it derives, in common with all others, from the influence of the sea, than from its latitude and other peculiarities.

'It was observed by Hippocrates and Aristotle,—the former of whom wrote about 400, and the latter 340 years, before the Christian era,—that such islands as are contiguous to continents, have their winters more severe, while those that are removed further from the land, have winters which are warmer and milder.

'Thus the fact has been long and well known, that the sea possesses an important power of equalizing the temperature of the air in its vicinity, and that to it is to be assigned, the difference found to exist between the temperature of coasts and that of the interior of extensive continents; which latter possess a far greater range of heat and cold than islands,

although the mean temperature be the same in both, and although similarly situated with regard to latitude.

'Now, to account for this difference, it appears that the impressions of heat, which are imparted by the sun's rays to the surfaces of the waters, and of the earth, are disposed of very differently; that heat which is received on the surface of the land, being slowly admitted, and feebly communicated to the dense earth below, loses much of its intensity by freely imparting it to the circulating air; while on the contrary, such rays of light and heat as fall on the surface of the ocean, without this sudden check to their progress, penetrate the bosom of the deep to a greater or a less depth, in proportion to its transparency. Thus their limits are confined to a few fathoms from the surface, and their influence becomes gradually diffused through this upper stratum of water. From hence, probably, and from that law which ordains that the cooler portions of fluid should remain at a depth proportioned to their coolness, or that of their superior specific gravity, the important result follows—that during the winter half of the year, the temperature of the surface of the sea is greater than the mean temperature of the air, tending to produce, by the well known property which heat possesses, of equally diffusing itself through contiguous bodies, that equality in the latter, which can only be expected to be experienced in this variable climate, in sheltered situations on the coast; situations which, like detached islands, consequently experience comparatively little of that powerful change from summer to winter, which is felt on wide extended continents. Thus I may remark, that on the 8th of January last, when the thermometer stood at 35° on the Hastings beach, I found it rise to 40° on being introduced into the surface-water of the sea; and on the 12th of February, the coldest day of the present year, when it stood, in the same situation, at 28° 5 on immersion, it rose to 39°.'—pp. 1—7.

Another very efficient cause for the more elevated temperature of the sea, as our author states, is the 'action of its currents, and the succession of its tides, by constantly mixing and combining that surface-water which has, in various latitudes, been differently affected by the solar beams.' On the southern coast particularly, this would be the case; and it is thought that the temperature of the sea in that direction is not a little influenced by the agency of a stream of warm water, which flows from the gulf of Mexico towards Europe. Dr. Franklin published a chart of this stream. 'whose waters were found to be from six to eleven degrees warmer than the ocean through which they flowed, their superior temperature being derived from that of the climate of the Mexican gulf, whither the waters are driven and pent up by the trade winds, which force them westerly, until they become actually more elevated, by several yards, than the waters of the Pacific ocean.' It is supposed by Professor Playfair, that the elevation of temperature which we experience during the prevalence of south-west winds, may be attributable to the presence of air, which has been heated by passing over this, and perhaps other similar currents. It would seem also that the current which issues from the

Bay of Biscay, exercises a warming influence on our southern waters.

From these general observations, the author proceeds, rather abruptly, to the coast of Hastings. We are not at all disposed to undervalue the great natural advantages which that favourite bathing-place possesses. We shall therefore present them to the reader, described in the fluent language which we find before us.

'The town is bounded on the north and east by some of the most elevated land in the county of Sussex, and probably the most so on the southern coast of England; the hill of Fairlight, which is about a mile and a half distant, being 541 feet in height. On the west it is screened by a continuous line of hill, rising to an elevation of from 200 to 300 feet; and on the south, the British Channel presents a wide and extensive bay, stretching from Dungeness on the east, to Beachy-head to the west. This coast abounds in undulating elevations, which, for some miles in extent, are bordered by perpendicular rocky cliffs, intersected by those numerous valleys which characterize the southern shores; and which, connected with modern theories of the deluge, have been termed valleys of denudation; being supposed to have been formed by the reflux of the waters at that period. These rocks are capable of affording much interest to the geologist, by their marked character, and relation to their neighbouring deposits. Their peculiarities are very interestingly exhibited along the shore, as they boldly and precipitously rise, in some situations, to the height of 300 feet; while their bases, washed by each returning tide, form a beach consisting of pebbles and of sand, interspersed with massive fragments which have been detached from above. It is from this formation that the chalybeate springs of Tonbridge take their origin; and although such springs have too long been disregarded in the vicinity of Hastings, there are many possessing considerable impregnations of iron, which might be rendered of great utility; so many affections existing, in which the combined action of native chalybeates, with coast advantages, seem likely to justify our most sanguine expectations, as in another place I shall endeavour to show.

'The rocks I have just mentioned, consist of a fine pulverulent sandstone, containing in their lower strata, a large quantity of iron, whence it is commonly denominated iron-sand; and although found in some situations in the interior of the kingdom, is, I believe, peculiar to this part of the southern coast. But the geological character of the Hastings coast is otherwise remarkable; as the above formation is partially begirt, in the form of a horse-shoe, by a zone of weald clay, of several miles in breadth. This is rendered apparent on the eastern side of Hastings, at about seven miles distance along the beach, from whence it proceeds to the north-west, as far as Horsham, including within its boundary Tonbridge Wells; then returning, it appears again upon the coast, at five miles to the west of the town, and may be traced almost around Bologne and its vicinity, on the opposite coast of France.

'Now, by the union of these two substances, the weald-clay and the iron-sand, with beds of other clay, which occasionally intervene, as we may perceive, on the higher lands, as about Fairlight, a rich and loamy soil is produced, abounding throughout this district, and adding greatly to the healthful nature of the climate, by the facility with which any super-

abundant moisture is removed from its surface. The lands in the vicinity of Hastings being characterised by a degree of dryness, which materially favours its salubrity; for, as it is well known, the humidity of the atmosphere is in all situations materially increased by that of the land; and where the latter prevails, it is opposed to the advantages attending a coast residence in many cases of indisposition.

'Great depth of alluvial surface, by exposing to the thirsty air its abundant moisture, is alone a sufficient cause for a more constant and copious evaporation than can take place on the coast of Sussex generally; many parts of which are not more remarkable for the absorbant qualities, than the superficial nature of their soil.

'Of all the benefits, however, which the Hastings coast offers to the invalid, there is none more obvious than the choice of situation it affords, adapting it either for summer or winter residence; many of its habitations being placed at an elevation of two or three hundred feet above the level of the sea; consequently, as the temperature of all places is so materially diminished in proportion to their elevation, that in this country, one of 270 feet is allowed to be equal in the difference of its temperature to an entire degree of latitude; and as these more elevated parts of the town of Hastings are moreover visited, during the summer months, by the then prevailing breezes, descending from the surrounding altitudes, these higher parts of the town necessarily receive from them a very diminished temperature, at those periods when coolness is most grateful. While on the other hand, the numerous habitations which are placed on the immediate beach, below the cliffs, being most effectually sheltered, at all seasons, from the more piercing winds, are no less suitably adapted for a winter residence. From hence it follows, that a proper degree of caution should be exercised on the part of invalids, lest by an injudicious choice between situations so remote from each other in character, a summer or winter residence here may lose some of its most important advantages.'—pp. 15—21.

Its security from the northerly and easterly winds, the genial situation of its parade, and the natural beauty of the woodland scenery in its neighbourhood, are next pointed out, and dwelt upon with due emphasis. The salutary and invigorating qualities of its climate are also insisted upon, and highly eulogized, though not more highly than it deserves.

The delights and advantages of sea-bathing can hardly require to be proved by any arguments, particularly at this season of the year, when almost half the population of the metropolis may be found at the sea-side, practically enjoying the benefits of what Sir William Curtis cockneycally termed "a wash." We find that Dr. Harwood, contrary to the prevailing notions of the day, strongly recommends sea-water to be taken internally. The ancients considered it, from its powerful action on the liver, as an antidote for melancholic humours or black bile. They also advised it to be taken for colicky affections. Our author is decidedly of opinion that it has a powerful tendency to remove torpor and inactivity in the functions of the stomachic and digestive organs. But whatever may be thought by doctors or invalids on this subject, no doubts can be entertained of the efficacy of sea-bathing. On this

subject the author's observations are very loosely thrown together. We shall select from them a few paragraphs, which may afford some useful hints to the sea-side reader.

'During the autumnal portion of the year, as Dr. A. P. Buchan observes, the sea may be considered as affording rather a temperate, than a cold bath, being only a few degrees lower in temperature than the air; the air having, at that period, become cooled by the prevailing western breezes, before the surface of the water has been deprived of that heat which it has accumulated during the summer months.

'The average temperature of the sea is, however I think, seldom less than about forty degrees below that of the body; but the sensation of cold which we experience on bathing in the sea is much greater than would be produced by exposure to air at the same temperature, in consequence of the greater capacity of the water for absorbing or conveying away heat, which in fluids, as in solids, is increased in proportion to their density.

'Yet, though cold sea-water is more dense, and has a greater specific gravity than fresh, it is obvious, from Dr. Currie's experiments, that its continued action produces much less torpor in the animal system, than that which is produced by fresh water at a similar temperature, which difference can only be assigned to the stimulating effect of its contents; and this result may be readily inferred from the benefit which is constantly derived from those strong solutions of marine salt, so frequently employed by physicians in the interior of the kingdom, in cases where stimulating applications are desirable.'

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'It is a fact in physiology, as well ascertained by daily observation as by direct experiment, that in whatever way animal heat be acquired, the function of the exhalent vessels is the great agent by whose means its uniformity is maintained, and its superfluity disposed of; the temperature of the body being in a great measure regulated by the exhalation which takes place during health on its surface, and by that of the lungs, internally. As, therefore, without this provision, our animal heat would be liable to rise to an inconvenient degree, from every slight increase in the motions of the heart, it becomes of great importance that the action of the exhalents should be regularly and permanently supported, though not permitted to exceed what is required to produce this result; because, whatever tends to promote a due and regular performance of their cooling function, is as conducive to health as copious perspirations are calculated to debilitate.

'In this capacity, then, the frequent and judicious exercise of sea-bathing is highly beneficial; nor do we, I think, possess any means which so effectually contribute to lessen the susceptibility of the body to cold; which desirable object it produces, not only in accordance with the well known axiom, that the effects of cold are diminished in proportion to our habit of exposure to its impressions, but also on other principles no less influential.'—pp.56—61.

We wish that the author had been a little more diffuse in his rules for sea-bathing. The following are among the few which he has given us:

'And it may be confidently remarked, that it is impossible to be too particular in the employment of the cold-bath, of whatever kind, in the first instance; although the sea-bath is less liable to produce injurious effects from its higher temperature and additional stimulus, than a cold-bath of fresh water.

'What I have last observed, is applicable in an especial manner to young and delicate females, in whom the greatest possible benefit is so often likely to result from sea-bathing, if properly had recourse to; yet, when the countenance is pale, and the circulation of the extreme blood-vessels appears to be peculiarly languid, a state which is so often connected with a degree of indolence in the vessels of the absorbent system, indicated by occasional swelling of the feet and ancles, it is alone prudent to begin a course of sea-bathing with tepid water; and to reduce its temperature only in proportion to the progress made in the cure of the disease.

'The same means, it may be observed, should be invariably employed in very delicate constitutions, dependent on whatever cause, since the neglect of this simple precaution has very frequently been productive of material injury to such invalids.

'Gentle exercise has with great justice been recommended by several modern medical authors, before cold bathing, in order to rouse the circulation, and enable it to effect a proper degree of re-action; and this expedient is proved to be beneficial, by the same reasoning which accounts for the danger that attends cold-bathing, when the functions are rendered languid and fatigued by violent exercise.

'But the advantage of gentle exercise again, before cold-bathing, is not a discovery of our days; for Galen compared its effects to those of the warm-bath, in equally determining the internal heat to the surface of the body, and thus enabling the latter to withstand the attacks of cold on the viscera; he therefore considered exercise as very useful in preparing the body for the employment of the cold-bath. He also considered the warm-bath to be useful on the same principle; as do many of the moderns.

'From this important consideration, it follows, that persons, in whom the powers of re-action are feeble, in order to induce a beneficial glow of warmth after cold-bathing, require the agency of the full force of their vital powers, previously to subjecting themselves to its influence. It is therefore observed, that such persons bathe with much greater advantage, two or three hours after breakfast, than before, as previously to this time, the circulation has not acquired its due degree of energy throughout the system.

'Although the employment of friction on the surface of the body during bathing, by means of the flesh-brush, may prove an auxiliary of high utility in the use of the warm-bath, I cannot conceive its influence to be, by any means, commensurate with the disadvantages of long exposure to cold.

'After bathing, gentle exercise will be found by invalids generally very advantageous, as it serves to continue that increased action, which it was the object of the bath to promote; but if this excercise be carried to the extent to produce respiration, the cold occasioned by evaporation will often be destructive to the benefit which would be otherwise derived from the bath.

'There can be no doubt, that the most injudicious of all modes of sea-bathing intended for the improvement of health, is that of remaining long in, or beneath, the surface of the water; or, what is often still more injurious, exposing the wetted surface of the body to the influence of the cold wind, rendered, as before observed, more chilling, by more rapidly depriving the body of that heat which is necessary to produce evaporation, for in this way torpor and debility of the extreme vessels can alone be induced.

'On the same principle, it is desirable than an invalid should avoid exposure to cold immediately before bathing; the immersion should be conducted, and the clothes resumed, as quickly as possible.

'The necessity for speedily resuming the clothes, and preventing the body from the action of cold winds after sea-bathing, is interestingly shown in the fact, which has been proved by repeated experiments, that during two minutes after immersion, the temperature of the body sinks several degrees, and then gradually rises during the succeeding fourteen or fifteen minutes, to within a degree or two of its original temperature.

'But if, at this period, the body be exposed to a cold air, as a north or north-east wind, at a temperature of 44° or 45°, its heat rapidly sinks again, even below that occasioned by the immersion.*

'In drying the surface of the body after sea-bathing, it is perhaps an advantage to use napkins which have been previously dipped in sea-water and dried: as by this simple expedient, the saline particles are less likely to be entirely removed from the skin, than by the means usually employed.

'From what has been before stated, it is obviously by no means judicious for debilitated persons, to immerse their bodies in the water more than once, at each bathing; since each immersion calls on the system for a new partial reaction; which reaction, while it exhausts the animal powers, is rendered inefficient in proportion to its repetition; until an invaluable means of imparting strength becomes converted into one of increasing weakness; it is therefore even better to remain a short time immersed, than to repeat the immersion.—pp. 68—73.

Dr. Harwood's observations on the warm sea-bath are still more scanty than those on the cold. He recommends it as a powerful instrument of health in many cases.

'The most obvious of its effects,' he says, 'is its extraordinary power of relieving pain, a benefit which renders its agency invaluable in so many of the most distressing afflictions; but though this has been so well known and appreciated from the earliest ages, it is yet a property difficult of satisfactory explanation.

'* In cases of shipwreck, it has been found far better to keep the body constantly immersed in the sea, than to subject it to repeated alternate immersion, and exposure to cold winds; as persons have survived twenty-three hours of constant immersion, with the sea at its lowest temperature, that of 38° or 40°; when, at the same period, four hours only have been destructive to life, in one of the most healthy of the crew, who was exposed to these alternations; the difference arising from the more cooling agency of the wind, materially aided by the evaporation it occasioned.

'But in addition to its soothing power on the nervous system, from whence such an effect is doubtless primarily derived, it is capable, by a peculiar sympathy, of extending the same influence to the muscles, however remotely situated from the surface of the body; in this way arresting their inordinate action, and thus overcoming the effects of spasmodic disease, in perhaps every form of which it is capable of affording a greater or less degree of alleviation.

'It is however in tropical climates more particular, that its agency in this capacity is most constantly sought, and valued; from the very unfortunate frequency of these most distressing diseases. There are nevertheless, in our own country, too many, connected with similar causes, in which its employment is essential to the alleviation of suffering; as the various calculous affections, and those in particular which are connected with a spasmodic contraction of the biliary ducts.

'In the numerous chronic diseases incident to the decline of life, the warm sea-water bath is often found to be of peculiar advantage; from its obvious power of rousing the energies of the circulation, and thus restoring that irritability in the muscular system, which it is often the effect of these tedious disorders to impair.

'By promoting the action of the exhalent vessels, and re-establishing the balance in function, between them and the absorbents, through the immediate sympathy existing between these systems, it becomes, in combination with exercise or other means, a very successful agent in the removal of dropsical enlargements of the limbs; or of other effusions into the cellular membrane.

'The greatest benefits are also constantly derived from the use of the warm sea-water bath, in a great variety of diseases arising from debilitating or exciting causes; whether they assume a spasmodic character, are dependent on a diminished energy in the process of nutrition, or are referable to obviously impaired powers in the circulating system, from repeated hemorrhages, or other causes.'—pp. 81—83.

We observe that Dr. Harwood alludes somewhat contemptuously to the shampooing baths which are so highly boasted of by the medical gentlemen of Brighton. This is uncandid, because no doubt can be fairly entertained that those baths have effected complete cures in cases of the utmost debility.

The author's dissertations on diseases in which a coast residence is most beneficial, will prove, we apprehend, generally acceptable to invalids. We have already mentioned most of the maladies on which he has touched. To these we may add the whole class of diseases by which children are affected, such as rickets, marasmus, spasmodic affections, hooping cough, measles, &c. It is not within the province of this journal to enter into this portion of the author's labours, and we shall therefore content ourselves with favourably recommending them to the notice of the public.

ART. XI.—*St. Petersburgh. A Journal of Travels to and from that Capital; through Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the Federated States of Germany, and France.* By A. B. Granville, M.D.; F.R.S.; F.L.S; M.R.I.; F.G.S.; and M.R.A.S. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1313. London: Colburn. 1828.

THE Doctor will, we hope, excuse us for having omitted the various other titles which he has added to his name. There are, independently of the many letters of the alphabet above quoted, no fewer than twenty-five ordinary, or honorary, marks of distinction appended to his cognomen at full length, occupying nearly a quarter of the title page. These we must leave to the reader's imagination, and proceed at once to the two formidable volumes before us.

Formidable indeed they are, in every sense of the word. Five hundred and fifty-nine pages constitute the first volume, a tolerably thick octavo; while in the second, the enormous number of seven hundred and fifty-four pages swell before us, as 'Alps on Alps arise.' Thus we have, as the result of both, upwards of thirteen hundred mortal pages of close print, and no very sumptuous margin; and when we consider that these are the produce of an absence from England of only one hundred and eighteen days, seventy-three of which appear to have been spent in travelling, we must admit that Dr. Granville is not only an industrious, but a very ingenious man. It may be presumed, from the elaborate account which he has given of almost every thing remarkable in Petersburgh, that he occupied at least twenty-one days in driving or walking about the various streets of that capital; hence, if he had written his work on the spot, he must have been limited to four-and-twenty days for mere authorship, which would have compelled him to produce upwards of fifty pages per diem. The Doctor is certainly a most industrious man, to say the least of him.

To this we must add, that the two volumes are illustrated by seventy engravings, including plans of the most remarkable buildings, and the principal cities which our author visited, together with views of streets, palaces, triumphal arches, theatres, churches, and river scenery, not to mention the vignettes which are dedicated to lighter subjects. The uninitiated reader stares with astonishment when he learns that all this was done, or at least prepared in some way or other, within the limited compass of three short weeks. He will be almost induced to believe that the doctor is a conjurer; or if not, that he writes and sketches by means of a steam engine, or vacuum gas engine, or some such potent instrument. No: nothing of the kind. There is no sorcery whatever about the work, and we believe that the only connection which the steam engine had with it, was in printing the sheets of which it is composed, at Mr. Bentley's office in Dorset-street. How, then, it may be naturally asked, could so bulky a

production, with all its illustrations, have been compiled within the time that has been specified? We think that if we cannot answer the question, we can throw a ray or two of light upon it.

In the first place, the illustrations might perhaps, on the whole, have cost the Doctor about half-a-crown. He very properly remarks, that sketching is both a troublesome and tedious operation, particularly to a traveller who knows nothing about it. He therefore collected wherever he went, little prints of views; some he found as frontispieces in Guide-books; others as vignettes in the same, or in topographical histories. From these, and other such sources, he selected his ground plans and his other engravings, without a single exception; and this wholesale plagiarism he justifies by saying, that the prints which he copied are the works of native artists, who must have understood their own cities and scenery better, and were therefore more likely to be correct, than a stranger, particularly when that stranger had no time to employ in that way. The Doctor, it must be confessed, has here reason upon his side: the illustrations however are execrable.

In the second place, as to the literary part of the volumes, it evinces, as we have already declared, a great deal of industry. But its originality will perhaps be suspected, when we inform the reader, that the account of the public buildings in Petersburgh alone, occupies upwards of four hundred pages; that the description of Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonn, Frankfort, Leipsig, and Berlin, all remote and unknown cities, fill up nearly four hundred pages more; and that Warsaw and Dresden, and other cities which have been hitherto equally unexplored, are so amply enlarged upon, as to allow the author little more than about two hundred pages for the narrative of his journey, and such observations on society and manners, as may be supposed to have proceeded from his own mind. It may therefore be honestly concluded, that if the author had but compressed his pages to the number, which any two out of twenty readers would feel any interest in perusing, he might have reduced them to about one hundred and fifty, without inflicting a serious detriment on the world of literature. Or to allow him the utmost latitude, he might have followed the example of M. Ancelot, who spent about the same space of time in Russia as our author; and who arrived in Paris with his four hundred pages ready for the printer. Through such a number, perhaps, the Doctor might have laboured clearly enough. To treble that number his literary powers were totally inadequate. He confesses more than once, that his readers have good reason to be tired of him; to the soft impeachment we must plead guilty; for we have seldom encountered a mass of composition over which the gleams of occasional animation are so few and so "far between." The toil of wading through it can only be compared to the labour of penetrating a desert of quick sand, in which each step we venture upon, only sinks us deeper than before.

From the accumulation of matter before us, it will, however, now be our office to select such portions as appear to us to contain any novelty or interest. In performing this task, we fear that we must give up all idea of anything like a methodical arrangement.

The Doctor, it appears, was induced to sacrifice his own practice for four months of the dullest, and certainly the least profitable, part of the year, in order to attend the Count * and Countess Woronzow, on their return to Russia, after their sojourn in England. The Countess was in a delicate state of health, and we are happy to hear, that her ladyship at least, whatever the critics may feel, has no reason to regret her physician's visit to Petersburgh. Determined, from the very commencement, to make two books, the Doctor begins with Dover, which he very fully describes, and strongly recommends as a watering place to invalids. The wonders of Calais, Dunkirk, and Ostend, are next exposed to our gaze; and as soon as we arrive at Ghent, the Doctor thinks it high time to begin to *illustrate*—in his way. The palaces, and other public buildings at Brussels, are also represented in the same manner, and fully descanted upon. We have even an essay upon its climate, as if it had only just been discovered by some fortunate traveller. It would be impossible for the Doctor, acting on the plan with which he set out, to pass through Aix-la-Chapelle, without analyzing its mineral waters. We have accordingly a dissertation on them, and all the renowned glories of the place. How happy he must have been on reaching the celebrated spot where the Eau de Cologne is manufactured! He left no stone unturned, in order to explore all the mysteries connected with the production of that celebrated water! The following account of the real Farina, and the receipt appended to it, will not perhaps be unacceptable to some of our fair readers.

'What idle traveller goes to Cologne, and does not provide himself with a good stock of the delightful perfumed water, so well known as the supposed inimitable production of that place? But it is essential to know, that there are no fewer than three Farinas, one only of whom is the genuine descendant of the inventor and proprietor of the secret. The first to whom we addressed ourselves, under the guidance of the *valet de place*, is a regular impostor, and sold to one of our party some very bad Cologne water. This we soon perceived; and having complained to the servant of the fact, the rogue, who was evidently in league with the other, thought of quieting us by conducting the party to a second *Farina*, where a large supply of excellent *Eau de Cologne* was procured. This second Farina informed us that only 8000 bottles of the water were sold by him. He is a *Johann Maria*, "*in der Stadt Turin*," like the other two, and lives in the Hoberstrasse. But we might have fared still better, had we been informed in time, that there exists still a *third* Farina,

* The Count is at present Commander at the siege of Varna, vice Prince Menzikoff, dangerously wounded.

whose *magasin* is opposite to the *Poste aux lettres*, and whose Eau de Cologne is of the most superior description.

'From a person connected with the manufacturing of this spirituous water, I learned that the principal Farina sells about three times as many bottles as the second: and supposing the spurious Farina to sell 6000 bottles, the whole quantity of Cologne water, actually sold in that town for exportation, would amount to 38,000 bottles. It is manifest, therefore, that a large quantity of Eau de Cologne must be spurious; for a much larger quantity than the one last-mentioned is consumed in Europe. The facility with which this perfume may be imitated, has probably led to the manufacturing of it in most of the large towns and capitals. My fair readers will find the following an excellent receipt for making Eau de Cologne equal to that of Farina, and at one-fourth of the price.

'Take of the essence of bergamot, lemon-peel, lavender, and orange-flower, of each one ounce; essence of cinnamon, half an ounce; spirit of rosemary, and of the spirituous water of melisse, of each fifteen ounces; strong alcohol, seven pints and a half. Mix the whole together, and let the mixture stand for the space of a fortnight; after which, introduce it into a glass retort, the body of which is immersed into boiling water contained in a vessel placed over a lamp, while the beak is introduced into a large glass reservoir well luted. By keeping the water to the boiling point, the mixture in the retort will distil over into the receiver, which should be covered over with wet cloths. In this manner will be obtained pure Eau de Cologne.'—vol. i. pp. 117, 118.

The establishment of steam boats on the Rhine, has wonderfully facilitated the navigation of that romantic river. The Doctor has made some calculations concerning it, which make us almost ashamed to say that we have not yet availed ourselves of the advantages it holds out.

'One of these vessels starts twice a-week from Cologne for Mayence and back again. Two whole days are employed in the former (stopping the night), and ten hours in the latter voyage. Similar conveyances exist from Cologne to Rotterdam and back again, the distances being performed in twelve hours descending, and twenty-four ascending. The passage from London to Rotterdam, in the steam-boat, occupies twenty-four hours: so that a traveller, embarking at the Tower stairs for Mayence at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, in July, we will say, is sure of getting to Rotterdam on Sunday; whence, after taking a view of the place, he starts in another steam-vessel for Cologne, where he arrives on Tuesday afternoon. Having rested the night, he again embarks, at five in the morning of Wednesday in a third steamer, reaches Coblentz the same day, and is landed at Mayence on Thursday afternoon. If his business takes him to Frankfort, a fourth steam-vessel is ready to convey him to that place on the same day, as two such vessels perform that distance twice daily. Or if Switzerland be the point of direction, the Frederic-William steamer will convey him to Strasburg in forty-four hours; from whence, plunging into the Black Forest, a short journey by land takes him into the very heart of Switzerland. Such are the wonderful performances of steam in navigation! A man may breakfast in London on Saturday, take his supper at the Römisch Kaiser on the

Thursday evening following at Frankfort, and dine in some Swiss Canton on the succeeding Sunday! and all this at the moderate expense of from forty to fifty rix-dollars, or at the very utmost ten guineas. Who will not travel?'—vol. i. pp. 119—120.

The plan upon which the University of Bonn has been founded by that good and wise sovereign, the King of Prussia, deserves a place among the projects of our new university and college-mongers in this country. It was certainly a great oversight in the council of the London University, not to institute chairs of theology for at least the three principal prevailing religions in the United Kingdom; the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Calvinistic. Even without theological lectures, adequate means ought to have been provided in that establishment for the religious instruction of the pupils belonging to the three modes of worship. The King's College proposes only to instruct the pupils in the doctrine of the Established Church, to which also they will be required to pay an outward conformity: a most illiberal arrangement, which appears in all its native deformity when contrasted with the system of the University of Bonn.

'One cannot fail to remark in the decree of his Prussian Majesty, respecting the University of Bonn, a liberality of sentiment on questions of religion, which calls for a tribute of admiration; and which teaches other modern founders of public schools, that the reason alleged by some for excluding religious instruction from such schools is no reason at all—or rather a strong reason for multiplying instead of suppressing it. For in the case of the Prussian University, where both Protestant and Catholic students attend in great numbers, instead of such a mixture of students suggesting the preposterous idea of suppressing, altogether, the chair of Theology, it has, on the contrary, led to the establishment of a provision for the separate instruction of both in their respective religious faith, by the creation of two chairs instead of one, in Theology as well as Philosophy.

'Nor is the interesting manner in which the King declares his anxiety to provide his subjects with means of acquiring solid useful knowledge, less entitled to public approbation. "I confidently hope," observes his Majesty, alluding to this University, "that it will act in the spirit which dictated its foundation, in promoting true piety, sound sense, and good morals. By this, my faithful subjects may know, and learn with what patriotic affection I view the equal, impartial, and solid instruction of them all: and how much I consider education as the means of preventing those turbulent and fruitless efforts so injurious to the welfare of nations,"'—vol. i. pp. 124, 125.

Somewhat connected with this subject, is that of the Mechanics' Institutions, which have been established in this country within the last three or four years. The plan of them appears to have been borrowed from Germany; but the best modelled amongst them is, as yet, in a state very inferior indeed to the Polytechnic Institution of Frankfort, for the promotion of the useful arts, and the sciences connected with them.

'Its foundation is anterior, by several years, to that of the first Mechanics' Institution in London; and it reflects great credit on the character of the inhabitants of this small, but interesting State, that they should have taken the lead in the career of scientific and mechanical instruction for the humbler yet useful classes of the community. This curious fact seems to have been overlooked in the recommendatory addresses made to the English public at the first opening of the Mechanics' Institutions in this country. It was in 1816 that the Polytechnic Society was first formed at Frankfort. It is composed of members taken from every class of citizens, particularly amongst artizans. Mutual instruction in mechanics, the useful arts, and the sciences connected with those arts, forms the principal object of the society. In order not to interrupt the weekly labours of the workmen, a Sunday class has been established purposely for them since 1818, which has flourished ever since the commencement, and is now in the most prosperous condition. But the committee of management of this really important institution, have added to their plan two striking features, which are totally wanting in the plan of those establishments of the same nature, that have since sprung up in England, France, and the Netherlands. These are a saving bank for its members, and an annual exhibition of the produce of industry and the arts, from the hands of the members, as well as from mechanics and manufacturers in general. The funds of the saving bank in question amounted in the first five years to nearly half a million of florins, proceeding from 2,500 depôts. The annual exhibitions of 1826, and of 1827, had also been successful. Here are examples worthy of imitation.'—vol. i. pp. 171, 172,

Speaking of the clubs at Frankfort, of which the principal one, by the way, appears to be conducted upon a very disagreable plan, our author recommends that as the Casino there is frequented by the ladies on certain evenings, a similar practice should be established by the leading clubs of London. This is one of the prescriptions, which we apprehend respectable females at least will not very speedily take in our metropolis, even though it be signed by the name of Dr. Granville. He must understand very little of the nature of such institutions in London, if he imagine that the frequenters of them are friendly to the society of the female sex. And whether they are or not, we are very sure that the habits of our fair countrywomen will never permit them to be seen at such places. The metropolis is already sufficiently demoralized without this new auxiliary being added to the many sources of corruption with which it is already crowded.

The Doctor, it is clear, does not understand the German language, when he finds fault with the harmony of the following line:

"Wen die sauften A-bend lüfte."

It would be impossible to produce a sweeter combination of liquids in any language than this. Of the Doctor's ear for music we utterly despair, when we find him crying down the Zauberflote of Mozart. He calls it a meagre composition! We suspect the Doctor, when he heard it, had not digested his sour crout.

It excites our indignation to learn that the remains of Schiller, the Shakspeare of Germany, lie in the common receptacle of the dead at Weimar, without a monument to distinguish them from the last watchman that was buried there! This is, indeed, a stain upon the literary escutcheon, not of the German Athens alone, but of the whole federation.

While staying at Weimar, we must not omit to notice its celebrated manufactory of literature, for such is the title which it deserves.

'There is an establishment in Weimar which alone would be sufficient to give to that city a degree of importance among the literary towns of Germany. This is the *Landes Industrie-Comptoir*, which for the rapidity and extent of its contributions towards increasing the printed and engraved works of science and literature, might be compared to a steam engine daily at work on those objects. The establishment consists of three distinct departments, each of which is on a scale of magnitude that would eclipse our most enterprising publishers. In the first of these there are a number of quick and clever linguists, who are daily engaged in translating, either entirely or in part, whatever foreign book is likely to be read in Germany; and such is the rapidity with which this office is performed, that frequently the translation of a book published in London at the beginning of one month, is in full circulation by the end of the same month throughout Saxony, and the Independent States of Germany, from the press of the *Industrie-Comptoir*. To this department belong also all reprints of the most popular English and French works, as well as the compilation of original works, more particularly of those on science. The works on statistics, which raised Dr. Hassel's name so high in Europe, were mostly composed in this department, at the head of which he presides. This gentleman is, beyond doubt, the cleverest statistical writer now existing; the most ingenious in devising methodical arrangements for classing the many subjects which that science embraces; and the most industrious in collecting facts, data, and all kinds of requisite information. His genealogical, historical, and statistical Almanack, of which five numbers have already appeared, as a work of one man, is a most surprising production. The number of facts collected in this volume is really prodigious. Dr. Hassel resides in the house.

'The second department is that in which maps are engraved, globes constructed, and copper, as well as lithographic engravings, made and printed to illustrate the several translations, reprints, or compilations, executed in the other departments. In walking through the different rooms of this branch of the establishment, I was surprised at seeing the number of persons employed in drawing, engraving, colouring, and printing a variety of anatomical and surgical plates, for a periodical work or compilation in folio, intitled "Obstetrical Demonstrations," in which are included the principal essays and memoirs of the most celebrated accoucheurs. The branch of Geography in this department is confided to a very able and experienced officer of the name of Wieland, who enjoys a great reputation for the construction of maps. He also resides in the house. All the maps published at the *Industrie-Comptoir* have the merit of being extremely cheap. The great Weimar map of Germany, in several hundred sheets,

published thirty or forty years back, during the first years of this institution, is too well known to need a particular description in this place.

'The third department is that in which all commercial business connected with the various branches of the establishment is transacted. A secretary, clerks, packers, and porters, are for ever busy in taking an account of, registering and dispatching to every part of Germany, the endless productions of this great literary machine.

'The formation of this institution, which has become the most conspicuous in Germany, and has been productive of the happiest results, is due to the late Mr. Bertuch,—a learned, able, and spirited individual, who under the special protection of the Grand-Duke, embarked his whole fortune in the scheme, which had for its object the quick diffusion of knowledge, by affording to the Germans the best and readiest means of becoming acquainted with the works of foreign nations. Mr. Bertuch was himself an author of no inconsiderable merit; and to him also are the schemes due of some of the most instructive, pleasing, and valuable periodical publications, on the subject of general and elementary education, travels, astronomy, and other heads of general reading.

'The successor of Mr. Bertuch is Dr. Froriep, his relation by marriage. This gentleman, who had already acquired considerable reputation as professor in some of the principal Universities of Germany, was summoned to take charge of this vast establishment at the death of his relative. He entered upon it with a spirit and activity which have raised still higher the celebrity of the institution. By his judicious arrangements he is enabled to collect information from every part of civilized Europe and America, an epitome of which he communicates to the learned world in a sort of Gazette published at irregular intervals, intitled, "Notizen aus dem Gebiete der Natur-und Heilkund," or the Natural History and Medical Intelligencer, which has a very extensive circulation in Germany. Dr. Froriep is an excellent anatomist and obstetrical practitioner, on both which subjects he has written very creditable works, particularly his Manual of Theoretical and Practical Midwifery, the eighth edition of which was published last year. He possesses, also, a very choice and neat collection of preparations connected with that subject and with comparative anatomy. In this museum I remarked a fœtus, ten weeks old, and well-proportioned, without the slightest indication of a cord, or of the usual mark of its insertion. I only know of two other examples of this rare aberration of nature; the one at Ghent, the other at Göttingen. The Doctor also shewed me a regular and complete series of the fœtus of the negro, in all of which, the peculiarities of the nose and lips, characteristic of the race, are distinctly perceptible, even so early as at the third month. Dr. Froriep has often visited England, speaks the language with great fluency, and entertains a high opinion of the literary and medical character of this country. He receives every periodical publication which appears in England, as well as every work of merit on subjects of science, as soon as published; and, in the most spirited manner, has them translated and published with the least possible delay, with all the necessary plates and illustrations, produced under his own roof and immediate inspection. It may readily be imagined that the building in which such an establishment can be conducted, must be extensive. The dwelling-house, the map-room, the library, and the numerous offices, occupy a large site in one of

the new and handsome streets of Weimar; and there is at the back of it a garden of considerable extent, and a wide and oblong basin of water; which, when frozen over in the winter season, becomes, by permission of the good-natured proprietor, the rendezvous of all the beaux and belles of Weimar, eager to exhibit their skill and agility in the noble mastery of skaiting.'—vol. i. pp. 231—234.

At Frankfort, Weimar, and Leipsig, our best English works are often reprinted, and sold for a mere nothing. At the former place our author purchased Matilda, delightfully printed as a pocket volume, for one-fifth of the price at which it is sold in London. At Leipsig all Moore's poetical works, including Lalla Rookh, the Loves of the Angels, the Fudge Family, the Irish Melodies, &c. have been printed in one volume, 8vo, which sells for seven shillings! They would cost as many pounds in England.

Strange to say, although our Doctor had no ear for the Zauberflote, he had both an eye and ear for Mademoiselle Sontag, whom he first saw at the opera in Berlin. The language in which he speaks of that fair songstress cannot, we should think, be very agreeable to Mrs. Granville.

'The star—the comet—the attraction—the Henriette Sontag, Königlich Kammersangerin, whom poets, sonnet-writers, newspaper-compilers, prose-composers, and travellers, have raved so much about, stood before us. She is slender, rather *petite* and *mignonne*. Her countenance, like that of Canova's nymph, is full of that sweetness, which belongs more to the *beau ideal* than to mortal reality. I would say, that her foot is the prettiest thing imaginable, if her hands were not prettier still. She is faultless as to teeth, which the sweetest smile imaginable, for ever hovering round her mouth, sets off at every warble in all their glory.'—vol. i. p. 287.

Here is a flourish! We have no desire to undervalue the lady, but we must say that she has been more industriously and more undeservedly puffed than any Donna, first or second, that has ever appeared upon the Italian stage. Her person is well enough, and her voice pretty, and that is the utmost that can be said in her favour. Our physician seems to have taken as lively a fancy to her as Prince Hardenberg himself.

After crossing the Russian frontiers, our travelling party were detained for a day on the road by an accident. This delay introduced to their acquaintance a Jewish minstrel, who performed in an able and agreeable manner several pieces of music, on an instrument of which we do not recollect to have seen any description before.

'The instrument consists of three ranges of pieces of wood, all of the same diameter, being about one inch in thickness, but not of equal length. The longest, which is also the first piece, is about one foot and a half long, while the last, or the twenty-fourth in order, is only six inches long. The intermediate pieces regularly diminish in length from first to last. Pine is the wood of which they are made. Each of the three rows consists

of eight pieces, strung together at their extremities by means of a cat-gut string passing through the centre of the piece. Each row forms an octave, and the centre octave is so strung, that the two extremities of its eight pieces are received between the extremities of the pieces belonging to the first and third octave, to the extent of an inch and a half. These three rows are laid on four cylindrical bundles of straw firmly bound with string, and of the size of an ordinary walking-stick, and placed on a table. The performer, then holding between the fore and middle finger of each hand a slender stick made of a more compact wood, and notched so as to fit the fore finger, strikes the different pieces with a rapidity and adroitness quite surprising, preluding in the most agreeable manner, and eliciting sounds which sometimes approach very near to those of a glass harmonicon, and at others resemble more those of a soft flageolet.'—vol. i. p. 408.

It is no part of our intention to follow Doctor Granville in his numerous tours through Petersburgh. The reader may, however, feel some pleasure in taking a bird's-eye view of that splendid city.

'A few days after our arrival, the Count requested one of his aide-de-camps, the Prince Herheoulidzeff, a Circassian nobleman, whose amiable disposition and refined manners have won him the affections of a large circle of friends, to accompany a medical friend and myself to see the interior of the Admiralty. The elevated tower of this building offers an excellent opportunity of taking a periscopic bird's-eye view of the city; we at the same time ascended to the external gallery placed around the lantern, which, surmounting the dome, serves as a base to the beautiful and richly-gilt spire that rises from this point, eighty-five feet high. In this situation, we found ourselves at an elevation of one hundred and forty-five feet above the level of the Neva; and never did a more magnificent spectacle greet the eye of an enquiring traveller, than burst upon us when we stepped out on the circular balcony. The day was one of the finest seen in this climate. An uninterrupted sunshine lighted up every part of the surrounding panorama, and there was a transparency in the atmosphere which made every object still more conspicuous.

'The first impression received on looking around, when hundreds of fine palaces, colonnades, statues, and towering spires, with not a few specimens of the pure Grecian style of building, attract the attention, would lead one to imagine oneself suddenly transported to a newly-erected city of Greece, in the time of Pericles. But when we connected those different objects with the long, straight, and wide streets, flanked with houses of various, but generally handsome designs—when we marked the bustle of the multitude—the great and motley variety of costumes, most of them picturesque—the *bizarrerie* of the different vehicles that glided before us, some training silently along the handsome area that lay immediately below us, intersecting each other in a thousand different directions; others rapidly coursing on low wheels, with horses that are taught antics and gambols in their course: and now and then a stately carriage, drawn by four horses, guided by a long-bearded coachman, whose waist is compressed by a silken sash, with a square cap of crimson velvet, placed diagonally on his head, and who was heard urging the distant leaders, under the control of a little urchin; we were recalled in our imagination to present times and to reality, and we surveyed with admiration this youngest of the European capitals, and the capital of the largest empire in Europe.

'The prevalence of the light and soft tints with which most of the public buildings are painted, gives to the city a gay and refreshing aspect. Immediately in front of us three noble streets, diverging like rays from a centre, penetrate into the heart of the city, and open to the view the façades of churches and palaces without number, and present lines of dwelling-houses of the first magnitude. These are mostly built of stone, or are of brick stuccoed over. Timber houses are only perceived in a few of the distant suburbs of the Litteinoï, and Narfskoï districts, or in the more remote parts of the Vassiliefskoï and Peterbourskoï Islands. Although higher than the houses in London, those in St. Petersburgh have seldom more than two stories, the elevation of each of which is consequently considerable. These are frequently ornamented with handsome balconies, and light balustrades surround the flat roofs, which are generally covered with sheet iron, painted green or red. Columns are profusely introduced; but their application is mostly confined to the principal story, being seldom employed for the construction of porticos before the principal entrance.

'The number of spires, domes, and towers, with which the general map of the city is interspersed, give to the whole a pleasing variety. The Byzantine bulbous cupolas distinguish those dedicated to the Greco-Russian communion from the other churches. One of the principal ornaments of this modern Palmyra are indeed its churches. Seen from an eminence, the Greek churches appear, both far and near, with an imposing aspect, alike removed from the masterpieces of Gothic architecture and the modern temples. Five domes, the central one of which is higher than the others, and of larger proportions, in many instances gilt with profusion, would remind one of the mosques of Constantinople, but that the Greek Cross towers here in proud triumph over the Ottoman Crescent. We were struck with the fine appearance of the several military barracks, and the riding-house adjoining those which belong to the several cavalry regiments of guards stationed in the capital. The uniform beauty of these buildings, most of which have been erected by eminent architects, is very remarkable. The squares and gardens, seen to interrupt the monotony of large masses of buildings and streets, form at the same time a number of important openings in the great map of the city, on which the eye dwells with pleasure. We particularly noticed on the eastern side of our station, and on the bank of the Moika, the Imperial Mews, with the church belonging to it, one of the most superb specimens of architecture existing in St. Petersburgh: its running portico, of the order of Pestum, is unequalled in beauty. The summer-gardens, and the Castle of St. Michael near them, the pleasure-grounds belonging to the recently finished and magnificent Palace of the Grand Duke Michael, are likewise seen grouped on this spot. The wide Fontanka, with its many granite bridges, marks the boundary of this district, beyond which the view stretches to the old and new Arsenal, to the Taurida palace and its park, and farther still to the splendid convent of Smolnoï. Turning gently round over the neighbouring scenery, the elevated church of St. Alexander Nevoski with its monastery, cemetery, and cloister, caught our attention; while in the intermediate ground we observed the long line of shops of the Gostinoïdwor, the tower of the Town-hall, the private palace of Anitchkoff, belonging to the Emperor, the semicircular front of the Cathedral of our Lady of Casan, the Bank of Assignats, the

handsome building of the Poor's Hospital, and that of the Institute of St. Catherine. Directing our attention to the South-western part of the city, new wonders offered themselves to our view. The colossal pile of marble forming part of the intended new church of St. Isaac, the Palladian structure of the Post-office, the barracks and riding-house of the *Gardes a cheval*, the great and handsome portico of the Opera, with the picturesque church of St. Nicholas not far distant from it, successively presented themselves as objects for our admiration. The scene, too, in this direction, is pleasingly varied by the many intersecting canals which meet to mingle their waters with those of the gulf placed at the extreme point of our picture, and forming its distant horizon.'—vol. i. pp. 444—447.

The author thinks a journey of one thousand seven hundred miles, not too great a sacrifice of time and labour to make, in order to enjoy this fine panorama. We are told that it will be speedily rendered accessible to the inhabitants of London, through the medium of a model, which has been executed by Rossi.

Great improvements have been effected in Russia, within the last few years. Diligences are now in use there, quite as convenient as those which are to be found in France. A vehicle of this kind sets out for Moscow every day; it is four days and three nights on the road, stopping only for refreshments. There is also a diligence which runs from Petersburgh to Riga, to Revel, and on the line of roads to Radzivil, on the Austrian frontiers facing Brody. Light mails have been lately established on the Moscow road, which are said to be much superior to the public carriages usually met with on the continent.

A steam-boat plied for a short season last year, between London and Petersburgh; but the speculation did not succeed, as the fares were possibly too high. The vessel is now however engaged conveying passengers and goods between St. Petersburgh and Lubeck, which is only about forty miles from Hamburgh. From the latter port a regular steam-boat sails for London every week. Thus an idler who wishes to see Russia, may accomplish his object by taking the steam-boat to Hamburgh, and passing on to Lubeck, whence he will be speedily conveyed by another steamer to Petersburgh; from thence he may go by mail to Moscow, and after spending a week in each of the capitals, he may return to England without being absent for any longer period than six weeks at the utmost. We may therefore ask once more with our author—"Who will not travel?"

The passport system is very rigidly enforced throughout Russia. On this subject Dr. Granville gives some very proper advice, to which travellers would do well to attend.

Our author records a very curious natural phenomon, which was observed at Petersburgh in the Autumn of 1826.

'The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire in the form of

columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air; and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed, at times, to grow faint and dim. At this conjecture the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral resplendence of the horizon increased and became magnificent. This phenomenon lasted nearly four hours; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating in the most magnificent manner nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.'—vol. i. pp. 522.

During his short residence at Petersburgh, our author thought fit to qualify himself as a member of the scientific and medico-chirurgical academies established there, by giving a public lecture on the art of embalming! For this purpose, he had a favourite mummy transported from London to that capital. A more exotic subject the learned physician could scarcely have selected. He has been laughed at excessively in one of the Petersburgh journals for his taste on this occasion. As he is rather susceptible on the subject of his famous lecture, we shall abstain from joining in the mirth to which it gave rise.

We prefer to view the author under a more dignified aspect, on his introduction to court.

'The first necessary step on such an occasion is an application to the ambassador, or minister, of the country to which the stranger belongs, who requests the Minister for Foreign Affairs to inform him of the day and hour when the Emperor will receive the stranger. Ambassadors, particularly the English, have instructions not to present, or cause to be presented, any other persons than such as have already had that honour conferred on them at home. Occasionally it happens that the answer of the Minister for Foreign Affairs is not forwarded until a long time after the application, and then the notice is probably very short, which notice is communicated by the Ambassador to the applicant in an official form. The hour appointed is generally two o'clock, after the parade, at which time the person to be presented, dressed either in a military or naval uniform, or in the court-dress of his own country, repairs to the Winter Palace, where he is received by an officer belonging to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who conducts him into a waiting-room in the Emperor's private suite of apartments. The last-mentioned Grand Officer himself next makes his appearance, and conducts the stranger into the apartment adjoining the sitting-room of his Majesty, opposite the doors of which he is desired to place himself. Some of the officers of the household, and one or two more Masters of the Ceremonies, are present in this

room; and when more than one stranger is to be presented, they are placed in an oblique line, at a short distance from each other, and facing the entrance into the Emperor's room. In a few minutes, two pages throw open the folding doors of the apartment; and his Majesty, dressed in his simple uniform, booted and spurred, with a single star on his breast, advances, smiling and bowing most courteously, in the same manner that a highly bred gentleman receives his guests; and having heard the name of the individual first to be presented pronounced aloud by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, proceeds to address him, and to ask questions, concluding generally with some well-turned and flattering compliment. When his Majesty has thus addressed all those who have been presented, he retires in the same manner, bidding them conjointly farewell, while they remain still in their places until the folding doors are once more closed, when they are conducted to the apartments of the reigning Empress, and afterwards to those of the Empress-mother, both which Princesses are accompanied, on such occasions, by one or two ladies of honour, and as many Grand Officers of the Court, without any other pomp, and with both of whom precisely the same ceremony, in every respect, takes place. There is no kneeling to either the Emperor or the Empresses, and the kissing of hands takes place only with the two Empresses. The only manifestation of respect required on the appearance of the Sovereign, as well as at his departure, is a profound inclination of the head. It is curious that a more humble obeisance should be practised in the presence of a constitutional King, than before an absolute Monarch. On all these occasions, it is not the etiquette for the Ambassador or Minister to be present, unless required by his Majesty, or except when the Ambassador himself has requested a personal audience at the same time. When, however, the Emperor signifies his pleasure to receive the first presentation of a stranger at the *Circle du Corps Diplomatique*, the individual is presented by the Ambassador in person, and the ceremony takes place in the state apartments, with more pomp than I have described, but with much less of that gratification which cannot but be felt by all who have had the honour of a private introduction to the present leading members of the Imperial family of Russia. The names of those who have enjoyed that honour, are inserted on the following day in the Court Gazette, and the Journal de St. Petersburgh, from authority.

'When his Majesty admitted me to the honour of being presented to him, I had an opportunity of witnessing the happy manner in which he studied to put those who were introduced to him at their ease, by entering at once, and with great fluency, upon the subject most likely to be interesting to them. To an English gentleman, who had been presented at the same time, and who was known to have recently travelled a great deal in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, his Majesty put such questions respecting that journey, and the many natural beauties which it must have offered to his attention, as were likely to give him an opportunity of entering freely upon the subject. The apt remarks made by the Emperor upon several parts of the traveller's rapid narrative of his journey, evinced a facility of discoursing on the various topics connected with that narrative, and a degree of condescension, which could not fail to make a striking impression on our minds. In addressing me next, his Majesty with equal ease changed the topic of conversation,

made inquiries respecting the state of science, and the progress of modern discoveries in England; was pleased to allude to the investigation on the art of embalming among the Egyptians, in terms which showed that he was acquainted with my experiments on that subject; asked my opinion of the civil, naval and military hospitals in St. Petersburgh; and spoke very highly of the Naval Hospital at Plymouth, which he had examined minutely, and to which he hoped I should find those in his capital not very dissimilar. He expressed his great satisfaction at the services rendered to Russia by several English physicians, among whom his Majesty particularly mentioned Sir James Wylie, Dr. Leighton, and Sir Alexander Crichton; inquiring at the same time, in a very particular and affectionate manner, about the latter, as to whether he was settled in London, and in practice, or living in the country. He said that nothing was more pleasing to him than to see foreign physicians visiting the public establishments of St. Petersburgh, as he hoped that the country might derive benefit from their observations, and that he himself recollected visiting St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with the nature of which institution he had been much pleased, but that there were improvements which at that time struck him as being called for in some of the wards. Having permitted me to make a reply to this as well as to several other observations which fell from him in the course of the interview, his Majesty withdrew with "J'espère que nous aurons le plaisir de vous voir souvent pendant vôtre sejour à St. Petersbourg," addressed to Mr. M. T—, the other gentleman presented; and "Je vous souhaite un bon voyage," to myself, whom he knew to be about to leave the capital. Having answered in the affirmative to a question of his Majesty, whether I intended going to Moscow; the Emperor observed, "Vous verrez une ville qui merite à tout égard l'attention d'un voyageur. Vous nous voyez ici dans des habits tout neufs, que nous tachons de porter le mieux possible; mais à Moscow on voit le Russe tel qu'il est; on decouvre ce qu'il a été; et on peut juger par lá ce qu'il pourra devenir un jour. Certes, l'ancienne capitale de la Russie doit offrir des reflections intéressantes à une personne instruite et sans préjugés."—vol. ii. pp. 37—41.

Doctor Granville seems to have, as yet, not performed his intention in the latter respect. We thank him for it very sincerely, and hope that he will give up the project altogether, unless he pledges himself not to write another pair of volumes on the subject of that capital. A simple announcement among the fashionable departures—"Dr. Granville has gone to Moscow;" and among the winter arrivals—"Dr. Granville from Moscow," is quite as much as we have the least ambition ever to read upon the subject, if ever he should carry his threat into execution.

After quitting the chamber of the young Emperor, the author had the honour of being presented to the Empress Mother, with whom he chatted a long time. This woman is the gem in all the line of the Imperial family of Russia. The influence which she possesses over her sons is of the most legitimate kind, and constantly exercised for the best purposes. Her attention to the charitable institutions of the capital is most exemplary. She has

exerted herself particularly in the department of education, which has been vastly improved under her care, particularly those branches of it which are most useful to females. The establishment of the College of *Demoiselles Nobles*, may be particularly styled her own. It will be the finest monument to her memory.

From the court we descend, by an easy gradation, to the nobility. These are generally, it seems, much improved in their social habits since the days of Dr. Clarke. There is a very great difference, indeed, between our author's account of Count Woronzow's menage, and that which Dr. Clarke bears testimony to, as the general style of living among the higher classes of Russia.

'We dined generally, and so did every body else I believe, at five o'clock. In one of the principal drawing-rooms there is a small table set out with a number of small dishes, containing carved cold tongue, dried herrings, caviar, preserves, anchovies, thin slices of bread and cheese, with small bottles of liqueurs, or brandy: most of the guests partake of some of these before dinner.

'On entering the dining-room, the table decked out with a gilt or silver *plateau* of great value, in the centre, surrounded by vases of flowers, groups of fruit, and baskets of dry *confitures*, excites the attention of the stranger. Around this the guests take their seats with that intuitive attention to distinction of rank, which good breeding naturally imparts to people in every country. It is not true, however, (at least not true in about twenty of the first Russian houses in St. Petersburgh, with which I was acquainted), as both English and French writers have, even so late as last year, asserted, that the ladies sit all on one side, that the guests of an inferior rank are all compelled to take the bottom of the table, and that only the worst fare and a particular set of trash wines are allowed to the latter. I never remarked any thing of the kind; and indeed there is no bottom of the table, since both the master and mistress take their places in the centre, and are consequently equally distant from their guests at each end of it, where I often remarked persons of the first rank and character.

'The Marchese Caraccioli, who was a great *gourmand*, and spent several years in England as Ambassador from Naples, used to observe, in reference to English cookery, "Il-y-a en Angleterre soixante sectes religieuses differentes, et une seule sauce, le melted butter! quel pays:" Had the Marquess been Ambassador at St. Petersburgh instead, he would have been spared the trouble of such an antithesis. I doubt whether any other national cookery can boast of a greater variety of dishes or sauces than the Russia, and I feel convinced that *Maître Anonyme*, the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, will be considered as not having done one half of his duty, if he expires before he has opened to the public the budget of Russian dishes. These are presented to the guests by the *maitre d'hôtel* and his assistants, already carved at the side tables, and one after the other, with the pleasing attention of whispering into your ears the nomenclature of each dish. One comes and another goes, and a servant follows with a decanter in each hand. The first commends to your attention a little *vareniky*; the second finding that you have already before you a dish of *stchy*, brings round the *rastingay*, or oblong pastry, to eat with it. He

of the bottles then thinks it high time to remind you of such cordial beverages as Champagne, Burgundy, Lafitte, Pacharete, Vin du Commandeur, du Johannisberg, de la Comète, and so on, until you know not which choice to make, Mine was the easiest task on such occasions, for I took none, and I am the better for it: but the quantity of champagne that I saw drank in St. Petersburgh, actually astounded me. I feel confident that there must be another Champagne country somewhat nearer to Russia than the French champagne, to supply what is actually consumed of that wine. In general the Russians are excellent connoisseurs in wine. I have often been present at learned discussions among them on this subject, and particularly on the wines of the Crimea, which a chartered company, supported and encouraged by the Emperor and several high characters, is endeavouring to multiply, improve, and introduce at the St. Petersburgh tables. They may succeed. But, ápropos of *vareniky!* It is a dish of which many are very fond, made of a thin paste of buck-wheat flour, not baked, having fresh cream-cheese inside, melted butter thrown over it, and eaten with sour cream. Yet this heterogeneous kind of fare is nothing compared to another called *Batvinia*, which is, indeed, the king of the Ollas, as may be judged from the enumeration of its ingredients, which are as follow: Kvass, (the vehicle,) kislistchi, salt-fish, craw-fish, spinage, salt-cucumbers, and onions. These form a mixture (a mixture with a vengeance!) which is used and served up with a piece of ice in the middle. When the late Emperor Alexander, who is said to have been very fond of this national dish, was at the congress of Vienna, he ordered it to be presented at a dinner at which the corps diplomatique had been invited, and turning to a noble and military lord, more remarkable for blunt straightforwardness than machiavellian diplomacy, asked him how he found the *Batvinia*. "Je le trouve detestable, Sire," was the answer.—vol. ii. pp. 363—365.

Dr. Granville is very minute in his statements of the prices of different articles of food, which he observed in the Petersburgh market. We were highly amused with his account of his note-taking among the rustics of the stalls. They must have been prodigiously astonished on seeing the foreigner going from stand to stand, and entering in his pocket book the prices which they mentioned. The best of the joke was, that the Doctor could hardly hold his pencil in his fingers, the mercury being at the time some degrees below Zero.

On the Doctor's return from Petersburgh through Warsaw, he had an opportunity of seeing the Grand Duke Constantine. With his description of that personage we shall take leave of our author.

'At half-past ten o'clock precisely, an elegant calash, drawn by two horses, arrived on the ground, the drums beating a general *raulade*, as his Imperial Highness alighted from the carriage. He walked briskly towards the centre of the square, addressing General Fanshawe, who had left us to go to him. When all the troops had filed off before his Imperial Highness, and he had issued the order of the day, and given general instructions to the colonels of regiments, the General beckoned us to advance to the centre of the square, where the Grand-duke was sur-

rounded by all his staff, and upon my name being mentioned by the general, his Imperial Highness stepped briskly forward to where I stood, and having desired me to keep myself covered, asked, in a very rapid manner, a variety of questions respecting England, mentioning the names of several illustrious or eminent persons, respecting whom he was desirous of information; the different parts of the continent I had visited, and lastly, whether her Majesty the Empress-mother and the reigning Empress of Russia were in perfect health when I left St. Petersburgh; upon my replying in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "*Dieu soit loué.*" Turning afterwards to General Fanshawe, he told him not to fail to show me the military hospitals. "Je serais bien aise de connoître là dessus son opinion." Having informed his Imperial Highness, in reply to his inquiries of the object of my journey, and that I was not travelling for pleasure, but was on my way to England, to resume the duties of my profession; he requested that I would take charge of a letter for the Duke of Wellington, which he would give orders to be sent to me before my departure, and wishing me a pleasant journey, took his leave. The Grand-duke, though above the middle stature, is not so tall as either of his two brothers; he stoops a little, yet notwithstanding that circumstance, and a considerable *embonpoint*, he has a very military appearance. He was dressed in a green uniform much *serré*, and wore the cocked hat as his late Imperial brother used to do, square in front, and inclined a little on one side. It struck both my young friend and myself, that he resembled not a little the portrait of the Emperor Paul, which we had so often seen at St. Petersburgh. He has the habit of rubbing his hands briskly together, like a man who is pleased; and he several times expressed his satisfaction in that manner, at particular officers and regiments, as they passed by him in columns. The Grand-duke Constantine is much liked, both by the officers and soldiers; and yet it is not from any leniency used towards them when in fault; for although he has never been known to forget to recompense his men when they deserved it, military delinquency or neglect have invariably met with punishment. He is, indeed, very strict in regard to military discipline, and seldom misses to attend the parade, and then only in consequence of extremely bad weather. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, and transacts business with his military secretary until eight o'clock, breakfasting in the meanwhile. From that hour until nine, he receives the officers on duty, and the military reports of the day. After the parade, and until two o'clock, he transacts business with Baron Mohrenheim, who is at the head of his *Chancellerie.* He next drives or rides out till three o'clock, when he dines *en famille;* seldom giving any gala dinners, except on grand occasions. At five, he retires to his private apartment, reads, or takes a *siesta;* after which he dresses for the play, or for the purpose of receiving company, and goes to bed at ten o'clock. The Grand-duke seems to get through a great deal of business, by this regular mode of active life, which he seldom varies. He confines himself entirely to his military jurisdiction, and never interferes with the administration of the civil government, the entire machinery of which is, with a peculiar delicacy of feeling and soundness of judgment on the part of the Sovereign, left entirely in the hands of purely Polish officers; different in this respect from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which is overrun with Austrian lieutenants, commissaries, administrators, judges,

employés of every description, and even professors of universities sent thither by the Monarch to lecture to an audience, with the language of which they are thoroughly unacquainted. The Grand-duke Constantine resides, in general, at a country-house called Belvedere, and lives very happily with Jeanne Grazynska Princess of Lowicz, whom he chose in 1820 for his consort, after his divorce from his former Grand-duchess, of the family of Cobourg. His attachment to her is said to be unabated, and public report ascribes to that lady a very powerful influence over the Grand-duke, which she is said to have exercised in a discreet, judicious, and most salutary manner. Both live on the best terms with the families of distinction resident in the capital, all of whom, I understood, unite with one voice in speaking favourably of the Princess's amiable disposition, and distinguished manners. The Grand-duke is very fond of children, and attached to his own, even those which are not born in wedlock. We met one of them in the evening at a party, a lieutenant in the Polish army, by a French lady now dead; he is much cherished by the father, seems a very agreeable person, and is received in society, where he is much liked. His name is Paul Constantinovitch. The disinterested manner in which the Grand-duke surrendered his claim to the throne of his fathers, raised his character with the Polish people, even higher than it stood before, when by his impartial conduct since his appointment as Commander-in-chief, he was said already to have conciliated their regard. Constantine, it will be recollected, made a voluntary surrender of that claim as far back as 1820, the year of his second marriage; and in a more formal and legal manner, renounced the succession in the hands of the late Emperor, as appeared from official documents published at the succession of his present Imperial Majesty.

"Although a strict disciplinarian, the Grand-duke is, as I just now observed, in great favour with the army, both Polish and Russian. General Fanshawe assured me that no commander-in-chief can be more beloved than Constantine is by the whole Polish army, to whom he behaves with great affection when their conduct is meritorious. He knows almost every soldier by name, and can relate the history of almost every veteran in his guards. During the visit which the Duke of Wellington paid to Warsaw on his return from his mission to St. Petersburgh, the Grand-duke Constantine evinced, by his own example, how sincerely he felt the value of military subordination; for during the short stay of the Duke at Warsaw, he insisted on considering his Grace as his superior officer, in consequence of his being one of the three Russian marshals, and in the presence of the assembled troops received orders from, and made the general report of the state of the garrison to, his Grace at the parade. Nothing, it is said, could equal the urbanity and high personal regard toward his illustrious visitor, which the Grand-duke evinced by his conduct on that occasion.—vol. ii. pp. 543—547.

We abstain from making any remarks on the complaint which Dr. Granville has made in his appendix against the council of the London University. We may, however, add, from what we happen to know of Mr. Brougham, that we feel perfectly assured he will be enabled, if the duty be forced upon him, to give the Doctor a satisfactory answer.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome, from personal observation.* By the Rev. Edward Burton, M. A. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London. pp. 351—326. 1828.

WE are glad to see a second edition of this very sensible and useful book. Mr. Burton has here detailed to us what he himself saw of Rome, with great accuracy; and has illustrated the accounts of the several objects which came under his observation, with very considerable learning. Although without any pretensions to the eloquence and enthusiasm of Mr. Eustace's celebrated work, the present volumes are, perhaps, still better adapted to form a companion and guide to a stranger, in his perambulations through 'the eternal city;' inasmuch as the descriptions they contain are hardly, in any case, in the least degree coloured from imagination; but being almost always confined to a simple statement of the literalities of the scene, are on that account less likely to mislead, or to occasion disappointment, when contrasted with the reality. While studiously abstaining, however, throughout his pages, from any thing like display or exaggeration, Mr. Burton has contrived to render his delineations exceedingly interesting, merely by their truth and minuteness; and the amount of curious information which he has brought together, from a variety of sources, in relation to almost every point which he discusses. A very commendable part of his plan is the great care he has bestowed in supplying his readers with references to the best authorities on all matters demanding attention from an investigator of Roman topography. The young student in particular, will, from this peculiarity, find the book an admirable elementary manual, and introduction to more elaborate works on the same subject. It is, in fine, a publication, whose utility is so indispensable, and the skill and diligence that have been bestowed upon the composition of which are so manifest, that it is sure to become popular.

ART. XIII.—*Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the present day.* By John Johnstone, 24mo. pp. 560. Edinburgh. 1828.

THE manner in which this very cheap and comprehensive little volume has been got up, is exceedingly creditable both to the editor and the publishers. It is evidently not the work of an ordinary compiler, but of a person who really knows and loves his subject; and who has left, accordingly, upon every page of his labours, the impress of taste and intelligence. For Mr. Johnstone has not satisfied himself with merely cutting out for us a few of the more popular passages from some of those poetic works, the names of which are most familiar to common readers, and stitching them together into a volume, which is the *modus operandi* of our regular hacks in this department of literature, but has given us a collection of the beauties of our national muses, which, both on the score of the research and discrimination which have been employed in its formation, and from the

quantity of original matter with which it is intermixed, he is entitled to consider as a work of his own, and to usher into the world, as he has done, with his name attached to it. The specimens with which he has presented us, are selected from nearly a hundred different authors; and are not, in our opinion, the less valuable, because some of them have been sought for in volumes which the popular taste is not much in the habit of opening. The book has, at all events, on this account, more than it otherwise would have had of what is not to be found in similar repositories; and its contents are at the same time, we may safely affirm, such as are certainly not surpassed in excellence and attractiveness by any of its rivals of the same extent. To the extracts from each writer is generally prefixed a short notice of his life and poetic character; and the whole is besides prefaced by a sketch of our early poetry, occupying above a hundred pages, which, as well as many of the subsequent notices, is composed with very considerable eloquence, and in the best spirit of poetic criticism. In fine, this is a little volume, which seems to us calculated to diffuse much both of enjoyment and of refinement of feeling among the families of our land, with the rising portion of whose members especially we have no doubt it will soon become a favourite manual.

ART. XIV.—*Essays on the Nature, Causes, and Effects of National Antipathies, &c. With an Historical Review of the Revolutions of Empires.* By R. Otley. 8vo. pp. 328. London. 1828.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Otley on the success of this attempt at authorship. It may be quite true, as he intimates, that he has 'studied languages, searched into the works of the learned dead, waded through histories, traced the progress of art and science, attended to the wiles of the political, turned aside the veil of superstition, and given the closest attention and application to discern the nature of man,' but his book is certainly, for all that, good for nothing. His 'Essays' in particular, are dismal trash, and miserably unlike the picture he draws in his preface, of that species of composition, in which he tells us, 'truth is dispassionately sought after, her irresistible weapons dexterously and successfully wielded, error detected and exposed, liberty in all her forms asserted and maintained, and the general cause of humanity promoted.' The present Essays are throughout as dull as an index, with the exception, perhaps, of some strictures they contain upon the people of China, with certain of whose extravagant assumptions Mr. Otley seems to be a good deal staggered. 'Many corruscations,' he remarks, however, 'have doubtless burst forth from the Celestial Empire, but the world has had many other luminaries, which have attended her, during the revolutions of time, as so many satellites. There have been Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and there *is* now several nations in Europe, as France, Holland, and Great Britain.' The originality of this last discovery, and, we may add, of the style too, in which it is conveyed, is undoubtedly considerable, but hardly, we fear, sufficient to redeem a whole volume of common-place. The 'Historical Review' is better than the Essays; but even it contains nothing that is not quite familiar to every body. Upon the whole, we recommend Mr. Otley to keep to the reading of books, and to leave to others the trouble of writing them —an occupation in which he is evidently quite out of his element.

ART. XV.—*A View of the American Indians.* By Israel Worsley. 12mo. pp. 197. London. 1828.

WE shall probably surprise most of our readers when we state the object of this little volume, which is nothing less than to shew that the Indians of America are, in all probability, the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. This is an idea which has, it seems, of late years occupied some attention on the other side of the Atlantic, the Rev. Dr. Elias Boudinot having published a work in support of it in 1816, entitled *A Star in the West*, which was followed, in 1825, by another, written by a Mr. Smith, pastor of a church in Poultney. The object of the present writer is chiefly to condense and arrange the facts and reasonings that have been advanced by his predecessors; and to add such additional matter in support of the views which they have advocated, as he has been able to collect in the course of his own reading.

We extract a few sentences from his concluding chapter, in which he gives a summary of his argument. After contending that the tribes in question must have an existence somewhere, and remarking that in the book of Esdras they are mentioned as having journeyed to *to a land where no man dwelt*, he proceeds in reference to the Indians as follows:

'They are living in tribes, with heads of tribes—they have all a family likeness, though covering thousands of leagues of land; and have a tradition prevailing universally, that they came into that country at the north-west corner—they are a very religious people, and yet have entirely escaped the idolatry of the old world—they acknowledge One God, the Great Spirit, who created all things seen and unseen—the name by which this being is known to them is *ale*, the old Hebrew name of God; he is also called *yehowah*, sometimes *yah*, and also *abba*—for this Great Being they profess a high reverence, calling him the head of their community, and themselves his favourite people—they believe that he was more favourable to them in old times than he is now, that their fathers were in covenant with him, that he talked with them and gave them laws—they are distinctly heard to sing with their religious dances, *hallelujah* and praise to *jah:* other remarkable sounds go out of their mouths, as *shilu-yo, shilu-he, ale-yo, he-wah, yehewah:* but they profess not to know the meaning of these words; only that they learned to use them upon sacred occasions—they acknowledge the government of a providence over-ruling all things, and express a willing submission to whatever takes place—they keep annual feasts which resemble those of the Mosaic ritual; a feast of first fruits, which they do not permit themselves to taste until they have made an offering of them to God; also an evening festival, in which no bone of the animal that is eaten may be broken; and if one family be not large enough to consume the whole of it, a neighbouring family is called in to assist: the whole of it is consumed, and the relics are burned before the rising of the next day's sun: there is one part of the animal which they never eat, the hollow part of the thigh—they eat bitter vegetables and observe severe fasts, for the purpose of cleansing themselves from sin—they have also a feast of harvest, when their fruits are gathered in, a daily sacrifice and a feast of love—their forefathers practised the rite of circumcision; but not knowing why so strange a

practice was continued, and not approving of it, they gave it up—there is a sort of jubilee kept by some of them—they have cities of refuge, to which a guilty man and even a murderer may fly and be safe.'—pp. 181, 182.

Another account, we observe, of the lost Ten Tribes has lately been given in a German publication, which, on highly probable grounds, makes at least a large portion of them to have established themselves in the district of the great plain of Central Asia, called Bucharia, where, it appears, they amount even at this day to a third part of the population. The traditions preserved among this remnant of the chosen people might perhaps assist in determining whether or no the American Indians are descendants of the same stock.

ART. XVI.—*Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure.* By John Stevenson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 268. London. 1828.

MR. STEVENSON is already advantageously known in the medical world, by his treatises on Cataract and on Weakness of Sight, and the present volume will sustain and extend his reputation, both as an ingenious and enlightened practitioner, and an acute and diligent observer, in reference, to those important departments of surgery to which he is known more particularly to devote his attention. It is written, like his preceding works, in a plain and popular manner, although evidently the result of a good deal of well digested reading, as well as extensive experience, and is full of information, which will amply reward the perusal not merely of the professional student, but of all who feel any interest in the subject of which it treats. It is a publication which cannot fail to be generally useful.

ART. XVII.—*Detraction Displayed.* By Amelia Opie. 12mo. pp. 400. London. 1828.

IF on opening this volume we seem at first to meet an old friend with something of a new face, we soon learn to feel that the change is more apparent than real. The accomplished and amiable authoress, although not on this occasion seeking to win the hearts of her readers by the aid of that fiction which she knows how to employ with so much grace and effect, has nevertheless produced both a very agreeable little book, and one that is marked in every page by that peculiar something of feeling and expression which we like so much to see in every successive production of a favourite writer. 'Detraction Displayed,' is a series of moral essays, very simply, and often very sweetly written, and which, although neither exactly tales nor sermons, are perhaps calculated to do quite as much good as either. They display, as was to have been expected from Mrs. Opie, considerable knowledge both of the world and of human nature, and if occasionally a little more desultory and conversational than a certain species of criticism would altogether approve, their garrulity is that of both a full mind and a gentle and generous heart. We hope the grateful recollection which a large portion of the public must retain of the writer's former works, may make the present be extensively read, and

that it will not fail to answer in some degree the praiseworthy purpose for which it has been composed—to amend its readers, namely, as well as to amuse them.

ART. XVIII.—*A Comprehensive Grammar of the German Language condensed in Two Synoptical Tables.* By W. Klauer Klattovski. London: Treuttel and Würtz.

WE are sure that the lovers of this rich and powerful language will feel obliged to Mr. Klattovski, for thus bringing into juxta-position its rules and peculiarities. He has succeeded in condensing into a small space not only the common rules of construction, but many of the finer shades of distinction which so frequently perplex a beginner. His classification of the declensions, however, is liable to some objections. They are named Feminine Form of Declension, Adjective Form of Declension, Substantive Form of Declension; and it therefore appears inconsistent to give Substantives as examples to all.

As the declension of feminine nouns is by far the most simple, and burdened with very few exceptions, it might have formed a part of the Substantive Form with advantage. One other error of expression which might mislead learners, attracted our notice, but it is merely a fault of omission. In rule 192 it is said, 'every verb transitive requires the dative.' It is true that in the succeeding rule we find that all verbs transitive govern the *object* in the accusative, but in the former case the word 'indirectly,' or some other of similar import, should have been used. We merely make these remarks with a view to their consideration in a second edition.

These ables prove that Mr. Klattovski has successfully cultivated the theory of the language, and they convey, in this unpretending form, as much practical knowledge as is to be found in larger works, and much more commodiously arranged.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Foreign and Domestic.

THE mathematician and astronomer, Calandrelli, died lately at Rome, in the 78th year of his age. He was a long time Professor in the Gregorian, or Roman College, and there established an observatory, where he made his observations, which he published successively at Rome, under the title of *Opuscoli Astronomici*, with the assistance of his two friends, Conti and Richebach. Calandrelli was well known in the scientific circles of Europe, and was a friend of the late Piazzi, whom he has now followed to the grave. Beloved for his modesty and exemplary character, not less than esteemed for his learning, he enjoyed the friendship of three successive Popes, the latter of whom, the present Leo. XII., conferred on him a canonry in the Basilica Lateranensis, only two years before his death.

A new Latin translation of the Sagas is now printing at Copenhagen.

Goethe has reprinted, at Jena, the works of Manzoni, prefacing the edition with his comments, in which the German veteran expresses the highest opinion of the Italian writer, from whom he expects still greater things. Speaking of Manzoni's character, Goethe said to the French Professor, Cousin, that before he knew him personally, he was already acquainted with the tone of his mind, from his beautiful hymns, adding, in the true language of Christian benevolence: *C'est un Catholique naif et virtueux.* There appears to be a singular feeling of sympathy between these two distinguished writers, which, we believe, is the effect, not only of their common literary tastes, but also of a similarity in their moral views. Meantime, Manzoni seems to have incurred the displeasure of other critics, for being too religiously inclined, a circumstance which does him much credit.

M. Champollion, Jun., has discovered at Aix, ten or twelve papyri, of great value, in the collection of a M. Sallier. Among them are three rolls written in demotic characters, the first of which is found to contain the History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhameses, called also Sethos, Sethosis, and Sesoosis, supposed to be the son of the king who pursued the Hebrews to the Red Sea. The MS. bears to have been written in the ninth year of the reign the history of which it records. Another roll treats of the Astronomy of the Egyptians. The whole will be published as soon as possible.

Mr. James Wright, teacher of elocution, recommends reading in a whisper, (gradually augmented to a louder tone), as a remedy for stuttering.

At the end of last year the number of periodical works published in South America, was as follows: Spanish America, (the Islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico), two; the Mexican Confederation, twenty-five; the Confederation of Guatemala, seven; the Confederation of the Rio de la Plata, twenty-one; the Republic of Chili, fourteen; the Republic of the Upper Peru, one; the Republic of the Lower Peru, twenty-one; the Republic of Columbia, seventeen; the Empire of Brazil, twenty-one; making together one hundred and thirty-three.

The Dublin Evening Mail affirms that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, residing at Mount Charles, in Donnegal, has resolved the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

A person named Walker, residing at Little Coxwell, Berks, is said to have invented a mechanical carriage, not on the principle of steam, which runs at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Of the inhabitants of America it is reckoned that 11,647,000 speak English, 10,584,000 Spanish, 7,593,000 Indian, 3,740,000 Portuguese, 1,242,000 French, and 216,000 Dutch, Danish, and Swedish.

Professor Airy, of Cambridge, is said to have arrived at some new and unexpected results in experiments with the pendulum, made in some of the deepest Cornish mines. M. Biot has lately determined that the attractive force at different places on our globe is affected not only by the figure of the earth, but by the chemical composition of the materials beneath—and hence that the length of the pendulum is not so invariable a standard of measure as it was supposed to be.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and author of the Annals of Peterhead, has in the press two 8vo volumes of Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, chiefly historical and legendary, and hitherto unpublished; collected from the recitation of very old people, and accompanied with explanatory notes.

Mr. Ackerman's 'Forget me not,' which will appear as usual at the end of October, will be enriched by fourteen engravings, by several of our most eminent artists. The literary portion will consist of more than one hundred contributions.

Mr. Ackerman has also in the press, an Annual in French, entitled *Le Petit Bijou*, by M. D'Embden, embellished with seven fine engravings, and dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

We hear that the long abandoned excavations of the buried city of Herculaneum, are to be resumed by order of the present King of Naples. Meantime the Canonico De Iorio, well known for his antiquarian learning, has published a new work, *Sugli Scavi di Ercolaneo*, in which he gives a correct account of the former excavations, and of the valuable objects which have been recovered from the earth, and which are now placed in the Museum of Naples. The public buildings of Herculaneum appear to have been on a more splendid scale than those of Pompeii. The forum of the former city was certainly the larger of the two; but it unfortunately lies very deep, and precisely under the present village of Resina. The ancient villa where the papyri were found, is the richest building that has been discovered yet in any of the three buried cities. The other structures of Herculaneum, viz. the theatre, three temples, the basilica, the curiæ, and the tombs, are all described by De Iorio. It is a curious fact that three strata of tombs belonging to various ages, should be lying one above the other on one spot; first the cemetery of the present inhabitants of Resina, then, about 15 feet lower, Roman tombs made of brick, and lower still, at the level of the ancient town, the sepulchres of the former people of Herculaneum. De Iorio has also published a useful little work on the proper method for discovering and searching ancient tombs, in which, after deploring the loss which is daily occasioned by unskilful management in breaking up those monuments, he gives proper directions for proceeding in similar cases.

The Society of Mutual Instruction, established at Florence, stated in its last report as the result of its exertions, that twenty-five schools have been opened in the various towns of Tuscany, three of which are exclusively for girls, and two for the Jewish population of Leghorn. The number of boys actually attending these schools amounts to one thousand, that of the girls to one hundred and fifty. In the Duchy of Parma also the method of mutual instruction has been lately introduced.

We see with pleasure that the state of the prisons in the Sardinian States has attracted the attention of the Government. Improvements are carried on, new and more spacious prisons have been built, several works and manufactures introduced for the employment of the prisoners, and a large work-house has been opened at Raconigi, near Turin, for the object of sheltering and affording occupation to the destitute, and clearing the streets of the capital of the beggars that infested them.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Watkin's Electro-Magnetism, 8vo. 3*s.* bds.
Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities, No. I. medium 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.* imperial 4to. 2*l.*
Walker's General Atlas, 8vo. half-bd. 12*s.*

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Sir F. Drake, imperial 8vo. 10*s.* bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Quain's Elements of Descriptive Practical Anatomy, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Epistle from Abelard to Eloise, by Thomas Stevens, Esq. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Earl Stanhope's Letter to the Owners and Occupiers of Sheep Farms, 1*s.* 6d.
Tablet of French Pronunciation, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.
Evidence on the Wool Trade, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Trimmer's Second Footstep, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* half-bd.
Panizzi's Italian Extracts, Prose, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Yehring's Progressive German Lessons, 2*s.*
Lewis's Games of the Match at Chess, demy 8vo. 8*s.* bds. royal 8vo. 12*s.* bds.
Boy's Own Book, second edition, 8*s.* 6*d.* Ditto in case 10*s.* 6*d.*
Pope's Customs, 14th edition, 1*l.* 10*s.*
Olio, vol. I. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Robertson's Catechism of Criticism, 1*s.*
Pretty Postern of Windsor Lodge, 18mo. half-bd. 2*s.*
Combe's Elements of Phrenology, 3rd edition. 4*s.*
Sequel to Wanostrocht's Recueil, 12mo. 4*s* sheep.
Fabe's French Orthoepy, 12mo. 8*s.* bds.
Ottley's First Principles of Arithmetic, 12mo. 2*s.* sheep.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, post 8vo. 9*s.* bds.
La petite Française, by M. A. Allison, 2*s.* half-bd.

POETRY.

Sister's Poems, 18mo. half-bd. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Cursham's Martin Luther, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.

THEOLOGY.

Rev. R. H. Carne's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Antichrist; an Estimate of the Religion of the Times, by the Rev. John Riland, A.M. 12mo. 5*s.* bds.
Robertson's Prayers, 1*s.* sewed, 2*s.* bd.
Robertson's Bible the Standard of Taste, 6*d.* bd.
The Last Days, by the Rev. E. Irving, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.
Jesus, the Messiah, by a Lady, 5*s.* bds.
Fry's Scripture Reader's Guide, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburgh, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 5*s.* bds.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1828.

ART. I.—*Portugal Illustrated; in a Series of Letters.* By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, &c. Large 8vo. pp. 500. London: Treuttel, Würtz, and Richter. 1828.

THE extraordinary scenes of which Portugal has been the theatre during the last three years, have necessarily attracted a more than ordinary share of the public attention towards that section of the Peninsula. Nor does that attention appear at all likely to be relaxed for some time to come, as the drama still in course of exhibition at Lisbon, instead of drawing towards its denouement, seems, on the contrary, to be more complicated and more embarrassing than ever, both to the actors who represent, and the authors who conduct it. John VI., after overturning one free constitution, promised another before he quitted the precincts of this world, but had not time given him to redeem his pledge. His crown descended rightfully to Don Pedro, his eldest son, who was already seated on the throne of Brazil. We say rightfully; because the argument against his succession, which was founded on an ancient law of Portugal, that no foreign prince should wear the crown of that country, applies only to the members of an alien dynasty, and never was intended to apply to the lineal offspring of the house of Braganza. The first act of the new sovereign was to grant a constitution to the Portuguese, and thus, as far as in him lay, to realize the hopes that had been held out to them by his predecessor. His next act was to abdicate their throne in favour of his infant daughter, Maria, and to form a treaty of marriage between her and his brother, Don Miguel, whom he nominated to the regency on his arriving at full age. In the mean while, the reins of the constitutional government were entrusted to the feeble and nervous hands of his sister. She was succeeded in due time by the affianced husband of the young queen, who had pledged himself to the principal courts of Europe, and, by his solemn oath, pledged

himself to GOD, that he would preserve in Portugal the constitution, which he found almost established there, and faithfully execute the functions that were delegated to him. No sooner was he installed into office, than he basely violated his pledges and his oaths, annulled, as far as he could, his marriage contract with the young queen, and assumed to himself the crown, which belonged to her alone. The constitutional charter was trampled on; the laws of the kingdom, whether old or new, were utterly despised; the properties of opulent individuals were confiscated, and they were themselves either immured in dungeons, or compelled to fly for their safety. By a course of tyranny which is without an example in the recent history of Europe, and indeed could only be paralleled in the annals of the Russian Paul, or of the Roman Caligula, the Portuguese usurper succeeded in quelling the resistance which his violence had excited. He was already even concocting his plans for reconciling the European sovereigns to his coronation, when the arrival of a frigate at Gibraltar, bearing on its deck the lawful owner of the throne, dashed away "at one fell swoop" all the hopes on which he and his wicked partizans had been reposing. Their astonishment was turned into dismay when the course of the infant sovereign was shaped, by a master-stroke of policy, for England, instead of Austria, her original destination; and the honourable and manly reception which she has experienced from our government and our people, must, we should think, have already driven the mean and wretched tyrant into the depths of despair.

But what the end of this strange drama will be, who can predict? Will the crowned usurper be prevailed upon to sink again into the regent? Is it expected that he will acknowledge the title of the infant queen, and that at the fitting time he will fulfil his contract of marriage, and consent to reign through her permission? After what has occurred, will Don Pedro be so reckless of his daughter's life and happiness, as to entrust them to the keeping of a man, who has already proved by his conduct, that no pledges, however sacred, can bind him? We pity the poor child most unaffectedly, whose fate is made to depend on so many cabinets, and who is likely still to be the object of numberless intrigues. As to happiness in this world, that must be out of the question for her, unless, by some of those turns of good fortune which sometimes occur to mark the vigilance of the Divine Justice, even over the paths of men, her destiny be altogether severed from that of Don Miguel. There is a young prince at Vienna, the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon, whom, in case of the death or the dethronement of Don Miguel, her hand and crown would place in a position less dangerous perhaps for the future peace of Europe, than any other station that could be devised. But this is a matter that can, as yet, be only dimly looked at through the shadowy vista of futurity.

Meanwhile Portugal will continue to fix, as it has for some time attracted, much of the attention of Englishmen. We have been so long allied with that territory, that without meaning to insinuate any thing against its independence, we have always looked upon it in the same light as a colony of our own; and indeed have been, and are pledged to defend it from foreign aggression as we would the proper soil of England. We are, therefore, disposed to encourage every attempt, that is made with even a tolerable degree of success, to render the aspect of the country, and the every-day life and manners of its inhabitants better known. Such is the purpose of the volume now on our table, which the pressure of a season remarkably fertile in new works, has prevented us from noticing before.

Before we come to the merits, however, we must beg leave to apprize Mr. Kinsey of the faults of his production. In the first place, it is throughout written in a loose and rambling style, which bespeaks very little of those habits of study that are supposed to have been moulded into the life of a Bachelor of Divinity, and still more of a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In the next place, he treats his subject in an enlarged and detailed manner, as if it had not been already sufficiently handled by fifty authors who have preceded him. A tourist in these our days, when every body is travelling, or has travelled over the continent, betrays a singular want of good taste, when he attempts to supersede by his own journal the necessity for consulting any other, particularly if it be confined to a country so frequently visited and described, and really so limited in its producible features, as Portugal. He has too many quotations from Link, whose work seems to have furnished him with much more matter than his own powers of observation. He has also too many quotations from Childe Harold, and Thomson's Seasons, the introduction of which into his text is puerile. We pass over his bigotry as a matter of course. Indeed, the wonder would be, if a Fellow of Oxford could make even the slightest allusion to a religion differing from his own, without caricaturing and misrepresenting it in the most ludicrous manner. Mr. Kinsey speaks of all the clerical *individuals* whom he actually conversed with in Portugal, as models of morality, of hospitality, and benevolence; and yet when he forms them into *classes*, he censures them without remorse. As to the religious customs of the people, they are nothing else than a collection of all the follies, absurdities, and superstitions, that ever yet disgraced the human race—if this Bachelor of Divinity be worthy of belief on such a subject.

The fact is, and we may as well mention it here once for all, that English travellers never take into their account, when they are observing on the religion of Portugal, or any other Catholic country, that the faith being a very ancient one, is traditionally connected with a great variety of national and local customs, the

establishments of servants, who are fed upon rice and bacalhao (salt fish), by far the greater part of the Portuguese noblesse drag on an ignominious existence, without scarcely possessing the means of purchasing for themselves the luxuries of life. Since the introduction of the constitutional system, the independent shopkeepers of Lisbon can scarcely be ever induced to give credit to this haughty class of titled beggars; and medical practitioners are shy in attending their summons, since fine words without fees would be their certain remuneration.

'It is scarcely two years since, that a native Portuguese physician obtained, at length, as he flattered himself, eminent and valuable practice in Lisbon, his attendance being required at the houses of nearly all the invalid fidalghos. Although it is the custom that the carriage of the sick person should be always sent to bring the physician or surgeon when he is required, this unfortunate gentleman found it more convenient, perhaps more stylish, to set up his own *sége*, at an annual expense of about one hundred and fifty pounds. Being a man of considerable ability, his services soon became in universal requisition, and the inexperienced observer would thence have concluded that he was rapidly rising to fame and fortune; but no such thing. After a short career of ill-requited fatigue, he was seized by a fever of the brain, which proved fatal after a few days suffering; but previously to his death, he revealed the fact to his distressed family, that during the whole period of his medical practice in Lisbon, he had never received one fee from the higher classes, in whose sick chambers his whole time almost had been consumed. He left his widow and his four children, at his death, in a state of the utmost destitution. His books, furniture, sége, and mules, brought in but a very small and inadequate sum to meet the wants of his helpless relic and her poor fatherless children. In searching amongst the papers of the deceased, a list was found by some friends of those persons whom he had been in the habit of attending, and urgent applications were immediately made to those quarters for some part, however small it might be, of the remuneration due for the services which he had rendered. Alas! the appeal was made in vain, —for it was made to fidalghos; and they had neither the heart nor the principle that might incline them to listen to the widow's cry, and to satisfy the claims of justice. She is now living with her children in Lisbon, unnoticed, unaided, and unpitied, in the depth of cheerless poverty and despair, for which there seems no promise of any alleviation.

'One need not, after this anecdote, insist further in the comparative estimate of character between the despised Galician and the unprincipled fidalgho. But still truth demands that it should be further stated of this class, that they are the natural enemies to every attempted improvement in the state, which might have the effect of diminishing, or prejudicing in any way, their aristocratical privileges; and that every bill almost, which has received the sanction of the lower chamber, having for its object the introduction of some enlightened and liberal measure, or the repeal of some antiquated and obnoxious law, has by their contrivance been defeated, and thrown out by the upper house.

'The personal appearance of the fidalghos is not more attractive than their moral and political principles. While the lower classes, with whom one jostles in the streets of Lisbon, have rather a fine and manly appearance, far beyond that of the higher at all events, the stature, gait, and

physiognomy of the fidalgho, are in the highest degree mean and repulsive. The unethereal mould of visage, the beamless eye and unintellectual mien, and listless manner of those to whom a sternness of countenance has not given a semblance of something worse, lead instantly to the persuasion that the nobles of Portugal are, in a large proportion, as destitute of mind as of manly beauty. Well may the members of such a community be characterized as "a little lower than the angels!"'—pp. 77—79.

There is no decided middle class in Portugal. In that country, as in Spain, many young men are to be found connected with the army, and educated in the colleges, who are animated by sentiments favourable to the cause of liberty. But they are too intemperate and desultory in their mode of serving it. Indeed it may be taken for granted, that no charter containing even the shadow of a free constitution, can ever be carried into practice unless the sovereign be thoroughly well affected towards it, and unless a few men, like the Marquis Palmella, can be found to compose a government which would act upon it with firmness and good faith.

Our author, after visiting Cintra and its neighbouring convents and vineyards, was at Oporto during the troubles which took place under the late government of the Infanta Regent, on the dismissal of the popular minister, Saldanha. An opportunity was thus afforded him of seeing pretty clearly how the new institutions worked, and we imagine that the conclusions at which he arrives concerning them, are not very distant from the truth.

'That the Portuguese will be slow in remodelling the system of their internal government, after the best examples of polity afforded them by the European Powers, every observation which our limited means have enabled us to make, would induce us to conclude. The free play of the works of the new machine is to a certain degree impeded by the prejudices and private interests of the privileged classes, the nobility and the priesthood; and it would be necessary for each to surrender a portion of its encroachments upon the rights of the people, before the nation can fully experience all the benefits intended by the concession of the Constitutional Charter. The system of reform must be effectual in its operation among those who surround the throne, among the members of the upper Chamber, the monastic orders, and the ministers of religion in general, before the nation can hope to derive any great advantage from the labours of the deputies in attempting improvements in the condition of the state.

'If the new laws emanate from uncorrupt sources, and the interests of all parties are made wholly subordinate to the public good, there is no reason why we may not indulge in the no distant prospect of the entire renovation of a people whose ancestors, however degraded their descendants may be in the estimation of other powers, in the four first periods of the monarchy waged successful wars against the Moors, and finally expelled them from the territory of Lusitania, while yet they remained masters of their possessions in Spain.

'Their discovery of a maritime route to India, and the consequent change brought about in the character of European commerce, and, at a more recent date, the banishment of the Jesuits from the soil of Portugal,

are evidences of what a brave and noble people can effect, when under the direction of an enlightened government. It is impossible that the spirit of a people who were once distinguished by their glorious conquests in the eastern and western worlds, and whose daring activity, prowess, and honour, once placed them at the head of nations, can have been destroyed altogether even by a long series of misrule and misfortune,—"quippe solo natura subest;" and therefore with justice may we anticipate its revival under a better order of things, as established by the constitutional charter.'—pp. 144, 145.

The events that have since occurred prove, unhappily, that the hope expressed at the conclusion of this passage was too sanguine; but at the period to which it refers it was sufficiently justifiable, for who could have then foreseen that the total subversion of the charter was so near at hand?

Our author is lavish in his praises of the means of living at Oporto. But in point of economy, what place is to be compared with Elvas? In that fortified town, situated near the Guadiana, a good family house may be had, it is said, for about six pounds a year; bread may be obtained, of the finest quality, for one penny the pound, and meat from two pence to four pence; wine one penny the bottle; milk one penny a full quart; oranges twelve the penny; three pomegranates for two pence; and a turkey for about one shilling and sixpence! In Spanish Estremadura things are cheaper still, for there a large family, with an income of only one hundred pounds a year, may not only live well for that sum, but also enjoy the convenience of a carriage!

We transcribe, *en passant*, a lively and graphic description of the Portuguese peasantry:—

'The Portuguese peasantry are remarkably civil to strangers, wherever they are met on the roads, and whether seated, or even recumbent, invariably rise up as the traveller passes, to pay him their customary testimonies of respect, and with a degree of kindness to an Englishman, whenever he is recognised as such, that is peculiarly gratifying. We were of course always scrupulously exact in returning the civil and well-intentioned salutations of these kind-hearted people. It is not an uncommon event by any means in the northern provinces, to see women driving the small country carts, bedecked with gold necklaces and fine ear-rings, probably the heir-looms of the family, and handed down from one generation to another, as is the case in Normandy and Switzerland. The children even of peasants are often met with, tending pigs, or following cattle, whose little fingers are loaded with rings either of gold or silver; whilst in every other respect their dress would bespeak their habits to be of the most primitive description.'—pp. 219, 220.

From Oporto our author made an excursion to the northern part of the Minho, the most fertile and beautiful province of Portugal. It was the vale of this province, extending from the mountains near Braga to the sea, that Soult pointed out to his soldiers when he cheered them on to conquest: '*Venez, soldats! venez voir le paradis qui vous attend.*' Although Oporto is the most flourishing

town of the Minho, Braga is considered its capital. The province contains a population of about a million, and is bounded on the north and south by the rivers Minho and Douro, over which there are upwards of two hundred stone bridges.

The scenery is quite Alpine between Darque and Vianna, which is situated at the extremity of a range of mountains, upon ground deserted by the ocean. It was formerly a port of considerable trade, but the bar of the harbour has been raised by such an accumulation of sand, that it can now be entered only by vessels of small burden. The following sketch will give some idea of the scenery and industry which may be observed in its neighbourhood :—

'Upon our quitting Vianna, we wound up the narrow streets of the town, and crossing the open space lying between the fort and the chapels already noticed, we directed our course on a line of road above the seashore, from which we were separated by inclosures of maize or Indian wheat; while upon our right ran a range of hills overlooking a valley of considerable extent, which was enlivened by an almost continuous line of pretty country residences, built something in the Italian style, and standing in the midst of gardens remarkable for their verdant appearance.—Such is the fertility of the soil in this district, that the farmer usually takes three crops from his grounds; first, grass or turnips, in the moist season of winter, for his cattle; the second consisting of rye, and sometimes barley; and the third of Indian corn. Sea-weed forms the principal manure employed in dressing the lands, and during our progress it appeared as if all the women and children of the province were engaged on the shore in collecting with long rakes, or forming into ricks, when dried on the sands, this valuable "argaçe;" just as we have seen the peasantry of our Norman isles gathering the "vreck," to serve as manure for their fields. While the women were employed in this laborious occupation, their husbands, as good sailors as industrious farmers, were off the coast engaged in fishing, the maize having been weeded, and not being yet ripe for the sickle to detain them on shore.

'Road-side chapels, with pictures of souls in purgatory, most horribly executed, and a box to receive the passenger's alms,—"Pelas Almas dos que mais exercitarao as obras de misericordia com os proximos,"—everywhere challenged our compassion; and we frequently met with the figure of our Saviour, as large as life, on a lofty cross, rudely sculptured and as rudely painted, with the accompaniment of the sacrifical implements.' —pp. 255, 256.

One of the prettiest illustrations among the many with which Mr. Kinsey has enriched his volume, is that which exhibits the view from Valença across the Minho, to Tuy in the Spanish province of Galicia. The present site of Valença, the fortifications of which are in good order, is considerably elevated above the Minho, and commands a great extent of country on every side. Tuy, on the opposite bank, was once a proud fortress, but is now entirely dismantled :—

'To the north-east is seen prettily situated in a well cultivated valley

extending along the left bank of the river, a convent of nuns, now restored, but which Soult burnt in his passage of the Minho, when he nearly reduced Valença itself likewise to a heap of ruins. To the east, and thence running in the direction of south-west, a bold line of Serra presents itself, which divides this part of the province from the district in which Ponte de Lima is situated. Tuy is within musket-shot of Valença, whose guns would soon, in case of hostilities occuring between the two countries, demolish its cathedral, episcopal palace, Carmelite and Benedictine convents, which form the prominent features of the place. Indeed, as we were informed by the governor, a deputation of monks and canons was sent to the commander of Valença, at the time the French occupied Tuy, to implore a cessation from firing, as considerable damage had already been sustained by their sacred edifices from the Portuguese artillery. In our walks round the ramparts, we could distinctly hear the beat of the Spanish drums, and even the cries in the streets of Tuy. With the noble breadth of river before us, which divides the two jealous queens, the magnificent range of mountains to the north and east, and the apparently impassable barrier of the towering Serra, which has already been noticed, as running in the direction of south-west, (the whole would form a fine subject for a panorama,) it was impossible altogether to acknowledge the accuracy of Lord Byron's geographical description, or perhaps the sublimity and the boldness of the view might have created erroneous impressions on our minds—'

> Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
> Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
> Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.'—
>
> pp. 260, 261.

A short visit to Tuy enabled our traveller to visit its convents and churches. From thence he pursued his way over the Serra de la Bruga, on his way to Braga. The mountains were, as usual, reported to be infested with robbers; and, as usual, he saw none of them. We must give his description of the Estalagem, or inn, at which he sought accommodation in Ponte de Lima.

'Mine host ushered us through the large dark room, usually occupied by muleteers, through a filthy kitchen, and then up a ladder into a room that in English would be called a cockloft. This apartment was intended to serve as our dinner-room, and upon one side were three cupboards, in which it was proposed that we should sleep, had there been but the *animus* in us so to do. There were four window-frames in the room, but as glass had never been thought of, we had no other alternative than that of suffering the intrusion of northern blasts, or of inclosing ourselves, while the light of day was yet bright, in utter darkness. The view, however, from the wooden balcony was pretty enough, over the river and along the bridge to the chapel at its further extremity, and a convent beautifully situated in the midst of its quinta, upon the side of a mountain which is immediately opposite the town. The more elevated part of the Serra, of which it forms a branch, is completely bare of all vegetation. A prettily formed fountain upon one side of the Estalagem, which supplies the town with water, soothed us during the night with the gentle noise of its falling streams. Beyond this, to the left, situated upon a rising ground, were

seen the remains of a church, the long flight of steps leading up to which, with a cross at every ten steps, is still uninjured.

'It happened to be our host's celebration of harvest-home upon the evening of our arrival, and every room but our own was nearly filled with the large yellow and brown heads of the Indian corn. At night a noisy party of rustics assembled in the kitchen to dance and make libations to Ceres. In yielding to an entreaty that we would descend from our apartment and witness the festivities, we only exchanged one scene of filth for another, the latter being rather the more amusing of the twain. The life of the party had already begun to shine forth. An elderly inhabitant from a neighbouring village, whose dark features and large piercing eyes were shaded by the breadth of an enormous slouch hat, such as Murillo would put upon the heads of his peasants, the dark cloak being thrown aside, wearing black gaiters, and sandals of untanned leather, was ready on his legs, with castanets, inviting one from the fair throng to figure off with him to the monotonous tones of a bag-pipe, played upon by a Spaniard, the only wandering musicians allowed in Portugal being natives of Spain, whose appearance altogether was as rough and uncouth as the notes of his instrument were sorry and inharmonious. The scene was worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Jan Steen. Bacalhao, rice, onions, and sardinhas, fried in oil, formed the humble preparations for supper; and on one side of the room was extended a long table, at which some of the guests had already seated themselves, expectant of the more substantial part of the festivity. In a corner sat three of the hinds, eating out of the same wooden bowl a savoury olio, which betrayed no slight suspicion of garlic; and overhead were suspended Lamego hams, strings of onions, dried parcels of herbs and pumpkins, bladders, poles, guns, lamps, baskets, sheepskins, shoes and stockings of all ages, hues and quality. The sound of the bagpipe had now attracted a crowd of spectators to the doors of the room, and therefore we took leave to sound an early retreat, and ascended aloft to enjoy the peculiar comforts in reserve for the travellers.

'The real miseries now commenced, for it was quickly found that the chairs of every date and form, upon which one of the party had directed his mattress to be placed, happened to be particularly infested with that kind of enemy which it was proposed to avoid in giving up the use of the cupboards adjoining as sleeping-rooms. Thus, as it generally happens,

Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.

'Another of the party swang comfortably in his Brazilian hammock, to whose malicious wit the accompanying sketch of the night scene at Ponte de Lima is to be attributed. The other, for whom neither the boasted oil of rosemary, nor spirits of camphor, could procure a few untroubled hours, lay the livelong night watching the ingress of the rats through the crevices in the floor, and the mice at their gambols.'—pp. 269—271.

The sketch here alluded to is a very humorous one. The Bachelor of Divinity is seen sitting, rather than recumbent, on a mattress placed on two rows of chairs: his travelling cap and clothes remain in statu quo, and a tumbler on a chair near him, shews the remedy to which he had resorted to bring on the balm

of sleep. His companion is at rest in a hammock, swinging from the ceiling. A table is hard by with a bottle, a jug, a glass, some crumbs of biscuit, an inkstand and pen, and a tall candlestick, in which a light is burning. The travellers' trunk and boots are on the middle of the floor, and plenty of rats and mice are seen enjoying themselves with the most perfect nonchalance.

Much as Mr. Kinsey has abused the monasteries, he was extremely glad, we suspect, to participate of their well known hospitality; particularly after experiencing the luxuries of the Estalagem at Ponte de Lima. We find him, in fact, quite in raptures with the Benedictine convent at Tibaëns.

'The convent stands in a singularly fine situation, commanding one of the most beautifully wooded valleys in the world, unequalled likewise for the variety and the abundance of its productions. The mountains which immediately encircle this paradise, above which a distant line of Serra is seen uplifting its gigantic summits, the silvery course of the meandering Cavado, the numerous churches, convents and villages, which crowd upon its banks, present a scene altogether unrivalled by the richness or sublimity of any Italian landscape.

'"No traveller," as Link remarks, "could undelighted explore this province, or these charming scenes, which amid the beauties of a warm climate afford all the refreshments of the north. In a lovely valley beyond the Bernhardine monastery of Bouro, which itself stands in a hollow at the foot of the mountains, surrounded by a large quinta full of orange trees, and extending along the banks of the Lima, the Roman troops refused to follow their commanders, being unwilling to quit this happy country. The Romans called it the River of Oblivion. The Rio Caldo, the Homem, the Cavado, and innumerable other rivers of this province, well deserve that name; for they cause our German groves, and still more those of England, to be forgotten."

'This view along the valley of the Cavado is enjoyed to perfection from the platform on which the monastery is placed, to which we ascended by a magnificent flight of steps, occupied at the time by numerous families of beggars, awaiting their usual dole from the liberality of the monks. The effects of this inconsiderate charity, however flattering to monastic pride, could not fail to strike the eye of a stranger as being strongly evidenced in the miserable appearance of the degraded crowd, thus instructed to relinquish the fruits of honest industry for base dependence and servile subsistence.'—pp. 274, 275.

His censure upon the charity of these good monks is in the usual, thoughtless style of the general run of our travellers. If Mr. Kinsey had for a moment reflected that there were no poor laws in Portugal, and that the subsistence of the poor is chiefly derived from the religious establishments of the country, he could hardly have called this charity inconsiderate! What would the Portuguese paupers do, if the convents were universally levelled to the ground, their inhabitants dispersed, and their estates granted to the lords of the soil? Does he not know that the consequence of such a revolution in England is daily seen in the existence of our

poor laws, which impose upon every householder an enormous tax, equal almost to the duties which he pays to the state? How much more justly might Mr. Kinsey have reproached these Benedictines, if he had found them in possession of ample riches, and yet permitting the poor of their neighbourhood to perish of famine! 'Inconsiderate' indeed must be the mind that could thus blame the exercise of one of the brightest of the virtues! It was, assuredly, no very generous return for hospitality, the most cordial that a stranger could desire.

Braga is situated about fifteen miles from the sea, in a broad and open valley, watered by the small streams of the Cavado to the North, and the Rio d'Este to the South; shaded by noble forest trees, and surrounded by mountains, which, presenting a screen against the intrusion of cold, render it a perfect oven!

'To the northward and north-east of Braga is seen the lofty range of mountains which divides Portugal from Galicia, called the Serra de Gerez, with its high pointed summits. The effect of the setting sun upon this grand series of mountain heights, rising one behind another in wild confusion, was truly splendid. A light thin haze had collected about the elevated line on which the declining rays of the sun threw a golden colour, that offered a glorious contrast to the dark sides of the Serra, and likewise heightened the sublimity of the landscape.'—p. 284.

If we had room we should indulge the reader with our author's account of one of the most curious scenes in Portugal, representing the principal events which preceded and attended the crucifixion. It is a place of pilgrimage to be found eastward of Braga, on the side of a hill leading to the sanctuary of Jesus do Monte. The author describes it in a very candid and interesting manner; and concludes that no peasant could behold it 'in the fervor of that piety which had induced his pilgrimage hither, without having his heart warmed, and his understanding enlightened on the subject.' The view from the summit of the mountain is magnificent. 'The mists which had hitherto contracted the prospect, cleared off, and disclosed to us a vast extent of mountain scenery, valleys, forests, towns, villages, monasteries, and the ocean bounding the landscape, glittering like polished silver under a cloudless sun.' Descending the mountain, the traveller arrives at Guimaraens which is charmingly situated. It was the favourite residence of the early kings of Portugal.

'Every thing here is in abundance; vegetables, fruit, corn, oil, and wine. We purchased some well-fed beef that would have been lauded by a jury of English graziers, for twopence the pound; and a large flagon of wine, which could not have held less than two imperial quarts, and infinitely superior to all the ordinary wines in France, cost us only one penny. The fruitfulness of the surrounding valleys is quite proverbial.

Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand.'—p. 296.

The journey from hence to Amarante is delightful.

'Passing to the eastward of Guimaraens, and between two convents charmingly situated in the middle of their quintas, we wound up a steep ascent, through a wood of chesnut and oak trees, among which were scattered in wild confusion enormous masses of granite rock, some perfectly round. The scenery became truly romantic; and between two gigantic rocks, which had fallen against each other so as still to leave an open space, a fine view presented itself over the town of Guimaraens, the old castle on a height to the north, the pointed remains of the ancient town-walls, the convents and churches, and the surrounding green inclosures, vying in richness and cultivation, water and woodland, with the most favoured landscapes in England.'—p. 298.

The principal mart of the wine country is Pezo da Regoa, which is seated on a declivity close to the Douro. It is celebrated as a depot of port, the best quality of which is said to be produced in its neighbourhood. Vineyards are seen, as far as the eye can reach, covering the hills, which consist of a blackish slate that serves to retain moisture. Their steepness and southern aspect, together with the rocky nature of their formation, are remarkably favourable to the vine, which is cultivated in terraces. The climate is so warm, that in summer the air might be supposed to proceed from the mouth of an oven. The author dwells at some length upon the constitution of the wine company, which appears to have the management of the whole vintage. Upon the decrees of this body the farmers must depend not only for the sale, but even the classification of their wines—an arrangement obviously favourable to corrupt and unfair practices. The Portuguese, however, appear to have long since found out that their wine company is one of the most injurious monopolies that ever oppressed the energies of any nation, and we presume that as soon as they have the opportunity, they will get rid of the institution altogether. The patrons of port, among whom we profess to number ourselves, will not be displeased to learn a few particulars concerning the mode in which it is manufactured.

'The culture of the vine in the Upper Douro is perfectly simple. It is pruned about December, when nothing is left of it but a very small twig on a thick stump. As soon as vegetation has commenced in the spring, the earth is loosened about the plant, or *vacello*, and this process is frequently repeated till it puts forth blossoms. In some places it is found requisite, with the view to an increased produce, to act upon the richness of the soil, by intermingling plants which are more abundant in alkali; but this is contrary to the regulations of the Company; and, indeed, although a larger quantity of grapes is produced by the system, they acquire a taste peculiar to the herb, which has been sown for the purpose of serving as manure to the vineyard. Skill and attention are required on the part of the cultivator after the plant has blossomed, and even when the grapes are approaching a state of ripeness. Either too much rain, or too violent heat, may spoil the grape under the most flattering appearances. A good vintage principally depends on due proportions of heat and moisture, particularly in the spring at the cleansing of

the flower, as at an after period, when the grapes are more advanced. Cold fogs in the spring often destroy a great part of the growth; and again, too much sun frequently dries up the coat of the grape, which causes the wine to be deficient in colour. Sometimes when the grape does not prove sufficiently succulent for want of rain, previously to the gathering, the farmers have recourse to water, which they throw into the *lagar*, or wine-press, for the mass would not ferment without it. The quality of the wines very much depends upon the care taken to perfect the process of fermentation. "The vintage in the Upper Douro commences when the grapes begin to shrivel. In these parts it is very difficult and expensive to convey the grapes to the press, the whole district consisting of steep hills and narrow vallies. This process is performed by treading, and a great number of men, assisted by Gallegos, are thus employed at vintage-time."

'After the wine has been pressed from the grapes, it is suffered to stand in very large butts until the wine fair, which takes place annually, according to the determination of the Company, either in February or March. Immediately after the fair, the wine is brought down the Douro to Villa Nova, and is there defecated or racked off into clean casks, which the Porto wine-merchants call giving it clean shirts; and an almude of brandy, being in the proportion of about one to twenty-one parts of must, is added to each cask. An additional quantity is mixed with it from time to time, until about two almudes of brandy have been thrown into the pipe, which is, with few exceptions, all the brandy that it takes to England. But it has been remarked that it is too much the custom at Porto to cleanse the wine of its thicker particles, the effect of which is not simply to refine it, but to weaken, if not destroy, those natural inherent properties upon which both the body and the flavour of the wine would otherwise depend. It frequently happens that a well flavoured wine is deficient in colour; and to bring this up, the brighter wine of inferior vintage is mixed with it It is fair to presume, therefore, that the distinction of wine into vintages is not so purely true, and so entirely a matter of fact, as Englishmen generally suppose it to be.'—pp. 329, 330.

The author quotes a Portuguese writer, who expresses his regret "that the British merchants residing in Oporto, do not seem to be aware that in one single pipe, and much more in a single vat, different *qualities* of wine are to be found at the top, in the middle, and at the bottom."

From Pezo our traveller glided down the Douro to Oporto, occasionally overtaking large wine boats, carrying from twenty to thirty pipes each. On account of the shallows which are met with in the river, half the cargo is sometimes floated in the water, lashed to the sides of the vessel. When the river happens to be very low, the pipes are taken out of the boats, and rolled over the rocky bottom. The scenery of the Douro is almost as varied and attractive as that of the Rhine. Sometimes the eye lights on farm-houses and cottages scattered amid vineyards on declivities of the hills, and dazzling it with their snow-white walls. These buildings, 'in some respects, resemble the *chalets* of the Swiss herdsmen in their construction, the ground tier being appropriated

to the reception of cattle, or for the stowage of wine vats, while the lodging-rooms on the upper floor are approached by a wooden staircase attached to the outside of the building.'

'We observed in some instances, as we proceeded, the vines cultivated on terraces, raised with considerable labour, and maintained too with difficulty and expense upon the sides of the almost precipitous banks overhanging the river. In other cases the vines were trained over trellis-work, supported by granite columns about nine feet in height; or planted separately, in the open spaces, as in Burgundy, but invariably taller, and therefore so much the more raised above the character of mere currant-bushes. After all, however, the most graceful form by far assumed by the vine, is when it unites with the branches of the oak, the chesnut, the myrtle, or the cork tree, displaying itself in luxuriant festoons, and appearing to struggle with its ally for distinction. Interspersed among the vines are often seen orange, lemon, almond, peach, cherry, olive, plum, mulberry, fig, and chesnut trees, which add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the vineyard; but they are not so frequently found in those vineyards where the best wines are produced.'—p. 336.

Sometimes the hills on either side of the river are crowded to the water's edge with woods, which abound with turtle-doves and nightingales. Sometimes only bare rocks are seen rising to a great height, and approaching each other so closely that they seem to arrest the progress of the flood. They are singularly grotesque, and sometimes the wildness which they assume is terrific. 'The rude masses appear to have been thrown into their present state of confusion by some awful convulsion of nature; and in some cases their dark appearance would induce the supposition that they had been but recently cast up from the blazing crater of a neighbouring volcano.' As the river approaches Oporto, its scenery assumes a softer and more cultivated character.

We shall not follow Mr. Kinsey in his visits to Coimbra, Batalha, or Mafra, on his return to Lisbon. H has added nothing of any consequence to the many descriptions of their attractions already before the world. We must add that the plates at the end of the volume, representing the various and becoming costumes of Portugal, are exceedingly well finished.

ART. II.---*A Universal Prayer; Death; A Vision of Heaven; and A Vision of Hell.* By Robert Montgomery, Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. 4to. pp. 139. London: Maunder. 1828.

No longer contented within the precincts of a modest octavo, the size which Lord Byron uniformly preferred, Mr. Montgomery now appears in all the pomp of quarto, with abundance of blank leaves, and copious margins, to set off the newest productions of his muse. Looking upon himself as already arrived on the heights of fame, though he takes care to tell the world that he is only in his twentieth year, he very naturally imagines that his admiring

readers would be glad to be enabled to form some idea of his countenance and figure. He has therefore, for their gratification, given a portrait of himself, painted by Hobday and engraved by Thomson, in which the Byronic shirt collar, and frenzied roll of the eye are most successfully imitated. We regret that the juvenile poet did not add an autobiographical sketch. It would be very desirable to know how long he was at school, what progress he has made in his classics, what wonders he hath seen in his dreams, where his favourite haunts are to be found, under what fortunate tree he sits at noon, and above all what he lives upon—whether biscuit or vegetable, and whether he drinks foreign or home made wine. The place of his birth should also have been made known, as since the publication of his last poem, there have been so many inquiries and disputes upon these points, that it would be essential to the tranquillity of the country to set the public curiosity at rest. That famous work, we hear, has been six times re-printed within as many months. Such success is altogether unexampled. Even Miss Landon is happy if three editions of her poems be exhausted in a year: and we rather think that the ambition of Miss Brown is still more limited.

But let us turn to the fresh treasures which are spread out before us. A universal prayer; death; a vision of heaven; and a vision of hell—all in blank verse! The subjects at least are fearlessly chosen. The selection of the two latter particularly evinces no ordinary spirit of enterprise. One of them had, indeed, been already treated by a foolish old Italian called Dante, whose cantos nobody has read; the other is, however, a virgin theme, which no man has ever even attempted to approach until inspiration moved and informed the soul of Mr. Montgomery.—Previously to the appearance of the new prophet amongst us, we were told that it had not entered into the heart or imagination of mortal beings to conceive the glories which fill the peculiar abode of the Deity. But that passage in the sacred writings must now be erased, for every faculty that it represents as denied to men, has been profusely lavished upon the modern Ezekiel, who has not only the courage to say, "the Heavens were opened, and I saw visions," but even the fortitude to describe in language the wonders which he witnessed.

He tells us that one summer evening he was roaming along some lawny vale, and that, being perhaps a little tired, he sat down on a green mound and looked upwards at the sky. He longed to see farther, and get a view of heaven, and after feeding his thoughts with this subject for a while, a trance stole over him, and his spirit 'darted up the airy deep,' like a lark winging its way to the clouds. Earth soon became as a star to his eye, and the stars looked like worlds through vast congregations, or, as he expresses it, 'shoals' of which he passed till he reached an atmosphere glowing like a topaz. Here his *spirit* was poised, and

---'the palace of the mighty God
Expanded into view!'

Before him lay an infinitely vast empyrean which was irridescent and roofed with rain-bows, their gleams being transparent and shining like water shadows. Glory blazed around interminably. Fields more beautiful than skies were spread out, 'flushed with the flowery radiance of the west,' valleys were there in 'greenest glory', and they were planted with trees,—

'That *trembled* music to the ambrosial airs
That *chanted* round them.'

The valleys were, moreover, 'veined' with streams which were glassy, and which gushed 'like feelings from a raptured soul.' Such, we are told, was the scenery of heaven! It seems, however, that in addition to all this, there were gardens with walks in them, the delight of the angels, in which perennial flowers bloomed, and leaping fountains breathed,

'Like *melted gems*, a gleaming mist around.'!

Fruits always ripe were hanging here on radiant boughs, and drooping temptingly, and every thing that '*enrapts*' the eye and heart was enjoyed in pure perfection. Here also over '*flowing* paths' which were '*paved*' with 'agate,' immortal shapes meandered and communed.

But the visionary does not stop here. Lest, however, we should be accused of misinterpreting his words, we shall give them from his own page.

'While with permissive gaze I glanced the scene,
A whelming tide of rich-toned music roll'd,
Waking delicious echoes, as it wound
From Melody's divinest fount! All heaven
Glow'd bright, as, like a viewless river, swell'd
The deepening music!—Silence came again!
And where I gazed, a shrine of cloudy fire
Flamed redly awful; round it Thunder walk'd,
And from it Lightning look'd out most sublime!
Here throned in unimaginable bliss
And glory, sits THE ONE ETERNAL POWER,
CREATOR, LORD, and LIFE of ALL: Again,
Stillness ethereal reign'd, and forth appear'd
Elysian creatures robed in fleecy light,
Together flocking from celestial haunts,
And mansions of purpureal mould; the Host
Of heaven assembled to adore with harp
And hymn, The FIRST and LAST, THE LIVING GOD:
They knelt,—a universal choir, and glow'd
More beauteous while they breathed the chant divine,
And Hallelujah! Hallelujah! peal'd,
And thrill'd the concave with harmonious joy.'—p. 90, 91.

If the reader be not now in a situation to judge of the con-

struction and beauty of Heaven, the fault is not to be imputed to Mr. Montgomery, Some difficulty, perhaps, will be felt by those to whom the secrets of natural philosophy are not familiar, in understanding what the poet means by a 'shrine of *cloudy* fire' flaming '*redly* awful.' Suppose he had written *bluely* awful! or *dun-coloured* awful! would his language have been more intelligible? This, however, may be considered as one of those obscurities to which great poets are occasionally subject. But the succeeding phrase really demands a commentator—'Thunder walked.' We have heard thunder roll, and sometimes make a most tremendous uproar; we have heard it, too, faintly sound in the distant horizon when after a storm it dies by degrees away. But in no stage of its faintness, still less of its fury, could we have pictured it to our imagination as *walking!*

'And from it Lightning looked out most sublime.'

We are here referred by a note to a passage in the Revelations, "And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunderings, and voices," which Mr. Montgomery deems a sufficient authority for his strange phraseology. We are, however, at a loss to know how, in the first place, lightning can be supposed to *look out* at all; and in the next place, if it could, how under such circumstances it could be *sublime!* We are, no doubt, incorrigibly stupid. At least Mr. Montgomery will think so when he learns that, after turning his Vision over and over, we are at this moment as unable to comprehend his picture of heaven, as when we took up his volume.

Indeed, to speak in plain and serious language, a more presumptuous undertaking than that which he has here attempted to execute, can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of literature. It was a task which even the inspired writers would not allow themselves to think of. The soaring genius of Milton shrank from it as one immeasurably beyond his powers, and assuredly he judged those powers not unjustly. We shall not pronounce Mr. Montgomery's Vision a blasphemous publication, because we are convinced that his motives were not of that character. But we must say that we look upon his description of heaven, as the silliest production of over-weening vanity that ever drew down upon an unfledged poet the ridicule of the public. We owe it to the silly notions, which some inconsiderate critics have taught Mr. Montgomery to cherish concerning his poetic powers—notions which two or three more attempts, like that now under our contemplation, will so effectually exhaust, that we deem it unnecessary to subject them to a severer scrutiny.

The 'Vision of Hell,' is a production still more objectionable in every point of view than the one we have just noticed. The portrait of Satan is but a faint reflection of that drawn by Milton, and the description of the regions tenanted by the congregated host of the damned, has in it none of the terrors which such a

scene is well calculated to excite. But the most impious feature in this composition is, the coolness with which the author sets down Napoleon and Lord Byron among the inhabitants of hell. Had he treated his subject in an allegorical way, and described the tortures of the condemned, as applied to the passions and the crimes of mankind, he might have dealt out his censures and his sermons to any extent he pleased. But there is something extremely shocking to a Christian mind, to see men who have only been lately in this breathing world, actually named as suffering the sentence of eternal perdition. We may have our own thoughts about the errors and crimes, of these and a thousand others who have figured on the theatre of this life, but to assert positively that of which we can possibly know nothing; to say without any qualification that Napoleon, or Lord Byron, is at this moment in hell, is as presumptuous as it is indecent and uncharitable.

There is nothing in the merits of the composition to redeem this violation of decorum and of good taste. The lines are smooth and well measured, but they want the true soul of poetry, which speaks in a select, picturesque, and impressive dialect of its own. We cannot exactly define the elements of which a good poem should be composed; but when they are brought together, and arranged by the master spirit that created them, every mind recognizes their beauty and their power.

The character of Mr. Montgomery's writings in general, as far as we have been enabled to judge of them, is vehemence. His style is ambitious and gaudy, his sentiments are strained to the utmost pitch of thought, and he occasionally strikes out an original idea. But we can perceive in his poetry none of that exquisite imagery, which constitutes the very essence of this species of writing. His feelings are strong, and sometimes they rush from him and explode; they are seldom tempered and directed in that stream of music, which we perceive in every composition that is calculated to assume a permanent station in our poetical literature.

Who, for instance, would take the trouble of committing to memory the following lines:—

> 'Not least in number were of middle stamp,
> Nor good, nor bad, and yet too base for heaven—
> Triflers,—who bravely passed from life to death,
> Like full-wing'd vessels o'er a gallant sea!'
>
> *Vision of Hell.*—p. 123.

These lines characterize the merit of the greater part of Mr. Montgomery's poems, but that is the only value which they possess.

We should much pity the boy who was commanded to get by heart another passage which we shall quote.

> 'Not least deserveless of a nobler lot,
> Among the legions of assembled Souls,
> Was he,—the self-idolater; who made

His mind a vortex for ingulfing all
That worldly craft and sordid dreams inspire:
Unlink'd to self,---and Earth a desert seem'd,
A vacancy, where nothing glorious dwelt,---
But, to administer to mean-bred pride,
To pile his wealth, and lend ambition wings,---
For this mankind were fool'd with base applause!
The very devils long'd for such a soul,
So loveless, and defiled with selfish dross.'---p. 120.

The last line but one breathes a truly infernal sentiment. Whom does the author mean in the passage which begins,—

'Full in the prime of youth to England's Rome
He came, to blaze the meteor of his day:
His form commanding, and his feature *rich*?'
Vision of Hell.---p. 111.

The memory of some notorious hypocrite is embalmed in immortal lines;—

—'And when his tomb
Was piled, his epitaph Devotion read,
And glowed to think that such a man had been—
By saints anointed,---*yet with devils damn'd.*'
ib.---p. 116.

The elegance of the antitheses with which both the passages just cited conclude, cannot be too much admired. We recommend them to the attention of the hebdomadal critics.

We should not feel justified, however, in speaking altogether of Mr. Montgomery's new volume in the language of disapprobation. He has been unfortunate, we think, in the selection of the subjects of his two visions, and still more so in his manner of treating them. But there is another poem in the collection, entitled 'Death,' which deserves to be mentioned in very different, and much more honorable terms. It contains more than one passage which cannot be denied by any competent judge, to exhibit great poetic power. It is certainly a very unequal composition, and occasionally grossly disfigured by bad taste; but it is not wholly unworthy of the promise which Mr. Montgomery's 'Omnipresence of the Deity' appeared to his admirers to hold out.

Death is introduced to our view as—

'Throned in a vault where sleep departed kings,'

and surrounded by his ministers—Murder, Madness, Melancholy, Intemperance, Anger, Consumption, War, Pestilence, and Famine. We shall not object to this enumeration of the ministers of Death, though a most defective one. Why is Melancholy distinguished from Madness, Anger from Intemperance, or Consumption, from the numberless maladies which perform the office of the destroyer? Does not the opening reflection on death exhibit more of the ludicrous than the serious in its train of ideas?

'To die—this fairy World of life and love

To leave, and wing beyond the bounds of Thought;
To feel the death-dews creeping o'er each limb,
The life-stream curdle, and the heart grow cold;
To be the flesh-worm's feast,---to mould away,
And blend our being with the dust, and then
In scatter'd particles to roam the world,—
All this, together with *imagined wails*
Of friends, with *tear-red eyes* beside our bier,---
Wraps clouds of horror round the name of death,
That daunt the Good, and make the Bad despair.'---p. 33.

What does the author mean by supposing that our being is destined—

'In scattered particles to roam the world'?

Are we to fly, or walk, or run, about in the shape of atoms until the day of judgment? This doctrine has at least the merit of novelty. The following lines we should have cited as particularly beautiful, if they had not been marred by a singular infelicity of illustration:—

'Yet, feelings, colour'd by the cloud of death,
With sweet oppression oft o'erflow the mind,
As when, with pauseful step we pace some aisle,
And own the eloquence of tombs; or when,
Sublimely musing by the sounding deep,
We watch the ever-rolling waves career
To where the ocean weds the sky, and think,—
Thus roll away the restless hours of time!'--pp. 34, 35.

The waves, it is well known, never appear to roll 'to where the ocean weds the sky.' Even when the tide is receding, the waves still seem to seek the shore; thus the similitude has no foundation in nature. A poet can never be pardoned for ignorance of the course of operations which are carried on by that mystic power.

But we pass from these criticisms, which we hope we need not say are not influenced by any unfriendly spirit to those portions of the poem that will call for our applause. We would hasten at once to the exquisite picture of the cherub boy, who is taken away prematurely by the hand of death; but in order that the reader may feel all the force of the contrast which it presents, we must first transcribe the preceding lines.

'Alone upon the leaping billows, lo!
What fearful Image works its way? A ship!
Shapeless and wild, as by the Storm begot;
Her sails dishevell'd, and her massy form
Disfigured, yet tremendously sublime:
Prowless and helmless through the waves she rocks,
And writhes, as if in agony! Like he,
Who to the last amid th' o'erwhelming foes,
Sinks with a bloody struggle into death,—
The vessel combats with the battling waves,

Then fiercely dives below !---while Thunders roll
Her requiem, and Whirlwinds howl for joy !

'And where are they, who from the breezy deck
Beheld the sun in orient glory rise
Like a divinity, and breathed a prayer
For the fresh promise of a placid sea ?
Float they in lifeless masses through the deep ?
Look !--where a lash of lightning stripes the sea,—
Like straw upon the wind, a bark is whirl'd
From wave to wave ! within a pale-faced crew
Sit dumb as phantoms ; with their eyes bedimm'd,
Their locks all foamy and their lips unclosed ;
And when the clouds unsheath their fires, against
The wizard glare their upturn'd faces gleam
In one despairing row !---Their doom is seal'd
Above !---Death howls in every wolfish blast,
And rides on each gigantic wave ! the Sea
Shall be their sepulchre, their coffins be
Her caves, until the summon'd Ocean hear
The trumpet, and her bosom'd dead arise.'---pp. 39—41.

This passage will remind every body of Coleridge's "Plague Ship." Still it is full of energy, and sets off, by the horrors which it describes, the pastoral tone of simplicity and loveliness which marks the picture that succeeds it.

'Wave, wind, and thunder have departed ! shrunk
The vision'd ocean from my view,---and lo !
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun,
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty ! with his trepid locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,---a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight !
Joy shaped his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand.
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawns
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

'To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead

To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful Evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his check, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

'The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon, and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.'—pp. 41—45.

Death next visits a poor victim of seduction, whose tale is pathetically told. The 'picture of the young poet,' prematurely snatched away is also vigorously touched. But we must pronounce the sketch of the city suddenly struck with pestilence, as a deplorable failure. The splendid town is all life and bustle in the morning;—

—'by noon the sun grew red,
And glared his fierceness through the sky, till forth
From out the swarthy womb of heaven, the Plague
Exhaled her breath, that with a viewless flow
Unroll'd itself through all the living town,
Which, sudden as an ocean chain'd,—grew dumb!'—p. 55.

This is improbable fiction in its worst form; but it does not rest here; the idea is carried on through a series of changes, ridiculous for their abruptness;—

—'He whose cheeks
Were round and fair, and eyes alive with youth,
From beauty withered to a yellow wreck!
* * * * * * * *
—'Then hush'd
The grinding cables! and the barges lay,
Like dead sea-horses on the ocean stretch'd.'

Why, we ask, like dead sea horses?

But we have never seen a more ludicrous example of false antithesis than that which follows—the victim is a young urchin who had been playing the moment before:—

> ' *Down* fell his fainting arms, *up* turn'd his lids
> And from his ghastly eye-balls glared the pest'!

The subject is a disgusting one, and we turn from it to a passage of great tenderness, with which we must close our extracts. It describes the effects of consumption on a young female.

> Few note that fatal bloom; for bless'd by all,
> Thou movest through thy noiseless sphere, the life
> Of one,---the darling of a thousand hearts.
> Yet in the chamber, o'er some graceful task
> When delicately bending, oft unseen,
> Thy mother marks thee with that musing glance
> That looks through coming time, and sees thee stretch'd
> A shade of being, shrouded for the tomb.
>
> ' A year hath travell'd o'er the sea of time;
> And now the shadows of the grave grow dark
> Upon the maiden; yet no mournful wail,
> Or word abrupt, betrays unlovely thoughts
> Of gloom and discontent within; she dies
> As gently as delicious sound: not false
> To present scenes, and yet prepared to die.
> Beautiful resignation, and the hopes
> That well from out the fountain of her faith,
> Have breathed around her a seraphic air
> Of wither'd loveliness. The gloss of life
> And worldly dreams are o'er; but dewy Morn,
> And dim-eyed Eve, and all the inward gleams
> Of rapture, darted from regretted joys,—
> Delight her still: and oft when twilight comes,
> She'll gaze upon the damask glow of heaven
> With all the truth of happier days, until
> A sunny fancy wreathes her faded cheek;—
> 'Tis but a pleasing echo of the past,
> A music rolling from remember'd hours.
>
> ' The day is come, led gently on by Death;
> With pillow'd head all gracefully reclined,
> And grape-like curls in languid clusters wreath'd,
> Within a cottage room she sits to die;
> Where from the window, in a western view,
> Majestic ocean rolls.---A summer eve
> Shines o'er the earth, and all the glowing air
> Stirs faintly, like a pulse; against the shore
> The waves unrol them with luxurious joy,
> While o'er the midway deep she looks, where like
> A sea-god glares the everlasting Sun
> O'er troops of billows marching in his beam!---
> From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, her eyes

Are lifted, bright with wonder and with awe,
Till through each vein reanimation rolls!
'Tis past; and now her filmy glance is fix'd
Upon the heavens, as though her spirit gazed
On that immortal world, to which 'tis bound:
The sun hath sunk,—her soul hath fled without
A pang, and left her lovely in her death,
And beautiful as an embodied dream.'—pp. 61—64.

The 'Universal Prayer,' which in point of order we should have noticed first, is but a very indifferent performance. The spirit of piety that breathes through it, we cannot too highly commend; but as a poem it is worthy of no attention. Two small pieces at the end, entitled 'Beautiful Influences,' and Lines written 'On seeing a celebrated Poet,' are little better than pages of mere verbiage.—The volume is appropriately inscribed to Sharon Turner!

ART. III.—1. *Coming out; and The Field of the Forty Foot-steps.* By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. London: Longman. 1828.
2. *Victoria, or The Male Coquette and The Dupe.* 3 vols. London: Robins. 1828.
3. *The Rector of Overton, a Novel.* 3 vols. London: Fisher and Son. 1828.

AMONG the novelists of modern days, the writers of the three volumes first named will always retain a deservedly respectable place. Inferior to Mrs. Radcliffe in richness of imagination, they are greatly her superior in the invention of a clear and probable story. Not equal on the other hand to the more classical writers of English novels; failing in true description of character, in close and keen penetration into the niceties of human principles, and in bold personifications of passion, they savour but little of the strong nervous style which once gave a dramatic air to the productions of our novelists, and of which but one or two examples, including Miss Edgeworth, at present exist. But the middle place which these authoresses occupy between the writers of high romance and those of stirring dramatic fiction, could not have been occupied better than by themselves. Their style is pure and flowing; their choice of subjects calculated to awaken a deep and lively interest, and the lessons they inculcate are those of a high and noble virtue. Not the least interesting circumstance also in their literary character, is the perfect harmony and affection which have so long existed between these two highly talented, and, by the near equality of their genius, rival sisters. Their minds appear to have gone on sharing in the same means of improvement, and acquiring strength in equal degrees; the same sentiments, the same tempering of romance with plain sense, and the same gently elevated style distinguish the writings of both, and but for the difference of the subjects on which they may be

employed, it would probably be difficult to keep the names of Jane and Anna Maria Porter ever distinctly apart.

The history of novel-writing would furnish some curious materials for a comparative view of the mental powers of the two sexes. We are inclined to hazard a conjecture, that one cause of the present low state of English literature, is the invasion which the stronger sex has made into the legitimate province of the weaker. There are, it is true, some few keen piercing minds among men, which having both strength and shrewdness, can observe sharply, and compare and generalize correctly, but this is not often the case. Men of strong minds can rarely habituate themselves to the view of trifling external circumstances; others of a more common and shrewder disposition, are commonly poor observers of life, when they have not an immediate share in the scene that is passing before them. Neither the one nor the other, therefore, are adapted to draw from the actual occurrences of life, materials which when properly disposed make the thrilling and exciting romance, or the agreeable novel. Women on the contrary, are very generally found to possess the faculties of observation in great perfection; from infancy to womanhood they are employed in their development. Their education is a mere teaching of them to judge of things and circumstances by their outward proprieties. And when they enter the world they find themselves regarded as the arbiters of what is right and wrong, both in manners and sentiment; they have no concern with the world, but as respects the modes and customs of social life; they have no call or necessity to examine its affairs, the causes of its tumults or its prosperity, and they are throughout witnessing a scene every the minutest part of which engages their attention, because their thoughts have nothing to make them anxious respecting the machinery which moves and holds together the fairy and changing spectacle. Women also, by the very destination of their being, are called as it were out of themselves, to observe what is passing around them. They have never, naturally, the self-pride of men. They trust in no vaunting hope of independence or sufficiency; and they therefore look into the world with less superciliousness, and a more careful, eager and scrutinizing eye, than those who belong to the other half of the human race. Women have, therefore, for a long time fairly stood their ground, and asserted, with no trifling success, their right over this province of literature. Some of their works of this kind have been conspicuous for the very beauty and delicate spirit of the sex itself; and were woman only to be viewed in a mirror, she could not be seen more truly or to more advantage, than in some of these transcripts of her mind.

Within the last few years, however, these opinions respecting the fitness of the female genius for novel and romance writing, appear to be a little disputed, for we have had a flood of works belonging to this class, pouring incessantly from hands fitted to

wield the pen in a more arduous employment. The wonder-filled romance, the moral story, and the light, gossiping, fashionable novel, have been all furnished in more than sufficient abundance, by men of every age from twenty to sixty, and of every rank, from the lacquey, if report speaks true, who picks up the crumbs of slander from his master's table, to the proud peer, whose place is at the king's council-board. We have some idea that for the general and lighter classes of novels, this has not been favourable to their improvement. We could point out several faults of stiffness, affectation, and bad moral, which have been only introduced into novels since their composition became an object of ambition among men. Under the pretension of greater experience, and the advantages of more extensive knowledge, the new and masculine race of novelists have thought themselves capable of introducing improvements into a kind of writing which, to be good, needs nothing recherché to ornament it, and to present its amusing character and appeal to no dangerous principles, must be always kept free from the touch of a licentious pencil, however powerful and faithful. Again, from the affectation of effect, from a pretended toying and careless manner which male writers of novels favour, led to it by the desire of appearing not too intently employed in an occupation beneath them, their works have all the appearance of being sent forth without having any aim, or being intended to take a place above the ballads of the day. The consequence of this has been a general deterioration of style in works of fiction, a negligence on the part of writers as to their manner, plot, and moral, and a perfect indifference on the side of readers respecting the same things, so the novel be but written by a man of fashion, one who has rank or name sufficient to blind their judgment as to what is good in literature, or pure in sentiment. The most to be regretted, however, and certainly the most conspicuous blemish which may be ascribed to the change we are remarking, is the greater and more daring incorrectness of tendency which it has introduced into novels. It is disgusting, and even enervating and dangerous, to have the mind long employed on the sickening details which filled the romances of forty or fifty years since; but they were offensive or dangerous only by their overstrained pictures of virtue, by their setting the calculation and estimate of human character at fault. They described virtue which is not attainable, and vice which offered no warning, because it is not the vice which exists in the world, or which the world in ordinary breeds. They enervated the mind of those who made them its only food, by lapping it in an elysium of bright and glowing dreams; and they led it into error by setting before it objects which had a fictitious, not an intrinsic, greatness, and teaching it to admire, pursue, and value, a mere vapour of a wayward and generally feeble imagination.

But the danger which was incurred by the reading of such

works as these, was not an immediate or very certain one. It was not the consequence of making the perusal of them a mere occasional amusement, and when their pages were opened by the young and quick-hearted for a few holiday hours, their too gaudily illuminated contents left no other strong impression than that of a brighter landscape, seen under a brighter sun than those they were likely to find often before them. It is different with the novels of our day. The host of female writers who composed those before mentioned, were undoubtedly mistaken in their ideas of good novel-writing, and they were very frequently destitute of ability to compose works of more power, or at the same time correct and powerful; but their error and deficiences we have seen to be, in the main, harmless ones, and they were also such as a tolerable degree of natural genius, united with the delicate perceptions and talent for observation common to women, might readily avoid or overcome. But the evil in the moral tendencies of novels written by men, when they are at all bad in this respect, is deep and inveterate. And for this reason. The characters presented are not, perhaps, overdrawn or untrue to nature, but there is an attempt made at explaining the principles on which they act—which explanation is, in nine instances out of ten, a miserable jargon, made up out of Rousseau, Lord Byron, and such like writers, with a little addition of moralism to make the dose palatable to the most scrupulous of modern novel readers.

With the highest respect, therefore, for the really few men of genius who have rather condescended than devoted themselves to write novels to please the present generation, we are by no means inclined to follow the multitude in supposing that, because men now write novels instead of leaving the employment almost exclusively to spinsters, there must necessarily be a vast improvement in their style. By carefully balancing the account, we think it will be found at least doubtful whether novel-readers have gained anything by the accession of these prouder pretenders to their patronage; but with regard to these writers themselves, we do not give them the advantage of a doubt, when the question is asked as to the literary respectability of their occupation. A man must have a superlative genius for music who can make himself distinguished and honorable by the mastery of an inferior instrument, and a writer of novels must in the same way be possessed of very extraordinary talents to render his occupation an evidently worthy pursuit. It is thus that we see many writers of fiction in the present day, men, some of them of undoubted ability to a certain extent, becoming not worthy of the lowest rank among the founders of their country's literature. We see them frittering away both their minds and their time in the pretended observation of society, and in the description of scenes and events which they should indeed see and study, but the study

of which should be the food of a noble philosophy. Instead of making the fit objects of all manly ability, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree it may be possessed, their pursuit, they are found dallying with ladies' lute strings, and looking for no trophies but such as are to be won in drawing-rooms, and from their perfumed assemblies. When they should be endeavouring, and every man who wills it may do something in it, to add dignity and truth to the national sentiments of their country, they are seen labouring and panting in the race with women, that they may win the prize for which, regarding their proper nature, they ought not to have started; and then when they find something more is required of them, than what contented people when their competitors told their simple tales, they put on the garb of philosophers, and so lay their claim to the flowers and head-gear of their gentle rivals.

Thanks to the Misses Porter for putting us into this excellent humour with female novelists. They have presented us in the two tales of 'The Field of the Forty Foot-steps,' and 'Coming Out,' with specimens of the two principal classes of novels—the romantic and the fashionable; and each of their productions in its kind, is well deserving the attention they have attracted from us. We are inclined, however, as it is of a kind not so frequently met with as its fashionable companion, to give the precedency to the tale of the 'Field of the Forty Footsteps,' an idea of which we shall now endeavour to give our readers.

Miss Jane Porter, to whom we are indebted for this portion of the three huge volumes before us, has exercised the skill of an antiquary with considerable success, both in the plan and in the execution of her tale. The scene of her remarkable story is the spot of ground on which the London University is now built, but which at the time the events related occurred, was a green and sylvan landscape, dotted over with kine, and forming the framework to a lordly but pastoral domain. The mansion which thus stood looking over a bright expanse of meadow-land and woody knolls, now converted into Russell Square and its neighbouring streets, was the seat of the honorable and loyal family of the De Matchelowes. The Field of the Forty Footsteps is pointed out by the fair antiquary with considerable precision; and as her account of the origin of her legend, and of her journey to the original scene of action, is one of the most interesting portions of the work, we shall extract it. Unfortunately for our readers the information we shall thus afford them, will come too late to enable them to take advantage of it. It was little suspected by the public that till within a few months back, one of the most curious records of London in the olden time was still in existence; but antiquaries and novelists may now lament in vain, and learn from the circumstance to believe, that hidden among the crowded

buildings and closing thoroughfares of the metropolis, the curious inquirer may still find relics of ages past, which every following month will probably diminish.

'These recollections (received from a friendly antiquary) were sent from abroad; and, according to their chart, I set forth one fine sunny morning last April, accompanied by a friend, to explore what traces might yet remain of the field itself. Of the foot-prints, my correspondent had rendered us entirely hopeless. Starting from Bedford Square, and walking up Southampton Row, we struck of at the given point, which, in our guide's time, led directly into the country. Our first step thence was at once into Russell Square. We could not but pause a moment to observe how differently the eye computes distance, when stretching over the free expanse of natural ground, from what it would calculate when that ground is partitioned out into the various obstructing appearances of town. Here, stone pavement, railed parterre, and fine houses on every side, had completely usurped the place of the pasture fields, with their sheep and kine. The former more extensive rural prospect, spreading to the sky-met hills beyond, was totally excluded. The effect to our eyes of the ground before us seemed of much less extent than as described by our friend; yet he was correct.

'We moved on by his compass, and taking the prescribed oblique line across the square. from its south-eastern to its north-western angle, reached the new street called Upper Montague Street. It runs due north from the square; and just athwart its farther extremity, where it is unfinished, we perceived a rough sort of temporary paling, and an openness beyond which promised some vestige of the former country. Calculating that the distance we had walked from the point where the stile had been, must have nearly comprised the stated quarter of a mile, we hastened to the paling to look over; and I may say, to our great delight, beheld a space that had evidently been part of the Long Fields; a large irregular tract of ground, but sorely disfigured from its described state of pastoral freshness and beauty. Near the paling all was entirely deprived of verdure; lime and other building cements having quite discoloured the surface. And, further on, on every side, the soil was cut up by foundations for houses; and spotted over with heaps of rubbish, bricks, logs of timber, workmen's sheds, and other objects of active masonry.

'But, on viewing the yet unbuilt-on space more distinguishingly, we discerned, towards the centre of the quarter nighest to where we stood, and about a stone's throw forward, that the earth retained its vernal sod: being covered there with a short and thick, though scrubby grass; and that it extended in like manner to a pretty considerable stretch of field equally green, excepting on a few barren surfaces of oblong shapes, lying in waving positions on a continuation of the oblique line we had pursued across the ground, and at regular paces distant, till they were hidden from our further observation by some hurdles and a tool-house: some more paling, also, cut of the field in that direction.

'"There they are!" we exclaimed in a breath, while both pointed at the same moment to the last traces of what we verily believed to be the marks we came to seek. After this ejaculation of our delighted surprise, the memory of our absent friend's story connected with them kept us silent for awhile; and we stood gazing on the remnants of that earth-record, as

if we could have read there the awful cry "Remember!" once uttered over them.

'Though so many years had passed since the terrific scene was acted there, and reason might smile at the acknowledged superstition, yet we shuddered while we looked; and almost considered this last glimpse of these long-perpetuated, but now quickly disappearing, warning foot-prints, as an appeal that they should not be forgotten. Perhaps we felt it the more from seeing how near they were to being entirely lost to sight, and the conviction, accordingly, that had we delayed our search another month, nay, even another week, every vestige might have been obliterated.

'And so it would have been, for on the thirtieth of April, only a few days after we had thus recognised them, the first stone of the New London University was laid, at the north-western extremity of this only remaining remnant of the Long Fields; and in a spot not less belonging to the story of the tradition, than the particular field of the memorable marks itself.'—pp. 10—14.

The real foundation of Miss Porter's plot is laid in the domestic quarrels of one of the most powerful families of the merchant citizens of Old London, but it is enlarged and helped forward by the introduction of long details respecting the unfortunate Charles, and the plots and manners of the Commonwealth-men. The family of the Baldrys, descended from the wealthy and powerful president of that name, had for a considerable time possessed a sort of civic regality through their extensive mercantile connections and reputation. One of them by marriage had become possessed of the Matchelowe domain, and his immediate descendant inheriting from his mother this lordly state, as well as the title pertaining to it, was regarded by his near relatives with an envy which looked forward with anxiety for the time when his misfortunes might satisfy their hate. The time at length came—he, Eustace De Matchelowe, urged by his half-brother, had set forward to effect some commercial treaty between England and foreign countries, he had taken his only son with him, and his wife was left with some younger children at Matchelowe. But Sir Eustace had not been long absent, when the civil war was finished by the execution of the king; and Geoffry Baldry, a busy sharer in the violences of the period, giving his assent to the attainder of his absent and noble-hearted brother, obtained the grant of his domain, and drove his wife and her infant children from their home. But the new possessor made little use of his ill acquired property; and it was left unoccupied, and almost to ruin, till his daughter, a most angelic girl, too afflicted at the loss of her mother to endure society, was sent to Matchelowe to make its quiet and lonely walls her residence. Her retirement was but once broken, and then it was by the order of her father, to be present at a grand festival of the period, that called the Setting of the City Watch, at which she learnt that her father was about to marry one of Cromwell's daughters. She was, after this short

visit to her father's magnificent establishment in the city, sent back to her favourite retreat; but an event soon occurred which gave a new turn to her feelings, and opened scenes to the contemplative and solitary girl, which she might well have expected never to witness. But we must here have recourse to the writer's own descriptive powers, as it is the centre point of the story.

Having informed Betha that the youngest son of Sir Eustace was in his hands, 'he then proceeded to say, that he had reared the boy with the utmost care from the moment of his mother's departure; but there existed a disease in his mental and corporeal faculties that never could be cured. Hence it was necessary to keep him in the strictest privacy. But some mischances had occurred, which made it prudent to remove him, not merely from the asylum in which he had passed his childhood to that time, but he must be conveyed into the country, to a much more remote place of refuge. That place was to be beyond the Severn, in Worcestershire. And then Geoffrey communicated to his daughter, that she and her monitress were to be partakers in the journey, and take up their residence, for a brief while, under the same roof. He added, that the boy's health too might be benefited by the change, and his spirits revived by more liberty in the open air, than he could possibly be indulged with where he had been; that is, the liberty of exercise within the high walls of the gardens belonging to the old place, Castle Arelby, to which he was now going to be sent. When once there, he must never be allowed to stray beyond them; though, indeed, for his own sake, he had not been intrusted with a knowledge of whom he really was. "For," continued her father, "I soon became aware, that, in spite of every proper discipline to subdue it, there is an incipient arrogance in his disposition, hidden under the quiet silence of his common deportment, that would speedily break bounds to mischief, did I drop a hint to him of his being my nephew. And yet he has a cloudy kind of recollection—something that, indeed, savours of his distempered brain—of his former infancy, with personages and pageantries, but confusing circumstances, and confounding identity of persons, even his own self with others, till the whole scene of vague memories becomes a chaos."

'Betha melted at heart during this sad painting of her young kinsman's maimed intellects; and when her father ceased speaking, she ventured to inquire whether he retained any recollection that the place to which he was now brought had been his earliest home? And then, with a filling tear, she did not permit to escape her eyelid, when her father answered "None!" she mournfully repeated her promise, and in words the colour of her thought, "to do all in her power to soothe the imbecile wanderings of the poor innocent, and adminster to his health and comfort."

'Geoffrey replied, her obedience would be so far well; but she must never forget in such soothing that he was ignorant of her relationship to him; also, that he was no natural idiot, only of strangely-aspected faculties, just remembering enough of the dangerous past to bewilder himself. And he enjoined her in no way to assist him out of the labyrinth. "Its density," added Geoffrey, "is his security." Her father then told her, that the story he was taught to believe of himself was, that he was the orphan of parents who had suffered on the Cavalier-side in the late civil

contest; and that President Baldry had rescued him from the most abject species of degradation, by taking him under his personal sanctuary. Geoffrey finished his account, by telling her, that when she saw him, she must address him by the name of Benomi.

"'He is the son of sorrow to us all! So I gave that name to him, to remind him always, that he owes gratitude at least to those who feed, shelter, and keep him alive. Betha, remember those are to be your arguments of comfort. Now I will lead you to him."'—pp. 366—369.

Betha set out with her young charge in company with her old and respected monitress, Mildred. The manner in which they were accompanied, and the cautions used upon the road to prevent their being recognized, were well calculated to inspire the trembling girl with dread for her gentle charge. As they approached Worcester, one of the horsemen who guarded the carriage ordered it out of the main road, and the party hastened towards the town of Upton, in which they were to repose for the night. But midnight was hardly passed when the town was roused from the perfect silence of settled sleep by the report of musquetry, and it soon became known that it was attacked by a royalist party, who in a little time made themselves masters of the place. In a state of breathless agony, Betha with her nurse and young companion watched the progress of the affray till it reached the very door of their apartment. The assailants and the vanquished both rushed in together; the guards who had accompanied the carriage were crushed down by the enemy, and finding their destruction evident, they determined on the murder of the innocent boy, whom they could no longer retain in their keeping. They fired their pistols at his head, but only slightly wounded him, and the ball which was meant for him struck Betha's affectionate and aged attendant. The royalists thus obtained possession of the town, and tidings were brought that Charles, surrounded with numerous partizans, had taken up his quarters at Worcester. Betha and Benomi fell into the hands of a noble cavalier, and were treated with all kindness and respect. But there was a mystery in the appearance and expressions of the boy which was inexplicable; he had the mildness and solemnity of an aged saint in his youthful countenance, and his heart, evidently breaking under the load of some concealed misery, shrunk with indescribable horror from the tumults and shouts which told the triumphs of the populace. But the battle of Worcester was fought, and Betha and her charge having found shelter in a cottage among the hills, waited the return of their former deliverer to direct their future course. He at length came and related the disastrous events which had occurred. The conversation which ensued revealed to Betha that her friend was no other than the son of Sir Eustace De Matchelowe, and the agitation into which his narrative of the discomfiture of Young Charles threw Benomi, revealed to her still more agitated thoughts the person of the young Prince Henry. This unfortunate child,

who with his sister Elizabeth, had spent with their royal father the last hours of his life, was now the object both of fear and contention among the commonwealth-men. He had, however, fallen into the hands of Geoffrey Baldry, and he determined to make the most of his prize. Miss Porter has poured out her whole woman's heart in the delineation of the young prince—the following passage in which he tells his history, after making himself known to Betha, is very beautiful.

'When the morning came, it found the young prince in so sweet and profound a sleep on his bed of straw, that Betha moved away without disturbing him, and by the time she heard him stir above, she had prepared some proper nourishment for his refreshment, which he immediately took on her rejoining him; and throughout the whole of the day he refused none of the medicinal simples which the experienced old woman brought forth to Betha, as certain restoratives from feverish symptoms: indeed, in all things, he acted with the docility of an obedient child, now hanging with a redoubled principle of grateful adhesion to his beloved protectress.—In short, there was something in his young heart which made him feel, that having reposed his secret with her,—a secret, which to him was even as the substance of his soul, being the sum of all his earthly thoughts,—that she had become to him even as part of himself; and, in fact, her watching care and tender soothings throughout that day and the next, ere he was aware, drew every long-buried memory from the depths of that, till then, terror-locked bosom. While so unburthening his loaded heart, he told her that in doing it, he was putting his life into her hands; and that he felt it was even surer to him in that keeping than within the bond of his own lips; for his oppressed spirit was always struggling to break out; and in that case the safety of others might be involved as well as his own. Now he had spoken his wrongs to a breast that pitied him, and would be faithful; and as he felt the very act of his confidence, and her consolations, strengthening even his life, he could not but consider it a gracious sign that the Almighty Father, who had blessed the pouring out of David's soul, in like manner, to the son of one who persecuted him, was not displeased with his trust in her.

'Betha could have shed burning tears at this innocent remark, so full of a truth he did not mean should pain her; but she checked them, and gave the whole force of the pang within to the vow she immediately uttered, to be faithful, as Jonathan was to David, to him; and, instantly, she ratified the unasked solemn pledge, by kissing a little Testament that lay on the pillow of Benomi (for so he entreated to be called by her at all times.) He then clasped it to his own lips—"Betha," said he, "*the just made perfect,* look upon us now,—and one of them blesses thee for this! Ah, little did he think, when his tears dropped on it, and he gave it to my sister, that when she should be taken from me, it would receive such a vow as this—to give me a sister again! Dear, dear Betha!" and her hand was then pressed to his humid eyes.

'That little Testament was indeed the relic he had always carried, hidden in his bosom; and never until that day had he shown it to Betha. It was the precious bequest that Charles, in his last separation from his children, put into the hand of his daughter, enjoining her, when she should

see her mother, to give it to her, to be her sure comfort, as it had been his! But she never was allowed to see that widowed parent again; and when that young mourner's own hour of death came, she gave the sacred little book to her beloved brother, then to be bereaved of all visible consolation, except what it would afford. She placed it on his heart, when her lips for the last time touched his in this life, and it never afterwards was from his personal possession; for he secreted it, and retained it, under every change of place and circumstance, mostly indeed carrying it in his breast. Within the first leaf, the name of the late King was written by his own hand, and these two lines beneath it:—

'"Persecuted, but not forsaken!"—2 Cor. iv. 9.
'"He shall redeem my soul."—Ps. lxxii. 14.

'This leaf was marked with the traces of many tears, and Benomi said, they were his and his beloved sister's. Indeed, there seemed to be nothing in his heart that he could withhold from revealing to her, whom he now loved to call the deserved sharer of his fondest thoughts with his "sainted Beta"—for that was the name his childhood had given to his sister, and by the near affinity to it, that of Betha's was as the same, dear to him. And thus, by degrees, this second object of his fraternal love, learnt from his recollecting tenderness the whole sad history of the first.'—pp. 601—605.

Soon after this discovery of Benomi's real character and rank, events carried him and Betha back to Matchelowe. Young Matchelowe also was made acquainted with the circumstance, and directed by the King to obtain possession of his brother by any means that could be invented, and the former set forward in full determination to execute his unfortunate monarch's desires. After obtaining a companion in his desperate undertaking, he entered upon the immediate scene of action. It was at night he arrived at the house of his infancy, and the moon was shining flitfully through a cloudy and unsettled sky. But awful work was going on, and he arrived only in time to witness the fearful deed on which the narrative is founded. A contest having arisen, as it has been said, respecting who should possess the person of the prince, several deputies from the different parties in the commonwealth had addressed Baldry on the subject, but he had determined upon retaining him for Cromwell, which service he considered would ensure him the lasting favour of the general. On the morning of the event related, Bradshaw had been with Baldry, and among other means to tempt him, had employed the offer of a splendid reward in wealth. The proud merchant rejected it in scorn, and among other things declared there never was but one Baldry, meaning his brother Leonard, who was profligate enough to be tempted by such proposals. Bradshaw left the house in disgust, and Baldry waited in almost mad impatience for an answer to the proposals he had made to Cromwell. In this state of mental agony he left the house to seek repose, if possible, in the tranquillity of the night, which had hushed the country surrounding Matchelowe into rest. He had not wandered long, when he was

met by his brother Leonard. After a furious quarrel, the latter thus proceeded :—

'" You have sunk me to the pit of infamy, and you would keep me there!—Then, no brother be indeed between us!—and here, in your teeth, I tell you, that you lied, in denying your destruction of my better-self—in saying that I threatened you violence. Could I not, in this very grasp, crush that false soul out of this dastard body?—but I disdain it. I go, Geoffrey, as you have dared me, I go to your colleagues—nay, to the whole commonwealth—all shall now judge between you and me." And, with the word he threw Geoffrey from him with a force that cast him reeling on his knee; but in a moment he recovered his poise, and following on his brother just as he had turned to cross the field, he made a longe at his back with a dagger, which he had instantly drawn from his belt. " Miscreant!" cried he, in the act, " I will not be disgraced!"

'But the stroke he intended failed, Leonard having looked round at the quick movement behind him, and discerning the glancing steel, while his brother's more than threat sounded in his ear, he recoiled a step or two backwards, and drew his sword; for Geoffrey, become desperate, continued to press upon him with his open dagger; but holding his sword in guard only, Leonard, with bitter scorn, called to him :—" That was a coward's deed! Away—lest I do indeed forget I am a brother!"

'Geoffrey had no mind to answer,—his whole being was in tempest, and all driving to the one point—of annihilating the man who, by a breath, could overturn the high fabric of reputation he had been so long rearing by the subtlest art; and though his opponent had the stronger arm; he knew he was the experter swordsman, and, thrusting his dagger back into its sheath, he too drew his sword, determining that it should not find its scabbard again without its errand. Therefore, the flash of its glittering steel was the only reply given, while, with the keenness of a bloodhound, he pursued upon the retreating backward steps of his brother, and in an instant wounded him in the breast. Leonard now stood to his defence, but yet warned off his brother not to urge him too far.

'Geoffrey answered only by his skilful arm; and Leonard, feeling himself struck a second time, and still pressed on with increased ferocity, saw, if he meant to preserve his life, he must guard it by an equal attack upon his adversary, and the combat became terrible. Leonard found his blood gush at every turn, for Geoffrey's dexterous hand seemed to pierce him every where. At last, by a mutual furious thrust, their swords became locked at the hilts, and as the eyes of both glared on each other, while they stood in the track of moonlight, then traced with other hue by their receding and advancing steps in the mortal struggle of their mutual hatred, Geoffrey (who bled also, but not vitally,) slipped his free hand to his belt, and drawing out his dagger again, unobserved by Leonard, whose watch was necessarily on the lock of their swords, he made a treacherous thrust, under his sword-arm, at his brother, and the assassin's weapon entered to the hilt. Leonard staggered, and his sword dropped from his incapacitated arm; but in that moment vengeance rallied him, and throwing himself on his murderer, with the arm he yet could use drawing his dagger—hitherto with him only custom's appendage—it drank at the heart of Geoffrey—and they fell in each other's death-grasp.

Pierre's visit to the chateau, that the trumpet of the Vicomte de Coulanges' equerry aroused the echos of the valley, summoning its peaceful inmates to the plain near Pierre's house, which was the spot where it was customary for them to receive messages of the liege. Immediately the labours of the busy day were suspended—the hatchet was thrown aside, the spade was left standing upright in the earth, the pruning knife was clasped, and every step was directed towards the place of meeting. Pierre was amongst the first to arrive, and when the elders of the village appeared to be all met together, at his example they respectfully pulled off their caps, and bowed before the messenger of the liege. The crowd stood in breathless expectation, when the voice of Pierre broke the silence by demanding to know the message of the Vicomte de Coulanges to his vassals of St. Hillary. A flourish of the trumpet made reply, as if to call for silence, though the call was certainly unnecessary; for expectation sat in every eager countenance, and not the slightest whisper disturbed the dead stillness of the multitude.

'"The Vicomte de Coulanges greeteth his vassals of St. Hillary," said the equerry, "and ordereth all such as are capable of bearing arms, to repair unto the court-yard of his castle, by the noon of the second sun that shineth after this; and the Vicomte commandeth that all such of his faithful vassals and liegers, as possess arms or weapons of warfare, shall repair unto him accoutred therewith: he commandeth the service of his faithful vassals, during the space of forty days."

'A dead pause of an instant ensued: the equerry gave one more flourish with his trumpet, put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment; whilst the villagers stood looking at each other in mute disappointment. The silence of consternation was soon broken by a low murmur of anger, which gradually heightened to the loudest tone of rage and invective. "Our petition is mocked," said one. "Our reasonable demands are denied," said another. "It were better to beg for our bread, than to follow to the death, as it may be, a liege whom we despise, and who treats us with contempt." Every audible and intelligible murmur that was uttered, encouraged a fresh and bolder one still—as the circles in the water spread and enlarge at every succeeding round they form.'—pp. 51—54.

We have expressed our opinion sufficiently often respecting the literary rank we would have awarded to the lighter novels of the day. But little as we are inclined to look upon them with an indulgent eye, we are still less in humour with such works as the 'Rector of Overton.' Things consecrated to religious purposes, even to the tracery of the altar, are not to be drawn from their proper place when no good can result from the exposure. And in the same manner, religion, or religious doctrines, are abused when brought before the world tacked on to the light, flimsy pages of a puling novel. We can hardly imagine a more ridiculous figure than the author of 'The Rector of Overton' must have cut, when writing the sapient dedication of his work he first huddled together his compliments on a lady's fine mind, &c., and then declared himself determined in the following resolution: 'I trust I shall never be personally known as the author of this work, because it is meant to show the higher orders of society in England, *amongst whom I*

have lived, as possessing also a moral elevation far beyond the reach of the shafts aimed at them by the flying novelists of the last few months.' We are quite as convinced as the writer of these vain and ridiculous lines, that the portrait given of fashionable people and things is generally a very false one, and it is one of our greatest objections to the novels of the day, that they are false in this respect; but 'The Rector of Overton' is not at all calculated to meet the evil, and had it been written with much more talent than it is, no reader would ever be so absurd as to imagine, that because half a dozen people of rank are represented as talking of religion, or visiting sick villagers, we must immediately conclude the aristocracy of the country all imbued with the most humane charity and the most christian doctrine. We should be wasting our own and the reader's time to enter into any detail respecting the manifold absurdities of this most ridiculous book, but they may imagine what it is, when the clerical hero makes his debut with being driven to desperation by the accusations of a disappointed countess, who, as a last appeal to his charity, had concealed herself in his bed-curtains. How can any men who have common sense abuse it by writing such books, or imagine that religion or morality can be advanced by such means?

ART. IV.—*Causes Criminelles celebres du Dixneuvieme Siecle, Redigées par une Societé d'Avocats.* Vol. iii. Paris; 1828.

WE noticed, in a former number, the two first volumes of this interesting publication. The third volume, now before us, contains four trials, those of Roumage, Veuve Boursier, Mathurin Bruneau, and Maubreuil. The first made some noise in the mercantile world; the accusation against Roumage, a stockbroker in Paris, was that he had fraudulently obtained possession of Spanish bonds to the amount of 450,000 francs. His defence was, that he had paid for them; but he was found guilty of an act of gross swindling. The widow Boursier was tried for poisoning her husband, and acquitted for want of evidence. The most remarkable part of this case, was the avowed illicit and open connection which was carried on between the murderer and a Greek adventurer, named Kostolo, who was tried with her, and also acquitted. Bruneau was the fellow who had given himself out for the son of Louis XVI. The impostor carried on his scheme for some time in the most audacious manner. He was found guilty. The most important trial recorded in the volume is the last one, that of Maubreuil. As an air of some mystery even yet pends over the proceedings which were instituted against this man, we shall notice the principal points of his case.

Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis of Orsvault, was born in Bri-

tanny, about 1780. Connected by blood with several of the Vendean chiefs, among others with the illustrious La Roche Jacquelin, he served with them in his earliest youth in the war of La Vendée; where his father and twenty-two more of his relatives met with an honourable death. After the pacification of France, Maubreuil entered the service under the Imperial government, was attached to the personal staff of Jerome, then king of Westphalia, was made a captain in a Westphalian cavalry regiment, fought in Spain with bravery, and received the cross of the Legion of Honour. Tired at last of the life of camps, he quitted the service, and became a contractor for the supply of the army of Catalonia. The minister of war, however, suddenly annulled his contract in 1812, for what reason does not appear; and this blow destroyed all Maubreuil's prospects, and completely ruined him. Maubreuil returned to Paris in 1813, a bankrupt, without employment or resources; he was then thirty-two years of age. When the allies entered Paris the following year, Maubreuil showed himself as a warm partizan of the Bourbons, and a reviler of the fallen government. He carried his zeal so far, as to exhibit himself on the Boulevards with the cross of the Legion of Honour, with which he had been decorated for his services, tied to the tail of his horse.

The provisional government established at Paris on the 1st April, 1814, during the interregnum, and under Talleyrand's presidency, chose Maubreuil for one of their agents, and charged him with a secret mission to recover, by every possible means, the crown jewels which Napoleon had taken away from Paris. Mr. Roux Laborie, a protogé of Talleyrand, and secretary to the provisional government, and an old acquaintance of Maubreuil, opened the business to the latter on the 2d April, 1814. He told him to find companions for his expedition, and to hold himself in readiness. Maubreuil went to a royalist club, where he engaged the assistance of a Mr. Dasies, and assured himself of the co-operation of others.

After some delays, Maubreuil and Dasies left Paris with an escort of cavalry, and took the road to Nemours, from whence they proceeded to the village of Fossard, where they met the carriages of the Queen of Westphalia, Jerome's consort, and daughter to the king of Wurtemburg, who was on her road to Germany. They obliged her to alight, notwithstanding the passport with which she was furnished, searched the carriage, and seized several boxes containing her jewels, money, and other valuables: the princess was then allowed to proceed on her journey. Maubreuil and Dasies forwarded to Paris under an escort, nine boxes, which were delivered to the provisional government; but they took two more in their own chaise, and these, it appears, contained the diamonds of Jerome, and a sum of 84,000 francs in gold. Next day these boxes were also delivered, but in place of the gold were found silver coins to

the amount of 3,000 francs, and the diamonds had also disappeared. The latter, at least in part, were found some time after by some divers, in the bed of the river Seine.

The Queen of Westphalia having complained to the Allied Powers, the Emperor of Russia was indignant at her treatment, and the accredited agents of the Bourbons at Paris, fearful that the report of the affair would have the effect of casting suspicion and obloquy upon their masters, showed an active zeal for the apprehension of Maubreuil and his accomplices. Maubreuil, Dasies, and his servant Barbier, underwent long examinations, and several months' imprisonment; Dasies contrived to escape. Maubreuil was tried, but the Court, by an ordonnance dated November, 1814, declared itself incompetent, 'because the alleged crimes with which the accused was charged, appeared to have been the consequences of an abuse of certain orders and instructions which emanated from the superior and military authorities, which authorities alone, therefore, could take cognizance of the offence.' Maubreuil was therefore placed at the disposal of the Minister of War, Soult, who had the prisoner transferred to the Abbaye, where he was kept *au secret* for three or four months longer, during which time a military commission examined the affair, but without coming to a judgment, when the return of Napoleon from Elba frightened away the court and authorities from Paris; and on the 18th of March, two days previous to Bonaparte's triumphal entrance, Maubreuil was liberated by an order of the royal government.

Maubreuil free, but destitute of resources, retired to St. Germain, where the mayor of that town, an old friend of his family, gave him an asylum. He was soon traced out, however, by Bonaparte's police, and arrested, and a still heavier accusation than that of seizing the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia was brought against him. He was charged *with having planned and attempted in April*, 1814, *the assassination of Napoleon and his brothers.*

This, however, was but a vague accusation, and might have been only intended to serve political purposes at the time. But in the judicial examination and report, by the imperial attorney general and his assistants, dated 31st of May and 16th of June, 1815, we find it distinctly attested, that from the confessions of Maubreuil himself, of Dasies, of General Montelegier, and others who were in the secret of the mission of 1814, it appears that the Prince Talleyrand had conceived, or at least approved of, a plan for assassinating the Emperor and his two brothers, Joseph and Jerome, and for carrying off the king of Rome; that Roux Laborie, in his quality of secretary to the provincial government, was employed to sound Maubreuil, and to induce him by promises to accept of the mission; that the recovery of the crown jewels was merely the ostensible, and not the real purpose of Maubreuil's expedition, as by a circular order issued on the 9th April by the provisional government, it was enjoined on all civil and military officers to seize the crown diamonds

and other treasure wherever found,* and, therefore, Maubreuil's mission for the same object would only have been accessory, and could not assume the secrecy and importance that were attached to it; that after the emperor's abdication, Laborie and Maubreuil persevered in the pursuit of their plan; that the latter sent a man of the name of Colleville to Fontainebleau to watch for the emperor's departure; that while Maubreuil went himself in pursuit of the Queen of Westphalia, he commissioned Lieutenant Georges to repair to the neighbourhood of Lyons, where he was to join him with some trusty men, and lie in wait for the emperor's passing; that on Maubreuil's return to Paris with the jewels, he repaired to Laborie, who appeared dissatisfied with him, and threatened him with Talleyrand's resentment for not having fulfilled the *great object* of his mission; that at last, on the 25th April, after a long debate, Laborie agreed that the emperor's life should be safe, and his person carried into Spain: from all which premises the attorney-general came to the following conclusions:

'1st. That although Talleyrand appears to have been at the head of the plot, and to have employed Laborie to further the execution of it, yet he had no personal or direct communication with Maubreuil and Dasies, and the only evidence against him consists in Maubreuil's declaration, and the presumption that Laborie would not have dared to act without his master's instructions in such grave matters.

'2d. That it appears very probable that the three ministers who signed the orders given to Dasies, were acquainted with the object of the mission, which one of them qualified by the epithet of *secret*, yet there being no positive evidence of their complicity, it is possible that the said ministers were only obeying injunctions given them by a superior authority.

'3d. That Roux Laborie having proposed, and Maubreuil and Dasies accepted the mission, warrants be issued against them, to bring them before the imperial court to stand their trial.'—pp. 443—448.

It is worthy of remark, that Dasies had changed sides again at the epoch of Bonaparte's return, and obtained even the rank of Colonel, and the decoration of the Legion. He was not, therefore, annoyed during the hundred days. As for Laborie, he had absconded. Maubreuil escaped from prison through the assistance of his friend, the Marquis de Brosse, and as it is supposed, with the connivance of Fouché's police, he set off with his deliverer for Ghent, where Louis XVIII. had then retired. Arrived at Brussels, Maubreuil was arrested on the 4th of May, by M. Semallé, in the king's name, and taken to Ghent, under suspicion of his being concerned in some plot against the Bourbons. Louis XVIII., however, ordered him to be delivered over to the Belgian authorities, which was done accordingly. In his prison of Ghent, Maubreuil seeing himself prosecuted by both governments, legitimate

* The crown jewels, including the famous diamond called the *Regent*, were, in fact, seized at Orleans, together with other treasure, by the Commissioners of the government.

and illegitimate, out of despair opened his veins, and it was with difficulty that his life was saved. Baron Eckstein, the Belgian commissary, had him afterwards removed to Brussels, and from thence to Liege, when he was ordered by the Netherlands government to be taken to the frontiers, and there set at liberty. Meantime, the battle of Waterloo having given a new turn to the destinies of France, Louis XVIII. re-entered his kingdom, and Maubreuil soon after re-appeared at Paris, where he remained for some time in obscurity.

The Cour Royale of Paris took again, soon after the second restoration, the affair of Maubreuil in hand, acquitted him of the charge of highway robbery, and sent him before the Correctional Court, as guilty merely of an abuse of confidence in having mislaid or dissipated part of the property taken from the ex-Queen of Wurtemberg. At the same time the Court declared Dasies and Maubreuil's servant, Barbier, not guilty, and these men, together with Colleville and others concerned in the same transaction, were set at liberty.

Maubreuil remained some time concealed about Paris: he was arrested in June, 1816, and kept in a dungeon, *au secret*, until the following April, without being brought to trial. He was at one time accused of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Bourbons; this, however, was too absurd a charge to be persevered in, and it was abandoned, yet Maubreuil remained in prison. His active friend, the Marquis de Brosse, petitioned in very energetic language the Chamber of Deputies, in January, 1817, for the purpose of having Maubreuil tried before the Court of Correctional Police, according to the decision of the Cour Royale.

The trial came on at last on the 10th April, 1817. The king's advocate, after acknowledging that Maubreuil had been entrusted with a mission from the provisional government, the object of which, he said, was *indeterminate*, observed that the real charge against Maubreuil was that of having abused his powers by violently seizing, and fraudulently appropriating to himself, part of the private property of the Queen of Westphalia, which he could in no case be authorized to do, and this charge coming under the cognizance of a criminal court and not of the Correctional Police, he concluded by moving, that the Court should declare itself incompetent, and refer the cognizance of the affair to whom it may concern.—p. 326.

The Court having adopted the conclusions of the king's advocate, by declaring its incompetency, on the 23d of April Maubreuil appealed from this decision before the Cour Royale. The appeal came on the 21st of May. M. Couture, an abbe and zealous advocate, spoke for Maubreuil. He pleaded that his client having had, in April 1814, a mission from the executive, *which mission was now acknowledged*, he ought to be considered as an agent of the government, in which character, conformably to the constitutional

law of the year VIII. of the Republic, and to another law of the year 1806, *he could not be delivered over to trial without a previous authorization of the Council of State.* The penal code even inflicts a fine on the magistrate who should contravene the above regulation. The counsel proceeded to urge that the civil and military courts having declared themselves incompetent in 1814, and Maubreuil having been once set at liberty, the whole proceedings ought to be quashed.

On the 23d of May, the Cour Royale came to a decision that Maubreuil be remanded before the Cour de Premiere Instance of the department of the Seine in its correctional capacity, to be tried by other judges than those from whom he had appealed. The attorney-general appealed against this decision to the Court of Cassation. The latter court, judging on the question of competence, and on the powers of the inferior courts, annulled the decision of the Cour Royale of Paris, and sent Maubreuil to the Cour Royale of Rouen.

In July, Maubreuil appeared before the Cour Royale of Rouen, which limited itself to the question of competence. The Court took the same view of the question as that of Paris, and sent Maubreuil before the Correctional Police of Rouen. The attorney-general appealed again from this decision, and the Court of Cassation being of opinion that the sentences of the Cour Royales were *indicative,* and not *attributive,* with regard to jurisdiction, annulled the decision of the Cour Royale of Rouen, and sent Maubreuil before the Cour Royale of Douai, department of the Nord.

The trial came on at Douai, in December, 1817. The Court declared itself competent,* and the attorney-general's substitute having stated that the ground of accusation against Maubreuil was his having purloined a box containing gold, a crime provided for by the article 401 of the penal code, the court fixed the 2d of March, 1818, for the definitive trial. Before that time, however, Maubreuil contrived to escape from the prison of Douai; he went to Belgium, and thence came over to England.

The 26th of May, the Cour Royale of Douai sentenced Maubreuil, *par contumace,* to five years' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs, for having, '*under pretence of a special mission,* seized and carried off the diamonds of the Princess of Wurtemberg, ex-Queen of Westphalia.'—p. 336.

Several years elapsed, during which Maubreuil remained in England, and both he and his secret mission were nearly forgotten. He returned to France in 1825, availing himself of a law that nullifies correctional penalties after a lapse of five years from the time of the sentence, and was allowed to remain in peace and ob-

* 'It may be noticed here, that had the Court of Douai come to the same decision as those of Paris and Rouen, the Court of Cassation would have had no further cognizance of the affair; there would have been an *interpretation of the law,* according to a law of 1807.'

security, when, at the beginning of the last year (1827), he forced himself again into public notice by a new and most daring act of violence, committed on the person of the Prince Talleyrand Perigord.

On the 20th of January, the customary service in memory of Louis XVI.'s tragical death was celebrated in the church of St. Denis. The Royal Princes and the chief dignitaries of the kingdom attended the ceremony. After service, the Princes retired through a passage leading to the royal apartments; M. de Talleyrand was following close the Duke of Angouleme, when a man dressed in black, who had been waiting some time among the servants in the hall, advanced, and struck Talleyrand a blow on the head with his hand. The old man tottered and fell. Maubreuil, for it was he, was immediately arrested. He seemed quite collected, and apparently satisfied with what he had done. His object appears to have been two-fold; revenge against Talleyrand, whom he fancied to be the origin of his misfortunes, and a wish to provoke a public investigation on the mysterious mission of April, 1814.

Maubreuil was brought to trial for the assault, before the Court of Correctional Police. Talleyrand's written depositions on the affray were evidently framed so as to exculpate, as much as possible, the rash offender. The trial came on the 24th of February, 1827. After the examination of the witnesses, the king's advocate spoke briefly in aggravation. The assault was stated to be a premeditated one, and the object of it an infirm old man, placed, by his rank and talents, on the highest pinnacle of society; while the culprit was a man fallen from an honourable station, and who had forgotten the principles that birth and education ought to have implanted on his mind.

Maubreuil spoke in his own defence with sufficient calmness, and his address was earnest and impressive.

'"I am," said he, repeating the words of the king's advocate in his charge: "a man fallen from the station in which birth and education had placed me—fallen from the rank which courage assigns to the brave. But why am I so fallen? Because it pleased M. Talleyrand to send for me on the 2d April, 1814. I was then told that I deserved the confidence of the royalists; my eyes were fascinated with bright prospects. I was then young and ambitious. I was promised the title of Duke, 200,000 francs income, and the rank of lieutenant-general. I fell into the snare: I accepted an infamous commission. Every body knows what it was; no one has denied it. *It was intended to assassinate Napoleon and his son*;—the orders were given. Thus am I fallen. . . . Rash and inexperienced as I was, I thought I was undertaking the finest expedition in the world. I saw no farther. The infernal machine appeared to me a superb invention. I admired Riviere, Polignac; George Cadoudal was my hero. I wished to proceed without any disguise. . . . They say it is improbable that I should have gone with a single companion on such a mission; but I knew that these things do not suceeed when undertaken by many. This is the reason I wanted no one but Dasies. Let him be

questioned and he will attest the truth. The police can easily find him out. . . . But no one will be brought to believe that it was on trifling grounds that the military and the civil power were placed at the disposal of one individual. And let it be observed, this was done unknown to Austria. The aid of the allied military was at my disposal, except the troops of Austria and of England. . . . This business is little known in France, but a great deal abroad. They have tried to stop my mouth. While I was an exile in England, they endeavoured to induce Lord Castlereagh to enforce against me the alien bill. But, notwithstanding his weakness, Castlereagh refused. 'You have got your remedy,' answered he; 'you may prosecute this man before the courts of the country.' I then said I am on safe ground. . . . I have been accused of having stolen the diamonds: this is false, and I have been already acquitted of the charge. There have been diamonds mislaid, no doubt, but not through me. I was offered, two or three years after, some of these very diamonds, which had been hidden, and I refused them. And the gold? the gold was deposited at midnight on the table of M. Vitrolles, at the Tuileries. It is a strange feature of this affair, that those who signed the fatal orders keep themselves out of the way, sheltered by their influence; and I am told not to name this personage or that—not to name the King nor M. de Vitrolles.

'"I have struck an old man, but I pledge my word that I struck him slightly. I am sorry that I have been forced to employ this violence; but it is a calumny to say that I trampled on him." And thus he went on abusing Talleyrand, Anglès, Vitrolles, Pasquier, the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the President, and even his own Counsel, who, he said, had betrayed him. Upon this, the Counsel proved that, far from betraying his client, he had given him the best advice, namely, that of appealing to the Cour Royale, where Talleyrand could be summoned to appear, as the great state officers do not appear before the correctional courts.'—p. 351.

The Court, after a short deliberation, sentenced Maubreuil, as guilty of a *recidive*, to five years' imprisonment, and afterwards to ten years' surveillance of the high police. Maubreuil appealed, and the Cour Royale heard the appeal on the 23d March. The President asked the accused some explanations about the complaints he had uttered concerning his treatment in prison. 'They don't refuse me permission to communicate with my friends, but they intercept or prevent my communications by means of spies. I am teazed with offers of money, on condition that I name not the King nor M. de Vitrolles. Delavan, the prefect of police, sends his people to me. The newspapers prejudice my cause; they misconstruct my words: both royalists and liberals are against me. As for the latter, I know I have no favour to expect from them: I have in their eyes an original stain, which cannot be wiped off—I belong to the ancient nobility." Maubreuil's counsel demanded further time to procure documents; and also considering that the causes which led Maubreuil to the assault against M. de Talleyrand were of a most extraordinary nature, such as to exert an incalculable and unbounded influence on the mind of his client, the

counsel required the appearance of the persons connected with the famous *mission* of April, 1814, as well as the transfer of the papers of the different trials that had taken place previously in different parts of the kingdom on Maubreuil's affair. Consequently, the Prince Talleyrand, the Secretary Laborie, the three ex-Ministers Dupont, Langles, and Bourrienne, the Russian General Sacken, and the Prussian General Brockenhausen, who had countersigned the orders for the mission, the Duke of Rovigo, M. de Vitrolles, Roustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, and others, were summoned, on the part of Maubreuil, to appear on the 15th June before the Cour Royale.

On the day appointed, a numerous assemblage of persons of rank filled the hall. Of all the individuals above named, who had been summoned, Roustan alone appeared. General Dupont wrote that he was unacquainted with the circumstances attending the assault at St. Denis! A M. Anglès appeared, but he was not the Count Angles, formerly commissary-general of police. The messenger of the court had served the summons on the wrong person! The following is a dialogue that took place in Court on the occasion:—

'*Maubreuil.*—"The witness I have summoned is the regicide Anglès, the worst among those who signed the orders; he who wished for the blood of his former master.

'*President.*—"The witness who has answered the summons is an *amateur of paintings.*

'*Maubreuil.*—"The one I have summoned is an amateur of robbery and murder. Mr. President! after thirteen years' persecution, I only beg you for thirteen minutes attention. My position is very singular. I know that the papers will mis-report my words." And he went on declaiming, in no very moderate terms, on the newspapers and their editors, saying, that the Gazette des Tribunaux alone had dealt fairly and honourably with him. "A personage," continued Maubreuil, "whom I will not here name, but whose letter I have by me, and who is virtue itself, and whose deposition alone would assure my triumph, has entreated me not to name him. *Napoleon was warned by him of the mission I had received.*"'

After much declamation and invective against Pasquier, Talleyrand, the Emperor Alexander, &c., during which he was several times called to order by the President, Maubreuil concluded at last by demanding that the persons who had disregarded the summons should be fined, summoned anew, and obliged to appear.

The advocate-general, in reply, explained the difference which exists between witnesses summoned by the judges, and those cited by the parties: "The first receive an order, which they are bound to obey under a fine; the latter have a mere invitation to appear, which they incur no penalty for disregarding."—p. 390.

M. Pinet, one of Maubreuil's counsel, commented very severely on the scandal given by individuals, whose rank ought to make them particularly jealous of their character, but who, by their non-

appearance and silence, exhibited a strange disregard to it, as well as to the rights of justice. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between them. After reading several letters from Laborie to Maubreuil, M. Pinet argued that Laborie's presence in court would be highly necessary, to explain all the mysteries of his intercourse with Maubreuil. He then proceeded to read the conclusions of the attorney-general, in 1815, which implied strong moral accusations against the individuals who had been assigned, and especially against M. de Talleyrand.

'"There is here more than enough," said M. Pinet, "to show the necessity of their appearance. Let the Prince of Benevento avail himself of these fine summer days to go and drink the waters, a convenient excuse to those who wish to avoid *eclat*,—let him afterwards rest himself from his labours under the cool shades of Valençay; history will have to judge him. We accuse him of having taken advantage of Maubreuil's youth and inexperience, to engage him in a well-known mission. We accuse him of having threatened Maubreuil afterwards to ruin him for ever, if he did not proceed further. We accuse him of having declared to Maubreuil that he would give him neither truce nor rest, until he should carry off Napoleon and his son, and take them to a convent in Spain. We have already for us a beginning of proof. Let M. Talleyrand and Laborie come forth and answer our interrogatories, if they dare." '—p. 396.

The Court, however, over-ruled Maubreuil's conclusions concerning the witnesses, adopting the principle laid down by the advocate-general, and the trial proceeded. Roustan being examined, said that he never heard any rumour concerning a plot to assassinate the Emperor. He always slept in Napoleon's apartment at Fontainebleau, as well as elsewhere.

The Cour Royale, after a short deliberation, confirmed the sentence of the Correctional Court, which sentenced Maubreuil to five years' imprisonment, &c.

Thus this interminable affair appeared at last to have come to a conclusion, without however satisfying the public as to the real secret of the famous mission of 1814, any more than by allowing ample room for surmises on that mysterious transaction. There appears to have been a plan against Napoleon's person; did Talleyrand originate it? Was it intended to remove an obstacle to the return of the Bourbons? Were all those who signed the orders in the secret? Did Maubreuil intend really to fulfil his commission, or did he accept it for the purpose of countermining the plot? Did he seize the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia, on the supposition that they contained the crown diamonds? These are the questions that naturally present themselves to the mind, on reading the report of the whole of these intricate proceedings*. The manner,

* In the "Journey of a Detenu," noticed in our number for September last, there is an account of Maubreuil's affair; in which, however, the writer appears to have been too hasty in coming to a conclusion upon the

however, in which Maubreuil was subsequently treated by the police,—his long imprisonments without being brought to trial,—the impediments thrown in his way,—all these are certainly very unfavourable specimens of the administration of justice in France, and of the tenure of personal security in that country, even under its constitutional regime. It appears to us that there are many ways left for the use of arbitrary power; and the formidable engine of the police, and even the multifarious organization of the judicial courts, afford ample facilities for the purpose.

In justice to two of the persons most implicated by Maubreuil's declarations, we must quote also their own statements. The one is a letter from Count Anglès to the President of the Chamber of Correctional Appeals, dated 17th June, 1827, the day after that in which he had been summoned to appear on the part of Maubreuil. After stating that the summons had not been delivered to him, Count Anglès observes: "Had I been summoned by a competent authority, this is what I should have affirmed: On the 17th April, 1814, M. de Maubreuil came to the office of the general police. He was the bearer of an order from the War office, dated the 16th, which required the military authorities to assist him in the execution of a mission with which he was entrusted. I being absent at the time, M. Maubreuil saw the secretary, M. Champlouis, and declared to him that his object was to recover several valuable effects belonging to the war department, which I knew were missing. When I returned, Maubreuil was gone, after having waited some time; and I saw no objection in acceding to his wish of summoning the assistance of the civil authorities also. I therefore signed the order to that effect, *without having spoken to, or even seen M. de Maubreuil.*" Count Anglès proceeds to state, that had he dreaded the declarations of M. Maubreuil, had he been concerned in the supposed mysterious instructions, he would have naturally avoided every chance of bringing that person before the public; instead of which he, Count Anglès, upon hearing of the attack upon the Queen of Westphalia, caused Maubreuil to be arrested, first at Paris, in 1814, again at Ghent, in 1815, and a third time, in 1816, in order to have him brought to trial.—p. 410.

With regard to M. de Talleyrand, we have the following verbal communication from him to the editor of these trials:—

"In the midst of the disorder of 1814, I was appointed chief of the provisional government. I was anxious to repress, as much as I could, the dilapidations which so sudden a change would naturally occasion, in order to restore France with the least possible injury into the hands of the king. Every body was grasping for himself: The plans of the war office,

above points. Besides his narrative, able as it is, has not the judicial authenticity of the reports now before us. We still are of opinion that the mystery is not all unravelled, although there is evident exaggeration in Maubreuil's statement.

the papers in the archives, the diamonds of the crown, the funds of the treasury, every thing was fast disappearing. M. Dupont and I gave freely authorizations to seize on such public property, wherever found. My hotel was opened to every one; it was the seat of government, and the rendezvous of those who had any transaction with the executive. It was then, perhaps, that MM. Maubreuil and Dasies appeared there; but I gave them no orders, no mission. The first time I heard of them, was on the news of the attack on the Princess of Wurtemberg. M. Maubreuil, however, was not unknown to me, for I had seen him some days before from the window of my apartment, riding in the Place of Louis XV., with a crowd after him, attracted by the sight of the Imperial decoration tied to his horse's tail.

'"It was I, continued M. de Talleyrand, who arranged the treaty of Fontainebleau, and who stipulated for the interests of the Empress Maria Louisa. Bonaparte had then signed his abdication; but, we ought to acknowledge it, he had done many great things, and the idea of procuring his death could not have entered the mind of those who had been intimately acquainted with such a man. Such an order would have been highly improper;* and far from having ever thought of it, I requested Marshal Schwartzenberg to give us a man of trust, to enable the Emperor to cross France without danger. Thus did I act in most difficult circumstances; I gave no other orders respecting Napoleon. I never saw Maubreuil at my hotel; he may have been there, like many more men, to receive orders. I know I gave orders to intercept the funds of the treasury, which were at last stopped at Blois; for there was not a crown remaining in the public chests. The money thus recovered, defrayed the first expences of the king.

'"I repeat it again, I am not personally acquainted with M. Maubreuil; and even now, notwithstanding the assault he has committed on me, I am not sure whether I should know him again. I have behaved with kindness on this occasion, out of regard for the pressing solicitations of his family, who came to express their sorrow for his violence; and I have not thought myself obliged to answer the injurious allegations of a man, whose imprudence has rendered him dangerous to himself."'—pp. 426-8.

ART. V.—*Des Destinées futures de l'Europe.* Par l'auteur de la Revue Politique de l'Europe en 1825. 8vo. pp. 319. Bruxelles: Tarlier. 1828.

THE spirit of revolution, or rather the atheism that produced it, is as yet very far from being wholly extinguished in France. The Goddess of Reason is not indeed now publicly worshipped there under that name; she has, however, her disciples in abundance, consisting partly of the men who figured in the revolution, but chiefly of those who were educated in its schools, and corrupted in

* The text has—"il eut eté *inconvenable*," a strange word in speaking of murder, but affording a striking criterion of political morality. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," was the exclamation reported to have been elicited by the murder of the Duke of Enghien.

early life by the depravity of its doctrines. Their first evil impressions were rendered passive by the military ardour which pervaded France under the Imperial government; but the idleness of a long peace has revived them in all their original deformity, and since the restoration a constant and increasing struggle has been going on for the purpose of once more subjecting that country to the baneful influence of their ascendancy.

This disposition to atheism is also still accompanied, as before, with a fierce intolerance of every form of government, which combines within it the elements of order, and appears likely to be permanent. The vision of a grand republic, indeed, still haunts the minds of the sect to whom we particularly allude; but if, by any coincidence of chances, they could realize that dream to-morrow, they would be as distant as they are at this moment from the accomplishment of their wishes. If a republic did not place the whole power of the country in their own hands; if, under the pretext of universal equality, they were not despotic; they would be as hostile to a republic as they are to the monarchy, and would be as clamorous against the rights of the people as they now are against the privileges of the aristocracy. Changes in the laws, revolutions in the frame of the government, must be frequent and incessant, until they are themselves the directors of the machine of the state, the controllers of the religion, the guardians of the morality, and the dispensers of the wealth, of the whole community.

Their cunning, taking counsel from their fears, has enabled them hitherto to carry on their operations under such garbs as appeared to be most popular. Before the prestige of Napoleon's name had altogether faded in France, they used it with an effect sufficient to endanger for a while the unsettled throne of the Bourbons. Failing in the conspiracies which they meditated in the dark, they approached the light, and claimed the full benefits of the charter. They next set up the standard of liberalism, round which they summoned all the discontented and irreligious men in the country. By their actions, however, they were soon discovered under the mask which they had assumed. They decried every salutary institution for education existing in the kingdom, because the principles upon which education was conducted were the very reverse of their own. They set up what they called philosophy in opposition to christianity; by means of the press they extended their doctrines to history, to poetry, to the lighter departments of fictitious literature, and to all the rules of criticism. They gave to religion the name of fanaticism, and they only wanted a Voltaire to point the ridicule, and a Rousseau to colour the invective, to which they alternately resorted, in order to oppose the progress of every theory of morals that was not in harmony with their system. They re-produced, however, the most mischievous works of those authors, on terms that rendered them accessible to the very

scavenger of the street, and they endeavoured to repair by their malignant industry the impotence of their talents.

Let us not be charged here with administering to any antiquated prejudices, or as opposed to what is understood in our own country by the term liberality. The meaning of no two words can differ more widely than that which is conveyed by liberality in England, and by *liberalisme* in France. With us it signifies a disposition towards a moderate reform in the laws, the revision of our institutions, for the purpose of repairing the damage done to them by the lapse of time; it signifies a patriotic and high minded line of policy abroad, complete and universal civil and religious liberty at home, a generous commercial system, hostility to every serious abuse, and a wise economy. In France it signifies a cold and cheerless philosophy, a hatred of Christianity in all its forms, disaffection to the reigning dynasty, an attachment to the worst principles, and even to the excesses of the revolution, and a violent impatience of every thing that tends to consolidate the peace and happiness of the country.

It is to this spirit of liberalism, in one of its most objectionable phases, that we owe the volume now before us. It is the work of a shallow mind, and a cold heart. The author has already informed the world of his political principles, in a fantastic and pompous dissertation, which he called a "Political View of Europe," but which was, more properly speaking, a romance of the most flimsy description. He has here reproduced them under another form, and applied them in a more extensive manner. As the book may be considered a pretty fair specimen of the notions which are most usually inculcated by the new sect of philosophers in France, it may not be altogether a waste of time if we stop to examine it with some attention.

In the first section of the five which compose it, the author presents a moral picture of the world, which, he says, is no longer what it was. Formerly instruction came from the highest classes; now it proceeds from the lowest. The light no longer remains above, it is seen shining by the side of the people, and it would be vain to seek it elsewhere. Minds are not transmissible like names; the race of great men is extinct, and they are succeeded by their shadows.

'On the other hand,' continues the author, 'there is no longer any affinity between governments and the people; the harmony that once subsisted between them is altogether destroyed. Their interests are not only different, but opposed. The people assail prejudice, the governments defend it. The people desire that force should belong only to justice, governments that it should depend on will. In every thing there is disunion and dissimulation between them. The march of the people, and the immobility of governments, places between them a space of several ages; one party remains in the infancy of the world, while the other attains its manhood. While they move with such unequal pace, and with such in-

tervals between them, they naturally separate from each other, without perhaps any design to do so. But, as there can no more be a want of harmony in the moral world than in the physical, either the great must acquire the information of the people, or the people must fall back on the ignorance of the great. For the maintenance of society, it is necessary either that they should be on a level, or that, if there be any difference, the superiority must be on the part of the government. In the moral world, as in the physical, the light must come from on high.

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'It is in vain for kings to attempt to give the direction to public opinion; they must themselves be guided by it. It is impossible for them to resist the agitation which prevails throughout society, and which includes every thing that composes it. The world is impelled by an innate force; no person has created it, no person can check it. Those who attempted to check it are now within the sphere of its activity; if instead of yielding they had resisted it.'—pp. 3—8.

In these observations there is, no doubt, some truth to be discovered amid the vagueness which characterizes the school. We have, however, been obliged to cull them from amongst a number of unmeaning generalities by which they are surrounded, and even to take some liberties with the style, in order to render the author's meaning intelligible. He next launches out into a general view of Europe, which he considers as a world of perfection: it has no longer any barriers; all its prejudices are vanished—all its popular antipathies conquered—its religions and even its languages melted down to uniformity; political communities are no longer to recognize any divisions save those of their respective territories and institutions; the world, in short, to borrow the language of the great Macedonian, may justly be called "one common city." Whether such a vision as this may not be realized before we reach the grand millenium, it is not for us to predict; but we are tolerably certain that Europe is not at this moment "one common city," nor any thing like it. The differences of language are as great as they ever have been; we doubt whether even the vulgar antipathies are at all diminished; and as to the religions of Europe, instead of becoming weaker and more uniform, one of them, on the contrary, is every year acquiring new strength, without losing one of its distinguishing features. We have, indeed, only to look at home to be convinced that there is neither uniformity of opinion nor peace on the subject.

We have little to offer on the author's sketches of the sovereigns who have from time to time wielded the destinies of the world. They form altogether a class of men, of whom it is perhaps sufficient to say, that they have given more fatal examples of immorality and crime than any other. There are unquestionably amongst them a few brilliant exceptions, sovereigns who have ruled over the hearts of their people, and have won even the admiration and love of mankind. But how few are these exceptions compared with

the Neros, the Pauls the Henrys, the Ferdinands, and the Miguels, who figure in the history of royalty. Even of those amongst them who have committed no extraordinary acts of tyranny, how few can be held out as examples for the imitation of mankind! In point of talent and information, perhaps the sovereigns of England have, upon the whole, been more on a level with the genius of their nation than those of any other country. The sovereigns of France have been usually below theirs, and although this circumstance might not have much influence in a free country, it produces many evils in a nation that receives all its impulses from the government.

The more extraordinary, therefore, certainly, in every point of view, was the revolution which took place under the Bourbons. Our author can account for it only by the laws of compression. It calls forth, of course, his wonder and praise. 'It shut out the past and opened future ages,' he exclaims, in the language which he seems to have learned from the bulletins of Napoleon. He believes that it never would have occurred if the French had not adopted Christianity, and neglected those precious remains of ancient genius, the philosophy of Greece and Rome! But he thinks that France, which plunged Europe into darkness and then brought it back into light, which has erected despots and destroyed them, is now about to commence 'its sublime reparation towards all mankind.' 'If its power be reposing at present, its meditations are not suspended; it is instructing the people whom it is about to deliver. In the midst of the light which it is diffusing on all sides, it must nevertheless closely watch over itself. Every thing threatens it both within and without; it has to fear national as well as foreign factions, which are leagued in conspiracy against it.' Such is the mysterious language in which our author speaks of the actual condition of France, and the destinies which she is about to fulfil.

Concerning Austria he is not altogether so sanguine. Silence indeed reigns at present in her states, but murmurs are heard all round her confines.

'The odious politics of this empire,' he observes, 'have excited an indignation that dates from our ancestors, that has increased with time, and every day becomes more menacing. The Roman empire was a very different colossus from the empire of Austria, but it perished beneath the universal hatred of mankind. The Roman empire, however, was destroyed by the anger of barbarians; the colossus of Germany is menaced by people the most civilized. When Napoleon deliberated whether he would not erase that empire from the earth, he had at least nothing to fear from the reproaches of the nations. Its fall would not have raised a single cry in its favour; and far from receiving any sympathy from Europe, Europe would have rejoiced in its destruction, and thus have seen Germany, Poland, and Italy avenged."—pp. 35, 36.

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'But although Austria forms the bulwark and guarantee of European slavery at this day, how long can she expect her insensate policy to endure? She has numerous enemies within and around her; a single hand may revolutionize her. What would not Joseph II. have done for her, if he had lived and reigned forty years later!

'Austria is absolutely writhing in despair, in the cause of despotism; it is with her a passion which hurries her beyond the ordinary bounds of prudence. If she were alone and unassisted, she would still struggle for the honour of the cause; but she has only too many allies united in aid of her exertions, and she draws into the hazards of her policy the blinded cabinets of France, Spain, and Italy.'—pp. 39, 40.

If this be so, it is impossible that the destinies which our author has predicted for France, can be accomplished without another revolution—a revolution that is to overthrow the existing state of things, as well in that country as in Austria, Italy, and Spain; hence we may gather the principles and the objects of his work. Indeed he states them in a subsequent paragraph without much circumlocution:—

'The three thrones occupied by the race of the Bourbons have been established on the same political principles; they form, as it were, the same genius who has beaten down the south of Europe, but who is not understood by the new generations. We have seen in our time three nations in revolt against their Kings, the French, the Spaniards, and the Neapolitans; and all these Kings are Bourbons. Here are facts stronger and more eloquent than reflections. It is for these Kings to reflect on the counsels which direct them, and on the principles of a policy which has been so unlucky for them.'—pp. 40, 41.

After this, it will not excite our surprise to find the author discussing the question, *whether Europe will remain monarchical, or become republican?* Perhaps, gravely speaking, this is a question which it would not be very easy to solve. But let us see how it is treated by the French liberal:—

'Here, elevating ourselves above every consideration of country, of Kings, of citizen, of family, without prejudice, or partiality, without even considering whether Kings have done most good or most mischief to mankind, we shall speak as if we had no interest in the question. At this moment royalty and liberty exhibit, in the eyes of the world, their boldest propositions, and in the ardour of their pretensions, one and the other are more anxious to support them than to legitimate them. Being mutually irritated, they both quit the bounds of moderation; royalty hurries towards despotism, and liberty towards republicanism. But in this unequal war, royalty has always its power, and liberty has, as yet, only its courage and its hopes.

'It cannot be dissembled, that the people perceive with the most serious alarm, the effects of royalty. Its audacity in France and Spain, its plots in Austria and Italy, its arrogance and its menaces in the empires of the north—every thing spreads a fear of the monarchies. In this respect, even England offers no exception; if it have less to complain than other nations of monarchy, it has much to apprehend from its aristo-

cracy*, which is, in effect, a royalty composed of many persons. There is among the great states of Europe only one kingdom, that of the Netherlands†, in which the people live happily; they have no fears from the laws—they repose on the benevolence of their magnanimous sovereign.

'The people, nevertheless, in consequence of their investigations, and from their being well informed as to the conditions of their social existence, have no longer any doubts concerning the titles which legitimate command, nor the duties which submission involves; and, seeing the various criminal attempts which are made against their happiness and their dignity, strong in the universal reason which has preceded all things, and supported by the violated but imperishable rights of humanity, they have at last the courage to summon royalty to their bar, and to interrogate it:

'"What are you? Are you force? Are you justice? If you are justice, we fall at your feet; if you are force, we know you not, and we will resist you, for we also are force. Tell us what is your origin? If you be justice, it is divine; if you be nothing but force, it is not even human. Whence springs your right to the dominion of the earth? Comes it from the bosom of God, or from the heart of men? If it be derived only from yourselves, you are power and not justice. Open not your sacred books; they anathematize you. Let royalty cease to appeal to them; the books of philosophy are more favourable to their views; and they will find it more safe to confide in human reason, than to take refuge in the enigmas of theological policy.'—pp. 52—56.

The author then proceeds to state the usual arguments in favour of hereditary monarchies; but he contends that they are of no force where the sovereign does not truly reign in the hearts of his subjects. It is only thus, he says, that they can pay due homage to the eternal maxims of the purest and the most useful policy; "that the force of empires consists in the consent of those who obey;"‡ "that there is no republic more secure than the state in which those who exercise the supreme authority are endeared to the people;"‖ "that an empire cannot be safe, unless it be founded in benevolence;"§ "that the maledictions of subjects are more dangerous than the arms of enemies;"¶ "that the destiny of kings is happy, when the people fear, not the prince, but for the prince;"** and that, in fine, "in order to hold in the path of their duties the most undisciplined and savage men, wisdom and equity are infinitely more powerful than the authority of the sceptre, the confiscations, the proscriptions, the whips and the axes of power."†† These sublime maxims, he fears, may be found written in the code of royalty, but not in the hearts of kings, who act upon principles of a very different nature. As far as they go, therefore, they add nothing to the

* The author adds the epithet *impitoyable*, which, if *generally* applied, would certainly be most unmerited.—*Rev.*

† It should be observed that this work was printed at *Brussels*.—*Rev.*

‡ Liv. ‖ Sen. § Dion.

¶ Princeps plus timere debet subditorum maledictiones, quam inimicorum arma. Henricus Castiliæ Rex.

** Amiratus. †† Nerburtus. Hist. Polon.

argument in favour of monarchy. The argument drawn from the right of conquest, is at best of a very disputable character; so that, in short, according to this writer, the continuance of monarchy entirely depends on the conduct of the sovereigns in Europe.

It cannot be denied, and the people of several nations have already ceased to forget, that all states were republics before they were monarchies. For the changes which they have undergone, many causes may be assigned; but it must be allowed, that if the question were to depend on the injustice of the transactions which, from time to time, converted all the old republics into monarchies, the arguments in support of royalty would be feeble indeed. It was undoubtedly the passion for power, aided by violence, which changed the nature of those governments. This is a fact that history attests in the clearest manner; and it is one that the people, when fully enlightened as to all their rights, will not overlook. Our author also contends that the republican is a more natural form of government than any other.

'If communities have commenced with republics, it is a proof that the republican feelings are the most natural to mankind; and such is their strength, that they cannot be altogether extinguished even in monarchies founded on long continued habits. The stormy annals of empires bear witness to this. Scarcely a century has passed over that the cry of republicanism has not been heard in some quarter or another. Royalty has hitherto succeeded in stifling this menacing cry, which originating in Rome, Greece, and Germany, has so frequently agitated all the countries of Europe, and shaken their thrones. Royalty has, with great difficulty been hitherto the conqueror; but is it always to be victorious, and can it always be safe in the presence of an enemy so formidable as the republican spirit?—Every thing changes, because every thing decays; a secret force threatens every thing; every thing perishes through abuse and excess. Absolute royalty is subject to this condition. The communities of mankind, after having searched in vain for happiness under every political form, and after having endured so many centuries of outrage, oppression, and iniquity, are returning to the point from whence they had originally set out. It is a movement which may be observed as clearly as that of the stars.

'The people passed from the republican to the monarchical state; and why do not the sovereigns perceive that the political world has entered into one of those great re-actions caused by the nature of human affairs, which have, like the great waters, their flux and reflux; that the people have a tendency to return from the monarchical to the republican state, and that this re-action has already begun? It is even perceptible that for some time this spirit, gathering strength from the fresh indiscretions of kings, precipitates itself down the declivity with the greatest rapidity, and that it threatens to surprize the monarchs in their security.

'*In a hundred years there will no longer be a monarchy in France*, foretold a prince of the reign of Louis XIV. His prediction has been accomplished. "I am alarmed at the progress of the republican spirit," exclaimed Louis XV. Do the sovereigns of our days imagine that the danger has passed away, and that the royal power will alone remain un-

shaken amid the changes of the world? Do they think that the republican spirit is extinguished by the victories of a conqueror? If the republican spirit has by its faults justified royalty for a moment, royalty, in its turn, by relapsing into its vices, has justified the republican spirit. If in France, for some time, the monarchical spirit has received greater extension than the republican spirit, who has counted the voices of the present day, and will take upon himself to assert that even in France, the opinions in favour of a republic do not occupy a larger space than those in favour of a monarchy? In that country, royalty has done wonders against itself, even within the last five years.'—pp. 90—96.

The example of America is of course adduced in favour of the answer which the reader may already foresee, the author gives to his own question.

'If America has been a new world, it creates a new world in its turn. Sovereigns should be on their guard, and we tell them, not for the purpose of threatening, but of warning them, that America is educating Europe. It has solved great political problems; every thing that exists in the Union has been denied by all the publicists to be possible. Every thing that appears monstrous to the governments of Europe is natural to its soil. Royalty alone is monstrous there. Europe is the place for political discussions; America is the place where they are decided; but the question that remains, is to know if she decides them for America alone; it would be by no means prudent for kings to abandon this question to itself and to time!'—pp. 96, 97.

It is hardly necessary to state the conclusion at which the author arrives after this course of reasoning. He thinks that the monarchical spirit in Europe still masters the spirit of republicanism; but at the same time that every year royalty is committing so many faults, that it is constantly losing a degree of strength which republicanism gains, and that in due course of time the latter will be triumphant.

The remaining sections of the work contain little more than repetitions, under various heads, of the sentiments expressed in the extracts which we have given. In order to prepare for the new state of things, which the author expects, there is scarcely a single old institution in existence which he does not wish to see abolished. There may be some truth in the notions which he entertains concerning the progress throughout Europe, of democratic opinions. Atheistic sentiments, or at least sentiments opposed to christianity, abound, also, we are aware, in France. But we do not see any reason to believe that the states of Europe will all be republics quite so soon as he imagines; neither do we fear that the doctrines of christianity will be eradicated from the continent so easily or so speedily as he predicts.

ART. VI.—*The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D., with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence.* By John Johnstone, M.D. 8 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

ALTHOUGH not numbering ourselves among the more enthusiastic admirers of the late Dr. Parr, we are well pleased to see the merits of a man who was unquestionably on many accounts an honour to his age, commemorated by such a splendid monument as the present publication. The very noise which Dr. Parr made during his life-time, is a sufficient reason why the world should now be fully informed as to what he was, and what he did; and this information can obviously in no way be so well and so fairly communicated, as just by the presentment to the public of such a collected edition as we have here of those works on which his reputation is conceived to rest, illustrated by such a memoir of his personal history as here also forms their accompaniment. Whatever Dr. Parr may have been, he was certainly, in his own country at least, during a great part of his life, notorious enough; and it is a tribute due, therefore, to the public curiosity, naturally anxious for a correct picture of an individual of whom so much had been every where for so many years vaguely and perhaps erroneously reported, that as ample an account of him should be drawn up as the materials that exist will supply, and put into a form that may be both accessible and permanent. We rejoice, therefore, as we have said, that, after the deluge of gossip we have lately had from so many quarters touching this great scholar, we have at last received from Dr. Johnstone the long promised and far more acceptable present of his works themselves, and of that selection from his correspondence, which forms so especially interesting a portion of the publication before us.

The works of Dr. Parr, as here collected, consist almost entirely of productions that have already been long before the public, and with regard to which, therefore, on the present occasion, we can have little or nothing to say. The learned Doctor was a great reader, but never was guilty of an original thought in the course of his existence. Every thing about him, indeed, was taught and artificial. Even his taste—and he had some taste in the composition of Latin inscriptions—was all acquired (not merely awakened or improved) by the study of the models of classical antiquity, and differed little, either in its origin or its character, from what is called the taste of an able taylor in cutting out a coat,—a matter to be learned, we presume, by any one who will submit to the requisite apprenticeship. Every article of this sort which he was employed to furnish, was fabricated rigidly *secundum artem*, and finished, we acknowledge, with the touch of a master; but it was of a master artizan who perfectly knew his trade, not of a master artist investing his every performance in graces of his own creation, and

making it as it were a part of himself, by animating it throughout with his own spirit. As for his Latin style in general, and we may say the same thing of his English, it can scarcely be affirmed to have even the merit of being a good imitation of a good model. It has much roundness and vehemence of phrase, certainly; but none of the more exquisite charms of eloquence;—no nature, no freedom, nothing to remind us that it is the utterance of a being like ourselves, and not of a dead automaton. Overloaded and stiffened as it is with simile and metaphor, it is the very reverse of imaginative. Its sunshine is merely painted, and gives neither light nor heat. There is every where, to be sure, a gorgeous enough flush of colouring, but it is all laid on as with a brush; none of it forms a living part of the sentiment, blooming from it and with it, like the hues on a flower. Its ambitious and heartless ornament, indeed, is the grand disfigurement of Dr. Parr's style. Having nothing about him of the spirit of poetry, he would have acted wisely in eschewing the mimicry of its form. He was, however, not only no poet—a very common case—but being none, believed himself to be a very great one, which was infinitely more unfortunate.

As to the reading of this distinguished individual, it was confined almost entirely to his own and the two classic tongues, and to books belonging only to two or three particular departments in these. Of Oriental literature, whether ancient or modern, he knew nothing, or next to nothing. Of the literature of the different modern European nations, (with the exception of that of his own country), he appears to have been nearly entirely ignorant. Of science we do not find it recorded that he knew any thing whatever; and of this, indeed, we have sufficient proof in one of his letters, contained in the present publication, (*vide* vol. viii. p. 568), in which, referring to the case of a person born on the 19th of May, 1778, and who died on the 8th of March, 1794, he declares himself utterly unable to determine whether he lived sixteen or seventeen days more than fifteen years and nine months—but 'suspects, and only suspects, that he is right in saying sixteen;' the fact being that seventeen is the correct number. We question much if he had even read the mathematical treatises of the Greeks; and may be pretty certain that, if he did, he did not understand them. He had probably perused, however, every thing else extant in Greek or Latin, and made himself very completely master at least of the phraseology of the different writers, however entirely he may have missed in many cases the true meaning and spirit of their compositions. This amounts merely to saying, that he had studied very minutely and extensively the languages of Greece and Rome—which he evidently might have done without learning much more of the poetry or the metaphysics of the ancients, than he did of their geometry. In his own language, at all events, although in the course of his long life he had probably read most of

the standard authors in all the different departments of literature, he can only be said to have made himself master of comparatively a very few of them. We doubt whether he thoroughly knew the works even of the great masters of English prose eloquence. Of both the history of our poetry, and the works of our poets, ancient and modern, he has left a thousand proofs of his utter ignorance. He was certainly not deeply versant in any department of English antiquities. The more recent portion of the history of his own country he had probably studied about as attentively as the generality of literary men, and not more so. We do not know that he had made himself by any means so familiar with the history of other modern countries as he might have done, even without a knowledge of their languages. Upon the subject of mental philosophy he had read, we believe, nearly all that had been written in English; but we must be excused from subscribing, for all that, to the eulogies pronounced by his admirers, on either his knowledge of the history of metaphysical opinion, or his skill in metaphysical investigations. This was a study for which, we apprehend, he had far too little subtlety. Of the professional pursuits of law and medicine it was not, of course, to be expected that he should know much. His learning, in truth, lay merely in the departments of classical literature and theology. In these, although not in all respects perfect, it was certainly of extraordinary extent and accuracy. His ignorance of the Oriental and Continental languages necessarily deprived him of access to many most important sources of information in regard to both his favourite studies; and he was too little conversant besides, we apprehend, with the literature of the middle ages, and the writings of the schoolmen, to entitle us to consider him as having been a complete master even of the less recent history of theology, while his unacquaintance with the fine arts, on the other hand, must have nearly shut him out from one important corner in the field of classical antiquities. But he had carefully read, not only all the productions that have come down to us from ancient Greece and Rome, including those of the first five centuries of the Christian era, but, we believe, nearly all the more remarkable works written in Greek or Latin, that have appeared in any of the countries of Europe since the era of the revival of letters, especially those belonging to the departments of theology, poetry, criticism, and grammar. Of his reading on the subject of politics we say nothing, as in this country that is a science which every body studies. Dr. Parr's political reading, however, it is right to remark, was confined altogether to the lighter and less scientific parts of the subject. He knew nothing either of political economy or statistics, although he had, no doubt, perused with much attention all the more interesting party pamphlets that had been published in his time.

Such is, we think, a pretty fair statement of the amount of Dr. Parr's scholarship. In the two departments of classical literature

and controversial theology, it was in some respects probably unequalled by that of any of his contemporaries; as to all other subjects, it was but of very moderate extent and depth. He had made himself what he was, chiefly by his memory and his industry. If it was a great matter, as in one sense it certainly was, to know perfectly the meanings and uses of every term in the Greek and Latin languages, and to have half the works written in them by heart, Dr. Parr was entitled to compete in this species of erudition with any man of his time. The mere phraseology at least of the Greek and Roman writers was as familiar to him as that of his native tongue; or rather his learning was infinitely more minute and profound in regard to the two dead languages than in regard to the living one —with the sources and earlier history of which he was certainly but very superficially acquainted, however great a command he may have obtained over a part of its vocabulary. Although a most learned grammarian, however, in so far as the classic tongues were concerned, we cannot allow that he had any pretensions to a philosophical knowledge of the structure even of these tongues. As a conclusive evidence of his extreme ignorance and incompetency in this department, we would refer merely to his famous dissertation on the origin and import of the Latin prefix *sub*, which he wrote in reference to some remarks of Mr. Dugald Stewart on the common etymology of the term *sublimis*, and which that gentleman has printed at the end of his Philosophical Essays. Doctor Hunter, of St. Andrews, the individual who, of all the great scholars of our time, presents us with the rarest combination of erudition and philosophy, has recently published a reply to this very absurd and pompous effusion, in the form of a note to an Edition of Virgil, which we have no hesitation in characterising as one of the most perfect philological demonstrations that have ever appeared. We recommend it very earnestly to those of our readers who are given to such pursuits. We observe, by the bye, from a letter which Dr. Johnstone has printed in one of the volumes before us, that one of Dr. Parr's correspondents, the present very learned and talented bishop of Llandaff, had caught for a moment a glimpse of the truth as to this matter—which he very soon lost, however, amid the din and obscuration of his dogmatic friend's thundering quotations and lumbering logic. His Lordship and others who have been in the same manner imposed upon by the swagger and rhodomontade of the original paper, will be amply repaid, we can assure them, for their trouble, by the perusal of Dr. Hunter's quiet, but most beautiful and triumphant refutation.

By far the most interesting part of the present publication are the three volumes which comprise the Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Parr—the former being written, and the latter selected by his very able friend and executor, the editor of the work. The life is scarcely perhaps so regular, or in some respects so satisfactory a narrative to those who may have been previously quite

unacquainted with the incidents of Dr. Parr's history, as that compiled by Mr. Field; but it has the advantage of supplying us with a good deal of interesting information as to other points, from sources of authority not accessible to that gentleman, few of whose materials, indeed, were not in possession of the public before he wrote, although not so generally known until he had collected and arranged them. To those who know any thing of Dr. Johnstone, we need not say that he has produced a very different work from that of Mr. Barker, which we had so lately occasion to notice. His performance is, upon the whole, by far the most entertaining, as well as the ablest to which the death of the great scholar has given birth; and we are glad, therefore, for the sake of his reputation, to see it occupying the place it does. From the materials of which it is composed, and the good sense by which it is generally marked, as well as from the form and auspices under which it appears, it has every claim to be received as the record of authority in regard to Dr. Parr's life and actions.

After the length at which we have of late on more occasions than one entered into the particulars of Dr. Parr's biography, it is not our intention to attempt another regular review of it. This is almost more, indeed, than Dr. Johnstone himself can fairly be said to do; for his memoir is not so much an elaborate and continuous history, as a series of sketches, embracing only the more remarkable events in his late friend's life, and composed, as appears to us, with a laudable anxiety to present his readers only with such information as is likely to be new to them. With this view the author has avoided almost entirely those voluminous extracts from magazines and newspapers, in which his predecessors have found the principal materials of their compilations; and at the hazard even of leaving a good many circumstances unnoticed, the knowledge of which is perhaps, strictly speaking, necessary to a complete understanding of some of the events and transactions referred to, has made up his relation principally from the hitherto unpublished letters of Dr. Parr himself, and his friends. If he has in this way made his account a somewhat less complete one than it otherwise would have been, he has rendered it, we are sure, much more lively and interesting than he could have done by any other method—more especially as he has taken care to keep it tolerably free, upon the whole, from those wretched effusions of ignorance, vanity, and absolute imbecility in which Mr. Barker's book is so rich. It is certainly, in our opinion, as we shall probably have occasion to state more particularly before we conclude, written in some parts in a tone of altogether extravagant admiration and panegyric, in reference to the good Doctor; but the author has, for all that, greatly too much shrewdness and good sense to commit himself to the same extent in that direction with Mr. Barker and his *collaborateurs*. His eulogy is that of a warm heart, carried away by too blind an affection for his distinguished friend—not

that of a weak head, vain of the great scholar's acquaintance, and chiefly led to form a lofty estimate of his talents and genius, because his good nature or bad taste had been so far misled as to praise or patronize its own shallow capacity or feeble literary toils.

Among the documents referring to Dr. Parr's childhood, which our author has printed, is an interesting letter from his only sister, Miss Bowyear—a short extract from which will amuse our readers.

'His earliest study, and longest cherished delight, next to Mother Goose, was the History of the Seven Champions of Christendom. From the age of nine or ten he evinced a strong inclination for the clerical profession; insomuch, that he was accustomed, when our cousins from Eton were with us during their vacations (they, together with myself, forming the congregation), to read the Church service (after the due tolling of a bell tied to the bannisters by those who officiated as clerk), and sometimes he preached, and we youngsters often thought him prolix enough. He made one sermon for Christmas day (when under twelve years of age), which was shewn to the vicar of Harrow, who said it was so good and appropriate a composition, that no clergyman need have been ashamed to deliver it. He substituted for a surplice a shirt of my father's, taken from the press. This reaching the ears of Mr. Saunders, the vicar, he had a gown and cassock made for him, with which my brother was highly delighted. So enwrapped was he in his predilection, as even (notwithstanding my father's remonstrances) to persist in reading the Burial Service over dead birds, kittens, &c. Another of his amusements was bell-ringing. With a set of his shoolfellows he frequently assembled to ring a peal, and he was proud of being able to raise the tenor, which the joint efforts of two of his companions were unable to effect. He was likewise fond of exhibiting his strength, to the great horror of my father, in the strange exploit of knocking down oxen in the slaughter-house. But he was, nevertheless, remarkably attached to animals; and seldom from his childhood read in comfort without a pet cat seated on his table. The only battle I recollect hearing of his fighting, throughout his schoolboy days, was with Lord Mountstuart, in defence of a worried cat. His attachments of all kinds were very strong. His earliest favourite was his cousin, Tom Parr, who died early; and to him succeeded Frank Parr, Tom's brother, who was captain of Eton School before he was fifteen years of age, and who also died early. They were younger brothers of Mr. Parr, of Norwich. He always assumed authority among his playmates at home, making his cousins call him uncle. He was, I think, between twelve and thirteen, when, together with Sir William Jones and Dr. Bennet (Bishop of Cloyne), he wrote and acted a play; whether tragedy or comedy, I do not recollect. It was performed in our parlour. The theatre was not very spacious, but it was thronged, and the youthful trio were much applauded. When I spoke of recollecting the turbans and flowing robes worn by the characters in the play that was represented in my father's parlour, I forgot to say there was a female character in it, which was personated by Dr. Bennet, who must have been very small for his age, for he wore my best shoes, and burst them, to my sorrow. Sam was the darling of his mother; and her death (which happened in 1762) was severely and lastingly felt. She was indeed but too indulgent to

him; every wish and whim was attended to, and his appetite so consulted, as to have hot meat suppers prepared for him from early childhood. I remember, when he was lying under the heavy attack of small-pox, that left its marks upon him till death, in the first note he wrote to me, on recovering sight from a blindness of three weeks, his expressing extreme pleasure in the assurance he felt, that if the disease were to reach me, I should not suffer as he was suffering, because I had not been indulged in hot suppers. Before this seizure, in about his twelfth year, he was very fair and regular-featured. I recollect well, on my being taken down to him (he was nursed in a distant part of the village), my feeling, in the midst of my joy at seeing him getting better, something akin to satisfaction, on finding that the prettiness which had attracted so much notice was completely spoiled.'—vol. i. pp. 16—17.

For a person who at no period of his life was ever piously given, in any remarkable degree, young Parr's predilection for the profession of a churchman is extraordinary enough—unless we are to account for it, as we probably ought, by a strong taste he always had for the mere pomp and circumstance of religion, and perhaps by an ambition of that dignified and lettered leisure which our national establishment affords to so many of her members. Be this as it may, he seems from his earliest years to have set his heart upon this destination. 'Dr. Gabriel,' says our author, 'tells an anecdote in one of his letters, from the personal authority of Dr. Allen, who saw Parr when a boy of nine years of age, sitting on the churchyard gate at Harrow, looking grave and serious, whilst his school-fellows were playing about, "Sam, why do you not play with the others?" cried Allan. Parr looked at him with seriousness and earnestness, and in a solemn tone replied, "Do you not know, Sir, that I am to be a parson?"' So when, after having taken orders, he had established himself in his school at Stanmore, he used to amuse the neighbourhood, we are told, by 'riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets, on a black saddle, having in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head like a crosier, which was probably the reason why he liked it.' And that the love of this ecclesiastical show and solemnity remained with him till the very latest period of his life, was sufficiently evidenced by a thousand peculiarities in matters both trivial and more important. Latitudinarian as his theological opinions always were, or at least had latterly become, according even to his own confession, he seems to have been the strictest of the Pharisees in his observance of the ceremonies of the altar, and quite a high churchman in his zeal about every thing appertaining to the outward splendour of its ministers. When his wife died he insisted upon his only remaining daughter, although at the time in the last stage of consumption, following the hearse along with himself in funeral procession from Devonshire to Hatton—and having towards the close of his own life at last attained that affluence to which, during the greater part of it he had been a stranger,

the first thing he did was to gratify one of the oldest and fondest wishes of his heart, by setting up his coach and four. This excessive vanity, and consequent love of display, was, indeed, the pervading weakness of Dr. Parr's character, and shewed itself with nearly equal force in the burying of a wife, and the dressing of a wig. Hence, too, that insatiable appetite for flattery, which, enabling him to swallow and digest it of the coarsest sort, made his friendship and confidence, in his latter days especially, the prey almost of whoever would descend to certain easy but degrading arts in order to win it—as those who would most wish his memory to be respected, have since his death had ample occasion to feel and to lament.

The present memoir contains a very interesting chapter on the famous Bampton Lectures of Professor White, and Dr. Parr's share in the getting up of that strangely concocted performance. The letters and the documents here published for the first time by Dr. Johnstone, supply us with a clear and complete history of the whole transaction, and set the question at rest as to both the large claims of Badcock to whatever merit the book may be thought to possess, and the minor, but not inconsiderable, assistance rendered to the avowed author by Dr. Parr himself. The grand mystery of the business lies, however, in the difficulty of accounting for a man of high talent, as White unquestionably was, having recourse to so extraordinary a method of acquiring reputation. There can be little doubt, from every thing that is known of him, that he was, in fact, abundantly capable of writing these lectures himself; and the indolence, therefore, or distrust of his own powers, must have been remarkable enough, which could induce him to take the pains, to incur the expense, and to expose himself to the peril he did, in secretly seeking the assistance, not of one, but of two confederates, whom, by a system of the deepest and most artful management, he contrived to keep so entirely ignorant and unsuspicious of each other's proceedings, that the coadjutors actually, for some time, kept teasing one another to write a review of their mutual friend's new work, each professing, forsooth, in turn to be so busily engaged that he had no leisure for the task—the real reason of the reluctance of both being all the while merely the awkwardness of gravely sitting down to prepare a critique on what each believed to be mainly his own performance. There seems to have been a passion for mere mystery and dishonesty in all this that is not often paralleled.

The celebrated re-publication of the 'Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian,' gives occasion to Dr. Johnstone to enter at considerable length into the characters of the two distinguished prelates of Gloucester and Worcester, to what was best and greatest in both of whom he very honourably does ample justice, although in some degree to the condemnation of his deceased friend. Dr. Hurd, though rather vain and coxcombical, was, in the main, both a good man and a most elegant and accomplished scholar; and if

we cannot altogether defend his adulation of, and subserviency to, his illustrious patron, there was in the qualities of its object, we ought never to forget, much at least to excuse it. For Warburton was truly one of the very greatest men of his time—a giant in intellect, not merely among modern bishops, but among men of any class in any age. Dr. Parr, whatever Dr. Johnstone may think, was a mere ordinary personage compared to Bishop Warburton; and therefore we shall not encumber our pages by quoting the very unsatisfactory parallel between the two, which the learned author has thought proper to draw up. Still less, certainly, should we give as a fair specimen of the general character of the book, the very inconsiderate effusion which occurs in another part of it, in relation to Parr and Johnson, where we are told, that 'in weight of intellect they were nearly matched;' but that, 'in copiousness of diction Parr was superior;' while a still more absurd attempt is made to sustain the supremacy of the Warwick Doctor, by informing us that he enjoyed a 'tenfold superiority' over Johnson in 'a more important quality of a debater,' than learning—his regard, namely, as we understand our author, to the truth and the matter of fact; as if such a moral virtue as this, allowing him to have possessed it in a greater degree than his rival, could have had any thing to do with the intellectual rank of either. The learned author should have been contented with his bold claim for *his* Doctor, of an equality with the great moralist in weight of intellect, and a superiority over him in copiousness of diction.

If we were engaged in a regular review of Dr. Parr's history, we should find much interesting matter to extract from these memoirs, to which we cannot at present give our attention. Having recently devoted so many of our pages to Dr. Parr himself, we may be excused on this occasion for passing over the hackneyed topics of his biography.

To the two volumes containing the letters, Dr. Johnstone has prefixed a list of Dr. Parr's correspondents, which, although rather an ostentatious document, is certainly, as he terms it, a curiosity in its way. It extends, we should suppose, to between 1,500 and 1,600 names, among which are a Queen, two Princes of the blood, four Archbishops, eight Dukes, three Duchesses, five Marquises, and Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Barons, &c. by scores. It is not, perhaps, quite so rich in the aristocracy of talent as in that of rank; but still it presents us with a very imposing array of names, well known in the world of letters or of politics. There are also several letters from female correspondents, among which we would mention, as particularly full of talent and spirit, two of considerable length from Mrs. Forbes, a relation of the late celebrated Duchess of Gordon.

Dr. Bennet, as is well known, was a school-fellow of Dr. Parr's, and continued ever after his most attached friend, though their paths through life ran not only in different, but in such diametri-

cally opposite directions, as had well nigh, at one time, arrayed them against each other as both public and private enemies. Bennet, who, with considerable literary attainments, and an elegant taste, seems to have been of a much more worldly and time-serving disposition than his friend, attached himself very early to the ruling faction in the state, and became, in consequence, first private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and eventually Bishop of Cloyne. His correspondence, as here published, is extremely voluminous, and it would be easy to extract from it a variety of illustrations both of the character of the man, and the political history of the times. From the situation which he occupied about the person of the Viceroy, he would have us look upon him as one of the governors of the country; and it is quite amusing to note the statesman-like air of mystery with which, at one period of the intercourse, in reply to his friend's warm protestations on the subject of the rights of the Catholics, he intimates his acquaintance with facts not to be disclosed, which completely obviate the force of the argument, and abundantly convince him and his associates in the government, of the absolute necessity of keeping things as they are, at least for the present. The good bishop, however, it is quite evident, in spite of this occasional and most ludicrous vanity, is really no lover of politics at heart, but takes a part in the game now and then, more to preserve his character, than from any other motive. It is laughable, indeed, to remark the anxiety with which he is perpetually jogging his obstreperous friend, in order to induce him somewhat to restrain his zeal or his outcry, and, if possible, to address himself in his epistles to less dangerous topics than those which he so obstinately insists upon discussing. 'Be silent,' says he, with great earnestness, at the close of one letter, in which he has been prevailed upon to go at some length into the awful subject, 'be silent on all these points, for though I have confined myself only to what might be proclaimed at Charing Cross, the idea of my writing politics to you would be of great injury to me!' Dr. Bennet, however, it is but fair to observe, with all his protestantism, was not a bigoted anti-catholic, and certainly would never have done to have made one of the blood-and-extermination club-men of our day. He even distinctly acknowledges, that the constitution would not be endangered at all by the concession of the Catholic claims (*vide* vol. i. p. 654), and seems, indeed, to have been chiefly opposed to emancipation, from some vague apprehensions that its advocates would not be satisfied with what they professed to claim under that term, but as soon as they had got the people of Ireland restored to their civil rights, would make it their next object to strip him and his mitred brethren of their comfortable temporalities. He appears, besides, to have been thrown into a considerable fright during the last rebellion, which, for a time at least, soured his temper, upon the subject of politics in general, not a little.

There are several very interesting letters by Dr. Parr on the Catholic question, scattered in different parts of these volumes, and addressed to various correspondents; among the most valuable of which is one to Lord Holland, which Dr. Johnstone has incorporated with his Memoir. We must, however, limit ourselves to a few sentences on the subject, from a long and very characteristic composition of the Reverend Doctor's, which is now published, we believe, for the first time; his reply, we mean, to a solicitation forwarded him in the year 1813, to give his signature to an anti-catholic petition, got up at some hole-and-corner meeting of his clerical brethren. It is addressed to Archdeacon Evans—and after some preliminary observations in reference to his own peculiar situation, thus proceeds:—

'Far be it from me to arraign the sincerity or the discretion of my clerical brethren. On the contrary, I suppose them to be deeply sensible of what unprejudiced and virtuous observers will expect from an order of Christian teachers, blessed, more or less, with the advantages of a learned education; authorized from prescription to look for a wide and a strong influence upon public opinion, by their tenets and their measures; and therefore, peculiarly obliged, as well as peculiarly qualified, to speak truth, to do justice, to love mercy, and to promote "peace upon earth, and good will towards men." I admit that they have called in the aid of historical and controversial reading, upon the different periods and different causes of those disabilities and restraints, the continuance of which they maintain to be necessary, and the principles of which they pronounce to be fundamental; that they have balanced the pleas of innocence, against the proofs of guilt; that they have examined the religious and political properties of the question now at issue, separately and conjointly; that they have compared the past with the present condition of Roman Catholics, in their relations to civil society, as well as to the church of Rome; that they have explored all the latent and intricate springs of action, which make the private views and interests of those Catholics incompatible with their public professions; and that they have contrasted both the nearer and remote consequences of concession and resistance. I am willing to believe, that they so far share the infirmity of our common nature, as to have felt some degree of painful reluctance, before they were led by the imperious calls of conscience to distrust the formal decision of several foreign Universities, upon the sanctity of oaths, the reverence due to national laws, and the consistency of allegiance to spiritual and temporal governors; to reject the solemn and repeated declarations of peers and prelates and a numerous and ancient gentry, and to wound the sensibility of valiant soldiers, industrious tradesmen, and a simple-mannered, gay-spirited, and warm-hearted peasantry.

'More than this I need not grant to the ——— petitioners, in common candour, or in common decorum, and for them to claim less might imply some disproportion between knowledge and zeal.

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'Such persons I am not inclined, either to respect as guides, or to encourage as followers. But the affiance which I feel in the justness of my own opinions is, I confess, increased when I recollect that, in holding

them, I have the concurrence of such a man of genius, as, under the signature of Peter Plymley, instructed and delighted so many readers with so rare and exquisite assemblage of wit and argument; of the writer who, applying the comprehensive views of philosophy to the authentic records of history, has thrown so many new lights upon the subject in the Edinburgh Review; of such ornaments to the English Universities by their learning, and to the English Church by their virtues, as Mr. Copleston, Dr. Martin Davy, Dr. Edward Maltby, and Dr. Samuel Butler; of so judicious, disinterested, and exemplary a prelate as the Bishop of Norwich; of so peerless, so resistless, and upon this occasion, so guileless an advocate for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, as Mr. Burke; of such experienced Statesmen as Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, and some contend Mr. Pitt; of such wise, temperate, upright Viceroys as Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Bedford; of such enlightened and faithful champions for our constitutional rights as Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, and Sir Samuel Romilly; of so profound an observer as Lord Hutchinson; of so acute and animated a speaker as Lord Donoughmore; of so intelligent and intrepid a patriot as Mr. Whitbread; of so distinguished an orator, and so honourable a man as Mr. Grattan.'—vol. viii. pp. 494—496.

After all this grave matter, we may now give the following, addressed to the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, as a sample of the Reverend Doctor in his gayer mood:—

'Dear Mr. President, *Hatton, Saturday, Feb. 5,* 1820.

'Your letter was short and sweet. My illness has been long and bitter. The primary cause was extreme cold in my hands, which I neglected. The mischief diffused itself through the system, and as extremes, both in the natural and moral world, are apt to meet, this parching air which burnt, froze, passed into the sacer ignis, deprived me of the use of both wrists, both palms, both thumbs, and all my fingers, and made the scene a frightful mass of tumours and ulcers. But I desire you and Mrs. Shepherd not to be alarmed lest pain should have made me a convert to the church of Rome, where in the ophthalmia they prayed to St. Lucia, in the tooth-ache to St. Apollonia, in the hydrophobia to St. Hubert, and in my terrible malady to St. Anthony of Padua. No! Mr. President, I am about as good a Protestant as ever. On the night of my birth-day I had the advice of four physicians. I have since been attended almost every day by one physician from Leamington, occasionally by one from Birmingham, and every day by a surgeon from Warwick. There has been no slough upon my tongue, no ache in my head, no acceleration in my pulse, and thus far the vitals are safe; and if the volcanic inflammation had not burst out with all its fury upon my hands, the alternative would have been a morbid apathy leading to mortification. The swellings have now subsided, the slough is daily disappearing, the anguish is mitigated, the danger is wholly arrested, and my lion spirits, nay, my hilarity, never forsook me under any paroxysm of anguish, or any prospect of dissolution. The soreness remains, the confinement remains, the languor of appetite remains, and for some days the want of flexibility in my hands must remain. But you must make Mrs. Shepherd laugh by telling her that I sported a pun, which you must explain, and I said mine was, Pol Triamo miseranda manus. What is become of Wyttenbach's papers? If you have any Oxford subscription for the window, do not fail to put me down

as a subscriber. I have much to say to you about Bishop Gleig, and about the Edinburgh Episcopalians. Oh! it gladdens my heart to find such enlightened teachers, such truly Gothic churches, though lately built, such well-dressed, and such well-disposed hearers, such dignity, and solemnity in the service. Alas! we are retrograde in England; and now, Mrs. Shepherd, I will gratify first her curiosity in knowing what were the contributions to my birth-day feast, and secondly, her love of mischief against heretics in finding that I am obliged to fast while others feasted. Four pheasants and a hare from the Duke of Bedford; a fine side of venison from Mr. Leigh of Stoneleigh; a gigantic chine, a gigantic turkey, a brace of pheasants, six partridges, and a stupendous wildgoose from Mr. Coke of Norfolk; a codfish larger than Juvenal describes, in his fourth satire, as decorating the table of Domitian, from my pupil Mr. Phillips; the jaws were spacious enough to swallow a child of three years old; the length was such that if we had seen it alive and swimming in the water, we should have applied to it what Milton said of the old dagon swinging the scaly horror of his folded tail; and, besides this, a barrel of oysters, four soles white as snow and shining as jasper, and all these from Mr. Phillips, jun.; and then from Mr. Phillips, sen. a luscious Stilton cheese, fit for the table at the Brighton Pavilion, and the very largest haunch of vension I ever saw at this season of the year; and then comes in the procession a barrel of oysters from Birmingham, and then come two fine grouse from Lord Dormer; and the whole series is closed by two large luxurious pies, with stuffings and balls, and turkies and tongues, *και μυρια ὅσα*, from my cousin Robert Foster. The banquet was not episcopal, nor archiepiscopal, but pontifical. It required no apology, even if Wolsey had been my guest. I cannot hold a book, I cannot hold a pipe; I was obliged to turn Orientalist, and employ a village boy to be the bearer of my hookah. But my namesake and my friend, Sam. Butler of Shrewsbury, turned his mathematics to account and sent me a sketch for a machine to sustain my pipe; and on the day his letter reached me a machine, from a plan formed, I am sure, previously by him at Kenilworth, was brought by the organist to the parsonage. It stands now before me; you would smile, Mr. President, and your sisters would stare, and boobies would giggle, and females would tattle, and I should puff away. I shall soon write to you again, and am, most sincerely and affectionately your friend.

S. PARR.'—
vol. vii. pp. 673—675.

These extracts will sufficiently indicate to our readers the sort of entertainment to be found in Dr. Johnstone's volumes. The correspondence he has published, is almost throughout exceedingly interesting. It embraces a great variety of topics, both political and literary; and will be found particularly deserving of the attention of the students of literary history and classical criticism. The publication is altogether got up in a style well calculated to do honour to the memory, and to gratify the friends of Dr. Parr. We are particularly pleased to see so complete a collection as is given at the end of volume fourth of those Latin inscriptions, in the composition of which the skill of the learned Doctor was so deservedly

celebrated. We are rather disposed, however, to question the expediency of publishing the sermons by which the fifth and sixth volumes are occupied.

ART. VII.—*Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, Ministre de la Police, sous Napoleon.* Vol. iv. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (M. Savary,) written by himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. iv. Parts 1 and 2. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

THESE lively Memoirs have, from the commencement of their publication, awakened considerable curiosity among political readers; and it is fortunate that the interest of the story has deepened in its progress, proceeding from the detail of events which are now a part of the common material of history, to the unfolding of secrets hitherto involved in the impenetrable cloud of state mystery, or the fogs of political intrigue. On both sides the channel, men have been recalled by this work to examine over again the causes of events, which, though recent and fearful, were beginning to be practically forgotten. They have been incited to contemplate, with revived party feelings, the conduct of men who have for ever left the great stage of human action, and to gather together the memoranda of transactions which were long since forgotten in the general summing up of history. In France, as might be expected, this is especially the case. There M. Savary's confessions and recollections have given birth to others, esteemed almost as important. The contents of his book seem to have been gathered from the archives of every family. Scarcely a Frenchman can be found, who has not some anecdote which could enrich its pages, or who could not comment for some time, with spirit and enthusiasm, on the different portions of its narrative. It is not like a digested or proper historical narrative, in which individual likenesses, and the little heart-awaking, passion-stirring circumstances of life, are hidden, but it is an almost faithful transcript of the journal of an official, busy, and gossiping man. It delays us just where and when we would be delayed, by the lengthening of its details; it answers questions, or at least attempts to do so, which have started all quick and anxious into the mind; and the thousands that were, in one way or the other, engaged in the battles or the policy of the last thirty years, feel a fresh interest as they turn over every new page, from the possibility that their own names, characters, and actions may form its substance.

Although this extreme interest must necessarily be diminished by the transfer of the work from its native soil, a considerable part of it will remain, in whatever European country it be read, nor will a very few years diminish it. Much of Rovigo's narrative is the very romance of modern history. It has led the reader over the

most celebrated battle fields, making him acquainted with the voices of the men that fought the most desperately against us; and it has laid open the whole vast schemes of that tyrannical yet popular government, which, while it held a mighty nation in the close-drawn chains of a stern policy, was so artfully planned, that it was for a long period regarded as a sure and worthy means of national glory.

How far Rovigo is himself an object of interest, is a question of not much importance as it affects the character of his work. He is not the first instance among many, of the professed subject of a biography being the least valuable portion of the treatise. With not much of what is commonly called talent; with no very clear original views on any one of the great questions involved in his narrative, and without possessing any claim to a strong feeling of sympathy in his readers, he is as bad a hero for a long and romantic record, as could have possibly been drawn from the disbanded ranks of the Imperial army. But with all this, Rovigo had an eye that could discern signs, and read their interpretation. Though there is a mixture of simplicity and narrow mindedness in most of the commentaries he makes on passing events, it is at the same time evident that none escaped his watchfulness; and this also may be said, that he has omitted to mention none in his Memoirs. A more philosophical and unprejudiced man would doubtless have seen things under a very different aspect from that in which they were presented to the mental eye of M. Savary; but what he lost in not possessing the power of theorizing or reasoning better, he gained, it is probable, in that kind of sharpness or shrewdness which we so generally find in men of his character, and which, in his case, not only fitted him for the offices which he held, but render him better adapted for the task he has at present undertaken. He was a violent partisan, and his zeal and principles still remain without abatement, blinding him in the past and in the present, and allowing him to possess few sound general principles of benevolence; but while a reader of very moderate penetration and knowledge may clearly see that more than one or two parts of the narrative have taken a strong bias from these passions of the author, it is at the same time to be observed, that if Rovigo was too humble and fawning while rising or seeking office, he was as constant, grateful, and devoted after he gained his point as he was before. But what makes an Englishman dislike him, and feel the strongest aversion to every thing he can say, is, his having been engaged in the worst service by which a wrong-minded man can rise to distinction, or in which a monarch can by any means employ a devoted subject. But Rovigo had not many refined scruples to overcome. We have little doubt he would have as readily accepted the office of executioner, as he did that of minister of police, could the former by any method have been made honourable in the eyes of the emperor. But even this easi-

ness of mind regarding the intrinsic sameness of a courtier's service is not unfavourable to Rovigo as an author, in the only line in which it is probable his authorship will be ever exercised. Had he been more scrupulous he would never have possessed the information he has given us; and, had he been somewhat more refined in feeling, he would have shrunk from revealing the secrets of his prison house, because they were in some measure a testimony of his debased state. But M. Savary could find nothing wrong in any thing which his master thought right or expedient to do. The Code Napoleon was the code of morals, the law of honour, the deed of right, and every thing to him. The glory of the emperor dazzled him first, and his own desire of advancement blinded him afterwards; and as he did every thing under the confused ideas of honour, and right, and profit, which he thus acquired, it is not to be wondered at that he should write his Memoirs without wishing or taking pains to conceal any thing out of attention to those feelings which would rise in another man's bosom, not previously tutored to the same system of moralizing. From all these considerations we are disposed to regard M. Savary as a better author than hero, and his book as infinitely more interesting than his own talents or character is exalted. We should, however, be greatly erring did we not give M. Savary credit for many qualities as a man, for which he deserves respect. He was one of the best soldiers in the French army; he was bold, persevering, and determined in the execution of his duty, to whatever exertion it called him. If he flattered his master in prosperity, he did not vilify him in adversity; and in his fidelity to Napoleon, and his continued veneration of his memory, he has shown himself to be far superior to many a one who would have carried their subserviency to one degree lower, but have made up for it by a baser infidelity to their fallen master.

In the last volume of these Memoirs, we were presented with a remarkable account of that system of espionage which Napoleon brought into action, and which our author was a great instrument in carrying to perfection. But the fortune of his master was on the change, and there are very few circumstances omitted in the relation which preceded the final scene. In the volume at present before us, and to which we now turn, the narrative resumes the tone of deep and lively interest with which the last portion of it concluded. The empress prepares for her departure from Paris; the people rush together with expressions of the most loyal devotion, and desire to detain her still among them; but her retirement was determined on, and she set out with the King of Rome, who, it is said, manifested the most determined resistance to those who wished to put him into the carriage, crying out, as he caught hold of the curtains of the apartment, that his papa was betrayed, and that he was in his own house, and would not leave it. Scarcely had this occurrence taken place, when Paris saw itself surrounded

by the army of the Allies, and the city of the great nation, the capital of a kingdom which had pretended to the sovereignty of the world, was resigned to the enemy without the shadow of resistance. Whatever were the views of Napoleon Bonaparte, his fate at this time deserved commiseration. The men who betrayed him were not those who had originally been his enemies, or enjoyed only toleration at his hands; they had been made by him, received the patent of their nobility entirely from his word, and had seen their reputation and fame constantly growing under his ascendant star. The following passage, therefore, has not been read by us without much interest. It describes the situation of Bonaparte at the time of his being made acquainted with the capitulation of Paris.

"The Emperor pushed on as far as a place called the Cour de France, which is the second stage from Paris on that road, and is at the distance of about three leagues from the gate of the capital. He met at the Cour de France General Hullin, who was on his way from Paris, which he had left after the capitulation concluded by Marshal Marmont with the enemy. He learned from that general officer that the capital had surrendered, that the French troops were to evacuate it in the night, and the enemy to take possession the next morning. It is impossible to form an idea of the painful impression which the news created upon his mind. He had anticipated the possibility of the enemy's marching upon Paris, and had mentioned the circumstance to the officers of the national guard previously to his own departure for the army. He had expressed to them his wish that they should hold out for a few days, so as to enable him to hasten to their assistance. He had kept his word, since Paris had only been attacked that very morning; and before the close of day he was already at its gates with his whole army. But instead of a defence of a few days, the capital did not resist for the space of a few short hours. It was not yet mid-day, in fact, when the determination was adopted of coming to a capitulation. All this can only be ascribed to the cowardice of some, and to the blind eagerness of others to rely upon the enemy's generosity. After the rupture of the conferences at Châtillon, the Emperor, as I have already stated, had made a movement towards the fortresses of Lorraine, with the whole of his army. Being, however, informed on his way of the march of the grand army of the allies upon Paris, he instantly retraced his steps from the point at which he had arrived, for the purpose of forcing the passage of the Maine at Vitry-le-Français. But the enemy had provided for the defence of that place, and he would have lost too much time in attempting to carry it. He had, accordingly, to relinquish all hope of the important advantage which he might have derived from returning to Paris in the rear of the enemy's army, whose line of operations he had succeeded in cutting off; and he immediately took the surest road by following the banks of the Seine. He had certainly not loitered on his way. Had Paris held out for two days longer, his army would have entered it; and every one is well acquainted with his skill in the management of affairs. He would have had no hesitation to throw the arsenals open to the people. His presence would have inflamed the multitude. He would have imparted a salutary direction to their enthusiasm, and Paris would

no doubt have imitated the example of Saragossa; or, to speak more correctly, the enemy would not have ventured to make any attempt upon it; for, independently of the Emperor's being for them a Medusa's head, it was ascertained at a later period, that in the battle which preceded the surrender of the capital, they had nearly consumed the whole of their ammunition. Tears of blood are ready to flow at the bare recollection of these facts.

'The Emperor's situation was bitter beyond description. He was hastening to Paris with all speed; but the corps of Marshals Mortier and Marmont were leaving it to take up a position on the road to Fontainebleau. He was only accompanied by M. de Caulaincourt, and M. de Saint Agnan, one of his equerries. He dispatched the former to Paris with unlimited powers, directing him to exercise the functions of his commissioner in the capital so long as the enemy should stay there, and he returned to Fontainebleau. The army shortly afterwards debouched before him. He assembled the guard who formed the advance, passed them in review, informed them of the events which had recently taken place, and announced his intention of marching forward.

'"Soldiers!" said he to these gallant fellows, "the enemy has gained three marches upon us, and taken possession of Paris. We must drive them out of it. Some worthless Frenchmen, some emigrants whom we had pardoned, have set up the white cockade, and joined the enemy. Dastards that they are! they shall receive the reward of this new crime. Let us swear to conquer or die, and to cause that three-colored cockade to be respected which has accompanied us for these twenty years past in the road to glory and renown" The proposal was greeted with general acclamations, and the guard proceeded to range itself in a second line behind the river of Essonne.

'The measure adopted by the Emperor, of sending M. de Caulaincourt to treat for peace, on any terms, was assuredly the most judicious under existing circumstances. But the Duke of Vicenza was, of all the high functionaries, the one least acquainted with the administrative details of a mighty city, upon whose destinies those of the state were depending. I was well acquainted with the power of opinion exercised over the people by the several municipal authorities of the city; and this was my motive for drawing the Emperor's attention to the necessity of fixing beforehand upon a commissioner thus qualified, and for offering my own services in that capacity. This was in every respect the peculiar duty of a minister of police. If the Emperor felt a want of confidence in me, he ought instantly to have removed me from the administration, instead of compromising so many interests by a single act.

'I was not blind to the motives of the refusal which he gave to me. It did not proceed from any want of confidence in my abilities. The Emperor was better able than any one else to appreciate them in the several negotiations which he had entrusted to me. Neither could it arise from any mistrust of my military talents, since, of all those he had left in Paris who belonged to the profession of arms, I had been the most frequently engaged on the memorable fields of battle of which nothing is now left beyond the bare recollection of them to console us at the close of our historical career. When I happened to be with the army, the Emperor employed me in every enterprise. Of all his aides-de-camp, I

was the one of whose activity and bodily health he was the most unsparing. I had so often been scolded, as to have acquired a considerable share of prudence and penetration. The Emperor must certainly have thought so, since he furnished me some opportunities of acquiring glory in certain chief commands, where I acted in perfect independence of his control. I had been fortunate enough not to disappoint his hopes; or at least fortune had crowned all my military combinations with success. It was after the encounter at Ostrolenka that he gave me the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, with a pension for life of twenty thousand francs. It was, in short, on the field of battle that I had won the honours which had been heaped upon me. Nevertheless, he bestowed his confidence in another quarter. I was at no loss to discover from whence had proceeded the blow thus directed against me.'—vol. iv. pp. 43—46.

M. Savary had some right to the confidence, the honour of which he thus claims for himself; but there is little reason to suppose that his efforts could have turned the tide of popular opinion, or have counteracted the intrigues which were then in full action against the Emperor. These, in a very short period, took full effect, and Napoleon signed his abdication. Nothing can be more amusing than the account we have received of the discussions which took place respecting the regency, during which every passion, from the basest time-serving to the noblest constancy, was strongly displayed. Talleyrand's supple but refined policy; Marmont's despicable but, in some respects, ludicrous treachery, and Macdonald's firm and noble honesty, give a dramatic interest to the scene of this famous and all-important discussion. The Emperor of Russia acted as president, but it was evident from the beginning what determination he had taken, and the debate seems to have been carried on to little purpose beyond that of showing the different characters and designs of the speakers. But it forms one part of a drama, which, throughout, was varied by a display of all the deepest and most violent passions of the human mind. Ambition was the root of that mighty tree of power which sprang out of the soil of revolutionized France; but its branches and its leaves were formed of every other and meaner passion, and it was nourished by the ever agitated elements of self-interest and selfish prejudices. We shall introduce our readers to the consultation which Alexander held with the Marshals, as the account is one of the most lively passages in the Duke of Rovigo's work.

'As soon as the Emperor had ceased to speak, the Duke of Tarentum gave utterance to his sentiments. He had been less favoured by the Emperor than any other Marshal; and he showed himself the most deserving of the rewards which had been heaped upon others. He laid great stress upon the merit of the Emperor's sacrifice, insisted upon the rights of his dynasty, and the propriety of adopting a regency: reverting then to the subject which most engaged the attention of the allies, the person of Napoleon, he remarked, that if he was the only ground of difficulty in the way, every thing was at once decided since the powers with which they were invested, prescribed to them that they should leave him out of

the question. The continuation of his dynasty was therefore as free from objection as it was from any danger. The transfer of the supreme power ought the less to become a subject matter for discussion, as the intentions just manifested by Alexander, in his own name and in the name of his allies, were perfectly conformable to the constitutions of the state, and favourable to the rights of him, who in the order of nature was pointed out by those very constitutions as the legitimate heir to the throne.

'Macdonald proved himself no less cogent in his reasonings in this discussion, than honourable by the courage which he displayed in defending the interests of the regency, as being fully calculated to guarantee to every one the preservation of what they had acquired; an object which the Emperor Alexander expressed his determination to secure. This Prince was at a loss for an answer, and no longer insisted on any thing more than the necessity of a guarantee against the possibility of the Emperor's return to power. It did not become the marshals to name the guarantee required. It was incumbent on the allies themselves to specify what were the sacrifices which they were desirous of imposing, and to explain what they meant by the expression of guarantee. The plenipotentiaries pretended not to understand it. The allies on the other hand, did not deem it advisable to speak in a clearer language.

'The discussion was beginning to flag: the Emperor of Russia replied in an evasive manner, when a message was brought to him from his private apartments that his presence was required on a matter of immediate importance. He withdrew, and returned again in a few moments to the apartment where the marshals had remained waiting for him. He addressed them in these words: "Gentlemen, persuaded as I was by your observations, and feeling desirous of giving a special mark of my esteem to the French army, which you represent in this place, I was on the point of yielding to your entreaties, and of acknowledging the form of government which it is your wish to obtain; but that very army, which you describe to be unanimous in its sentiments, proves itself to be in direct opposition with what you announce to me, since it is actually divided in opinion. I have this moment been informed that the corps of the Duke of Ragusa has reached Versailles this very morning, and ranged itself under the banners of the Duke d'Angoulême. In order to remove all farther irresolution on the part of those troops which might feel disposed to imitate the example of this corps, I throw all my power, and that of my allies, on that side of the scales."

'This declaration was a direct reply to whatever objections might have been raised. The marshals darted a glance of contempt at Marmont, who was present at the meeting. He was struck with shame at hearing the expressions of the Emperor of Russia, and said: "I would readily sacrifice an arm to avert this event." "An arm, Sir!" replied Macdonald, "rather say your existence." In a moment all was terminated. I have even been told that, at the sitting to which I allude, the Emperor of Russia said to Marshal Marmont, "Marshal, you were in a great hurry."' —vol. iv. pp. 89—91.

It would occupy considerably too much of our space to follow our author through the whole of his details, or we might glean something amusing from almost every part of his narrative. We must, therefore, pass over this portion of the volume, waiting only

for a moment, to hear M. Savary again enter upon the praises of Maria Louisa, who appears, from his account, to have acted in every manner worthy of the station she expected to have filled, as consort of the Emperor of the French! Her situation was certainly of the most painful kind, and the remarkable circumstances attending two distinguished females during the reign of Napoleon go not a little way to make us feel still more the really romantic interest of the history of the period.

The state of destitution in which the Empress was eventually left, is described even with pathos, and we cannot doubt on this occasion the sincerity of the author's feelings. As the panegyrist of Napoleon, he has detailed, with the most scrupulous particularity, every circumstance which occurred after his abdication, and, put together in the form and connection in which they appear in Rovigo's Narrative, they represent him as possessing much more real philosophy and dignity, than his opponents have usually accorded him. Maubreuil's attempt at assassinating the Emperor is canvassed by the author at great length; but the most curious circumstance which occurred during the Imperial retreat, was Napoleon's meeting with Marshal Angereau, who paying him the same respect as formerly, expressed his grief at the change of his fortunes. But scarcely had the Marshal retired, when the Moniteur was brought in, containing a most violent invective against the Emperor, addressed by the same Marshal to his soldiers. This, however, is explained by the author as originating in the circumstance that Fouché, and not Marshal Angereau, composed the proclamation attributed to the latter.

On the public invitation which was given in the Moniteur, the Duke of Rovigo repaired to the court of Louis XVIII.; but his first attendance was not likely to put him in good humour either with the restored monarch or his courtiers, for he was met by one who flatly told him that he had no ability for office, that he had better keep himself in retirement, and that Fouché, his great rival, and whom he appears to have most inveterately hated, was the only man fit for the station he had filled, or likely to do the government which employed him any good. The comments which the Duke makes on the policy of the restored Bourbons, are such as almost every reader can imagine, for they were made by a man who was not only attached to the former sovereign, but felt himself every day in danger of persecution.

Napoleon's return from Elba, is a new period in the Memoirs of M. Savary. It is singular to observe the effect which that event had on different classes of people, but especially on those who had been formerly most attached to the fallen, but still threatening chief. It gives us no very pleasant ideas of human nature, to see the persons who had expressed the greatest enthusiasm for this man in his proud estate, turning easily round to his conquerors and accepting honors and offices at their hands; but it gives us almost

worse ideas of it to see them coolly calculating, on his return, whether they should become again enthusiastic Bonapartists, or show themselves the sincere and constant friends of the old regime. Something, in the former case, might be allowed for the depression which the partizans of a fortunate man feel when they see him totally subdued; but if there be a spark of generosity or truth in the followers of an adventurer, it will blaze out the moment he is seen rising above his calamities, and mastering the fortune which had deceived him. This was, it is true, the case with many of Napoleon's former friends on his first returning, and it was the case with still more after he had proceeded some way on his prosperous march. But there was evidently a temporizing spirit at work, and it proved beyond doubt, that if enthusiasm and sudden fervors sometimes take possession of the French populace, so as to carry them beyond the bounds of caution, their princes and leaders can calculate as coolly and precisely, and weigh safety and profit against desperation and glory, as any cold-blooded Hollander or Englishman.

But we must turn, as M. Savary would wish us, to the brighter side of the picture, and certainly a more animated one could not be found than that which France presented, when it was fairly settled by marshals and ministers, that the Emperor was to be restored. M. Savary has given the description con amore.

'The Emperor reached Paris in the afternoon, at the hour of seven. Every thing had already resumed its former aspect, and each one his former post at the palace. The Emperor dined there, and found his apartment ready prepared: it seemed as if he had merely returned from a journey. The officers performing honorary duties, persons in every description of employment had again taken up their respective functions: the establishment was complete in all its parts. Certain ill-constructed minds have pretended to discover the consequences of a conspiracy in the resumption of the old routine; whilst no one had done more than what he had seen performed by the persons employed at the court of Versailles, on the occasion of the King's return. Some had been upwards of twenty years buried in obscurity; whereas scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed since the others were discharged.

'There was only one battalion of the national guard in the court-yard of the palace at the moment of the Emperor's arrival; but with this battalion were to be seen several thousand officers of all services, who had been put upon half-pay.

'A multitude of people had gone to meet the Emperor on the road to Fontainebleau. He came to Paris attended by a crowd of general officers on horseback; passed along the new boulevard, according to his custom whenever he returned from Fontainebleau, crossed the bridge of La Concorde, and entered the Tuileries by the postern adjoining the quay.

'His carriage was surrounded by persons on horseback belonging to every corps in the service, who amounted in numbers to a full cavalry regiment. They exhibited an imposing aspect of disorder, and deafened the air with cries of *Long live the Emperor!* When he entered the court-

yard of the palace, the postilions found it impossible to drive the carriage up to the entrance where the Emperor was to alight. The crowd was such, that the horses were unable to advance. A rush was made towards the carriage; the door was forced open, and the Emperor removed from it. In vain did he attempt to walk either in the court-yard, the staircase, or the apartments. He was fairly lifted up, and carried from arm to arm to his very closet.

'He instantly sent for his former ministers, and ordered each one to resume his portfolio. The only fresh promotion was that of M. Fouché, who was placed in the charge of the police. It may not be superfluous to relate the following trifling anecdote on this subject: it will prove that the spirit of intrigue was already at work; that is to say, that more attention was bestowed to the object of keeping those persons off who were dreaded from feelings of a personal nature, than of assisting the Emperor by placing near his person all those who were calculated to be of service to him.

'I had gone, in the course of the morning, to pay a visit to the arch-chancellor, whom I had not seen for a twelvemonth. I presumed that the Emperor would send for him immediately upon his arrival, as it was his custom to do whenever he returned from a journey, and went, therefore to request he would do me the favour to tell the Emperor, if circumstances should render it necessary, that I felt a wish to live in peaceful retirement; and that if he absolutely insisted upon employing me, no consideration should induce me to accept of the ministry of police. I assured him that those functions were altogether repugnant to my feelings, and said that, foreseeing as I did, how the spirit of intrigue would set itself to work in every form and shape, I was not at all disposed to live in the atmosphere of those passions which it was about to bring into play.

'The arch-chancellor was, to say the least of it, quite as much wearied of public affairs as I was. He declared to me, that unless the Emperor should authoritatively insist upon it, he would also refuse to accept of any functions.

'What I had foreseen actually came to pass. The arch-chancellor was the first high functionary summoned to the Emperor's presence. The ministers, who had likewise been sent for, only appeared one after the other in regular succession. It was an extraordinary spectacle to behold matters returning so quickly to their former state. All met in the same saloon where they had separated a year before, without having scarcely ever come into contact since that period.'—vol. iv. pp. 261—263.

It is a curious circumstance, that with all the penetration and activity of mind which Bonaparte possessed, he appears to have been as completely exposed to ministerial intrigues as any of the most inactive descendants of a long race of monarchs. He had certainly experienced this to the very last hour which preceded his downfall, and he was doomed to be in the same danger after his return from exile. Our author has given a long detail of the snares which lay spread for his master on every side. He himself had determined on not receiving office, and when he signified his resolution to the Emperor, the latter appointed Fouché to the ministry of police. It is against this appointment that he has

expressed the greatest vexation, as having been the worst judged, and the most dangerous. But Napoleon was in the most difficult situation in which he could have been placed. He could scarcely by any possibility tell who had really been his friends or his foes. He could safely spare no ally held to him by however slight a bond, and it would have been destruction to him to examine too closely into any of the occurrences which had taken place since his absence from Paris. Although Fouché, therefore, by no means merited restoration to office, it was not very easy for Napoleon to see what other course he could take than that which he did respecting the minister of police, and even had he been instigated by as great a dislike as Rovigo himself against that man, it is most probable he would have been led by policy to make the same choice. Fouché, however, himself was not so pleased as our author was angry at the appointment, the former having laid himself out for minister of foreign affairs.

The re-election of Napoleon as Emperor, was certainly one of the most singular spectacles which any European nation has ever beheld. The ceremony, with all its pomp and circumstance, has been described by M. Savary, but it has also given occasion for a long discussion respecting legitimacy, which will be not a little amusing to the speculators on that intricate question.

The Emperor's circumstances, notwithstanding the show of loyalty, and the grandeur of the display exhibited on the above occasion, were not such as to warrant his quiet enjoyment of this renewal of honours. The Russian army, he was informed, would not be in the field before the summer; but England and Prussia were both ready to attack him, and it was necessary for him immediately to employ every means of defence which were left him. He did so, but Providence had fixed the limits of his career; and by events which the ordinary chances of battle could hardly have brought about, he saw the sceptre his hand had grasped, for ever broken in pieces. His return to Paris, his reception there, the intrigues among his ministers and in the Chamber of Deputies, are all fully described in the Memoirs; and, lastly, the narrative is given of all the troubles and dangers which attended the Emperor's escape from that country, which had for so long a period worshipped him as a demigod, and so lately recalled him with every demonstration of delight to the throne he had abdicated. But the public has been already so well informed on most of these topics, that it would be useless for us to linger on this portion of the narrative; and we turn to the concluding notice which the author has given of his own fortunes.

Having been conveyed to England in the Bellerophon, he was transferred from that vessel to the Eurotas, in which he, with some other French officers, were carried to Gibraltar, and subsequently to Malta. His confinement in the latter place appears to have been unnecessarily severe. It was while suffering this imprison-

ment he wrote the Memoirs we have been noticing. He, however, in no great time obtained his deliverance, and arrived in England.

The Duke had not been long in England, where he found a safe asylum, before he was seized with an unconquerable desire to return to his native country, and having determined upon doing so at all risks, he left this country in company with an English officer, and made his way to Paris, by way of the Netherlands. On his arrival he received milder treatment than he expected, as he had already been in his absence tried and condemned to death. He was committed to confinement merely through form, and soon after brought to trial before a court martial. M. Dupin acted as his advocate, and the Court, after the deliberation of three quarters of an hour, pronounced him not guilty, and he was restored to liberty.

This work, important in many respects, and amusing in more, is now finished. The complicated details which it contains will doubtless give rise to a vast variety of opinions as to the truth or falsehood of many particular passages; but there is an air of frankness running through it which disposes the reader to follow the Duke of Rovigo as, upon the whole, as safe a guide as a man in his situation can be. The concluding volume of his Memoirs gives us more favourable sentiments respecting himself than the one preceding it. We lose sight of the minister of police—of the minister of an overruling despot, doing all he could to enslave his country—and we see only the faithful adherent, the, in many respects, prudent counsellor, the unfortunate partizan of a fallen master, and the warm-hearted lover of his native land, risking his life to revisit her shores. We are glad that this is the case; and though few Frenchmen will be able to conclude the reading of this work with such feelings, we trust there are many English readers who will close it under the impression of having gained new subjects for sober thought, instead of blind political rancour—a lesson in the true philosophy of history, instead of fresh food for either national or party bigotry.

ART. VIII.—*Illustrations of British Entomology; or, a Synopsis of Indigenous Insects, containing their Generic and Specific Distinctions; with an Account of their Metamorphoses, Times of Appearance, Localities, Food and Economy, as far as Practicable.* By James Francis Stephens, F.L.S., Member of the Zoological Society, &c. Embellished with coloured Figures of the rarer and more interesting species. 8vo. Vol. i. Mandibulata. pp. 186. Vol. ii. Haustellata. pp. 150. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1828.

IT has been objected to the systematic study of natural history, and particularly to the study of insects, that it tends to withdraw the mind from subjects of higher moment; that it cramps and

narrows the range of thought; and that it destroys, or at least weakens, the finer creations of imagination and fancy. Now, we should allow this objection in its fullest extent, and would even be disposed to carry it farther than is usually done, if the mere collecting of specimens, or, as the French expressively call them, chips (*echantillons*), be denominated study. But the mere collector is not, and cannot, be justly considered as a naturalist; and in the enlarged sense of this term we can adduce some distinguished instances in opposition to the objection. Rousseau, for example, was passionately fond of the Linnæan Botany, even to the driest minutiæ of its technicalities, and yet it does not appear to have cramped his mind nor impoverished his imagination. If Rousseau, however, be objected to as an eccentric character, from whose pursuits no fair inference can be drawn, we give the examples of Charles James Fox, and our distinguished poets, Goldsmith, Thompson, Gray, and Darwin, who were all enthusiastic naturalists; and yet the study appears not, as the objection would imply, to have fettered, but rather to have enlarged, their fancy. We may, perhaps, be permitted to allude to King Solomon, who is recorded to have studied the most minute as well as the largest of nature's productions, and the richness of his imagery in his song, is sufficient evidence of his powers of fancy; but we wish particularly to insist upon the example of Gray, because he was very partial to entomology, the subject more immediately before us. It may be new to most of our readers, who are familiar with the Elegy in a Country Church Yard, and the Odes of Gray, to be told that he was at the pains to turn the characteristics of the Linnæan orders of insects into Latin hexameters, the MS. of which is still preserved in his interleaved copy of the 'Systema Naturæ,' from which we shall give, as a literary curiosity, the following specimen:—

'HYMENOPTERA.

'*At vitreas alas, jaculumque*, Hymenoptera, *caudæ*
Fœmineo data tela gregi, maribusque negata.
Telum abdit spirale *Cynips*,* morsuque minatur.
Maxillas *Tenthredo*†, movet, serramque bivalvem.
Jahneuman‡, gracili triplex abdomine telum:
Et valde aurato resplendet corpore *Chrysis*¶.
Haurit *Apis* lingua incurva, quod vindicat ense.
Sphex§ alam expandit lævem, gladiumque recondit.
Alæ ruga notat *Vespam*, candæque venenum.
Squamula *Formicam* tergi, telumque pedestrem,
Dum minor alata volitat cum conjuge conjux,
Mutilla impennis, sed cauda spicula vib'cat.'

It would, indeed, be vain to expect in these hexameters any of Gray's finer poetic touches, such as he has so richly sprinkled over

* Gall-fly. † Saw-fly. ‡ Cuckoo-fly. ¶ Golden-wasp. § Sand-wasp.

his other Latin verses, and which are so universally known in his exquisite English pieces; but these very lines serve to show most the fallacy of the objection which we are combating.

With respect to insects, it has been well said by our most distinguished entomologists*, that they appear to have been nature's favourite productions, in which, to manifest her power and skill, she had combined and concentrated almost all that is either beautiful and graceful, interesting and alluring, or curious and singular, in every other class and order of her children, and even to the minutest has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil. Some she has armed with glittering mail, possessing all the lustre of burnished metals: in others she lights up the luminous radiance of polished gems. She has bedecked a few with what looks like liquid drops or plates of gold and silver, or with scales which mimic the colour and emit the ray of the same precious metals. Like stones in their native state, some insects exhibit a rough unpolished exterior, whilst others represent their smooth and shining face after they have been submitted to the tool of the polisher. Others again, by the rugged and various elevations and depressions of their tuberculated crust, present to the eye of the beholder no unapt imitation of the unequal surface of the earth—now studded with mis-shapen rocks, ridges, and precipices, at one time swelling into hills and mountains, and at another sinking into valleys, glens, and caves, while not a few are covered with branching spines, which, with a little stretch of fancy, as M. Reaumur observes, may represent a forest of trees.

If we extend the comparison to the vegetable kingdom, we shall find that insects vie with its finest productions; some in the delicacy and variety of their colours—colours, however, not like those of flowers, evanescent and fugitive, but fixed and durable, outliving the insect which they adorn, and appearing as fresh and brilliant as when it was alive. Others are no less remarkable in the texture and veining of their wings, or in the rich cottony down, or rather feathers, that clothe them. Nature, indeed, has in many insects carried her mimetic art to so great a degree of nicety, that some of them appear to have robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings, so exactly do they resemble them in form, substance, and vascular structure—some representing green and others dry withered leaves. Sometimes this mimicry, if we may call it so, is so exquisite, that a whole insect might be mistaken for a portion of the branching spray of a tree, or for a dead lifeless twig—appearances which seem to be intended to deceive their natural enemies. The rich and velvet tints of the plumage of birds are not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of moths, and those irridescent eyes which

* Kirby and Spence's Introduction, vol. i. p. 7.

deck so gloriously the peacock's tail, are successfully imitated in the wings of one of our most common butterflies, Vanessa Io.

In variety, indeed, insects certainly exceed every other class of animals. Nature, in her sportive mood, when painting them, sometimes imitates the clouds of heaven, at others the meandering course of the rivers of the earth, or the undulation of their waters. Many are veined like beautiful marbles; and others have the semblance of a robe of the finest net-work thrown over them. As our author well remarks,

'Insects have ever been justly ranked amongst the most surprising productions of the animal creation; and whether we contemplate their wonderful metamorphoses—their ever-varying economy—their extraordinary and frequently grotesque structure—their prodigious numbers—the effulgent brilliancy of colouring with which many of them are adorned—or the atomical dimensions of others, the mind is equally lost in admiration of the infinite power displayed by the CREATOR, and gratified by the reflection, that HIS supreme beneficence has willed to call them into existence for the use and advantage of mankind.

'Who, therefore, that meditates upon these things, and upon the parental kindness of the "FIRST GREAT CAUSE" towards these and all HIS other creatures, is not urged frequently to exclaim with Stillingfleet:

'"——— ALMIGHTY BEING,
Cause and support of all things, can I view
These objects of my wonder; can I feel
These fine sensations, and not think of thee."'—vol. i. p. 1.

Such of our readers as have taken little notice of our native insects, may look upon some of the preceding descriptions and expressions as exaggerated, hyperbolical, and altogether unsupported by fact; but though we cannot boast of British examples to bear us out in all that we have just said, we are, notwithstanding, profusely rich in many of the tribes—to an extent, indeed, which the uninitiated might, with some colour of justice, refuse to credit. Since we began the study, indeed, several years ago, we have been utterly astonished that we had before so long overlooked the countless variety and beauty of our native insects. To use the language of our intelligent and experienced author—

'Not that I conceive the productions of these prolific isles to be of a particularly resplendent character; but what art can equal the brilliant silvery blue of the beautiful and lovely Polyommatus Adonis [the Clifden blue butterfly]; the irridescent purple splendour of the Lycæna Chryseis [the Purple-edged copper butterfly]; the fiery and almost dazzling cupreous wings of Lycænæ dispar and virgaureæ [the Large and the Scarce copper butterflies]; the imperial purple plumes of Apatura Iris [the Purple Emperor]; the gorgeous silver spots, streaks, and fasciæ of the Argynni [the Fritillary butterflies]; or the elegant metallic cilia and markings of various groups of Tineidæ? whose wings may be truly said to be

'"With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold."'

'—Again, the fine and gaudy colouring of the tiger moths, as they are commonly called, and the singularly delicate pencilling on the under surface of the wings of Cynthia Cardui [the Painted lady butterfly], and Vanessa Atalanta [the Admirable butterfly]; and on the upper surface of those of many Geometridæ, are, equally with the more glittering colours, beyond the utmost reach of the pictorial art." '---vol. ii. p. i.

In all this we cordially agree with our author, and would not diminish the high tone in which he speaks, by striking out a single epithet; but in other portions of the work we meet with passages and expressions which, however moderate and just they may appear to the amateurs of entomology, are apt to be viewed in a very different light by those without the pale—your exoteric general readers and men of the world. In fact, it appears to us, that much of the ridicule which has been cast on the study from the times of Lucian, Erasmus, Butler, and Peter Pindar, up to the present moment, has arisen from the sort of expressions to which we are alluding, and of which the author is not so sparing, as for the general interests of entomology we could have wished. As it would be unfair to censure, without specifying particulars, we submit that the following will fully bear us out:—

'Upon referring to M. De Jean's Species de Caléoptères, &c., I find that he has described and figured an insect (as the Cincindela riparia Megerlei) agreeing in every respect with my specimen, whose "local habitation," I regret, is unknown to me, from my having hitherto confounded it with the preceding species [*Cincindela hybrida*]. De Jean suspects that it may be simply a variety of Ci. hybrida; but it is of *importance to bear in mind* that the insect so called by him is totally distinct in form, size, colour, and locality, from the true Linnean hybrida, his being an inland, while Linné's insect is a maritime species.

'*It affords me real gratification to add from my own cabinet* a second species of this truly elegant and lovely genus to our Fauna: and I wish to call the attention of entomologists to the fact of the locality, and probably the economy, of the species allied to Ci. hybrida, having been so strangely blended together for want of accurate discrimination, as exhibiting a *striking instance of the necessity of attending to comparatively trifling differences* in the examination of specimens obtained from different localities; and of the *caution to be observed in determining the question of specific distinctions;* as by hastily discarding an apparent species, and pronouncing it to be merely a variety, we may run *the hazard of committing a serious error*, and thus necessarily interrupt the series of affinities, and prove the justice of the poet's assertion, that

'"From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."—Pope.'—
vol. i. p. 10.

Again, a few pages onwards, he says,

'Since the above observations were penned, I have obtained several specimens of this genus, [Dromius] chiefly captured in the neighbourhood of London, thereby affording another proof of *the importance of a thorough*

investigation previously to asserting that a recently detected insect is of unfrequent occurrence.'—vol. ii. p. 18.

He adds, onwards,

'Desirable as it is to clear up any obscure question, *I regret exceedingly my inability satisfactorily to determine whether or not this insect* [Cincindela aprica] *be specifically distinct from Ci. riparia,* owing to its scarcity, or rather locality; and as I am of opinion that it is at all times preferable to separate those creatures which nature has apparently divided, than *run the hazard* of uniting them, it becomes necessary that this apparent species should receive a new appellation.'—vol. i. p. 19.

We are free to confess, that the expressions printed in italics exhibit nothing more than an amiable enthusiasm for a favourite pursuit, in which the author tells us he has been 'practically as well as enthusiastically' engaged for 'upwards of fifteen years;' yet we know that they are but too strongly calculated to provoke the ebullitions of wit, and excite

"The world's dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

We gladly turn to the more pleasing task of selecting from Mr. Stephens's volumes, such passages as can scarcely fail to interest every class of readers who delight to contemplate the instincts, economy, and habits of the animal creation. In his interesting account of the Brachinidæ, a family of beetles, we are informed that the typical genus Brachinus, is endowed with a remarkable and singular property as a defence against the attacks of its enemies, which he thus describes:—

'At the posterior extremity of the abdomen a little sack or bladder is placed, which is furnished with the means of producing a highly volatile fluid, which the animal has the power of suddenly ejecting: this fluid is apparently of an acid nature, [Why not ascertain this positively?] and is of so pungent a quality as to irritate considerably any part of the body upon which it falls; and if any should get into the eyes, the pain for a time is excessive, and if permitted to be discharged upon the skin, it becomes coated with a kind of dusky tinge. Now, from the very rapid volatilization of this fluid when emitted from the body of the animal, a curious effect is produced, accompanied with a considerable explosion, especially in the larger continental species, as related by foreigners, and a bluish kind of vapour ascends, which is found to be most beneficially employed by the animal for its own preservation. In common with the other Geodephaga [ground beetles], this insect is obnoxious to the attacks of the larger species, and it has been observed that when one of the latter makes an assault upon it, that it lies down in the path of its adversary, who advances with expanded jaws, ready to devour it, and immediately discharges its artillery, as it has not unaptly been termed, which causes the enemy suddenly to draw back in confusion, when the Brachinus conceals itself in some neighbouring crevice, or flies off: the latter method is seldom resorted to. From this military kind of procedure, the Brachini have been called bombardiers, and it is stated by Rowlander, that they are capable of effecting eighteen or twenty discharges at a time, though, notorious as this fact is, a practical

English collector asserts,* that the account is little better than a fable, and an amusing tale; but I presume that this author must have laboured under some delusion, or has not paid that attention to the subject which appears requisite, before attempting to controvert a well-established fact. So far as my experience leads me, I have invariably found that the insects are ready to discharge their ammunition at all times, especially if roughly handled; and Mr. Cooper informs me, that one he met with at Cobham, in the beginning of the present spring, performed the operation no less than thirteen times in rapid succession.'—vol. i. p. 35.

One of the largest of our British insects, the death's-head hawk-moth, (*Acherontia Atropos*) has several points of interest in its history. It commits such extensive depredations on the honey of bee hives, that it has been by some denominated the bee-tiger. The marking on the back of its thorax, which has considerable resemblance to a cranium or death's-head, combined with the feeble cry of the insect, which closely resembles the noise caused by the creaking of a cork when pierced with a cork screw, more than the plaintive squeaking of a mouse, to which it has been compared, has caused the insect to be looked upon by superstitious persons as the "harbinger of death, disease, and famine;" and the sudden appearance of a brood of this insect in Bretagne, as M. Latreille tells us, during the prevalence of an epidemic disease, tended to give "confirmation strong" of the notions of the superstitious, the disease being universally attributed to the insects. Our author adds,—

'Considerable diversity of opinion prevails amongst naturalists respecting the organ which enables the insect to make the noise above alluded to; and common as the insect is, the point remains undecided. Reaumur and Roësel attribute it to the friction of its maxillæ [jaws] against its palpi [feelers], an opinion which has been followed by many, and apparently with justice, as the structure of the latter organ seems calculated for the purpose; but Engramelle informs us that M. de Johet plucked out the maxillæ, and cut off the palpi, of one of those insects, and yet the noise was produced when the wings were agitated; he, consequently, imagined that the instrument causing the noise was connected with these latter appendages; and, upon an examination of them, he detected two concave scales (the netagiæ? common to all Lepidoptera) at their base, which he infers were the objects in question; for by depriving a second specimen thereof, the insect became mute: according to M. de Johet, therefore, the noise is occasioned by the air being suddenly propelled against these scales by the action of the wings. Again, M. Lorrey states that it arises from the air escaping rapidly from peculiar cavities communicating with the spiracles, and furnished with a fine tuft of hairs on the sides of the abdomen. In the number of the Annales des Sciences Naturelles, &c. for March last, is a note by M. Dupouchel, relative to the observations of M. Passerini on this subject. After alluding to the opinions of Mess. Reaumur, Roësel, and Lorrey, M. Dupouchel tells us, that he (M. D.) controverts them, by stating that the noise is produced

* Millard's Outlines of Brit. Ent. p. 221.

from the interior of the head, in which is a cavity in communication with the trunk or maxillæ, and between which are placed the requisite muscles for its elevation and depression: he also notes, that having cut off the abdomen, the noise continued, as was also the case when the tongue was extirpated; and although it ceased when the muscles or bone mentioned were paralyzed, it was reproduced upon passing a strong pin, sharply and vertically, into the head. He further remarks, with reference to the opinion of M. Lorrey, that although both sexes utter the cry in question, one of them alone is furnished with the apparatus mentioned by him—an apparatus likewise found in other crepuscularia, especially macroglossa, which are mute.'—vol. ii. p. 116.

Should our readers be disposed to charge M. Passerini with cruelty, in piercing with pins the head of the poor insect, we refer them to the ingenious arguments adduced to prove that insects feel little or no pain, in "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology." M. Passerini, it would appear, has not yet settled the question, but he promises to do so, if possible, by fresh experiments and dissections.

The more strictly scientific and technical parts of Mr. Stephens's work, are above all praise, ingenious, profound, and accurate; and we only regret that we can, at present, spare but little room for their consideration. The following are tables of the general arrangement followed in these two volumes, which we have taken the liberty of partially translating.

'Sub-kingdom - ANNULOSA.

INSECTA,

Mandibulata,—with Jaws. Haustellata, with a Sucker, *Clairville.*

MANDIBULATA.

Upper Wings more or less coriaceous.	Contorted - - - - - -				2 Strepsiptera
	Not Contorted: Under Wings	Transversely plicatile: Nervures -	Simple		3 Coleoptera
			Radiated		4 Dermaptera
		Longitudinally plicate	-		5 Orthoptera
All the *Wings* membranaceous	Reticulate - -				6 Neuroptera
	Venose	Hairy -			7 Trichoptera
		Naked -			1 Hymenoptera.' vol. i. p. 5.

'HAUSTELLATA.

Wings, Four	Not Scaly: Body	Depressed - -		13 Hemiptera
		Elevated - -		14 Homoptera
	Scales imbricated - - - -			8 Lepidoptera
Wings, Two: Head	Distinct - - - -			9 Diptera
	Sessile - - - -			10 Homaloptera
Wings, none: Body	Compressed - - -			11 Aphaniptera
	Depressed - - -			12 Aptera.' vol. ii. p. 2.

In volume first, page 67, he has also given a very complete table of the difficult and numerous family of the Harpalidæ, for which we must, however, refer to the book itself.

In conclusion, we cannot speak in too high terms of the execution of the work. The coloured figures are in the highest style of the art, both exquisitely finished and accurately coloured; and the descriptions are very full and minute, a large portion of them having been described from specimens under the author's eye, in his own rich, and in many respects, unique cabinet; which contains the most extensive collection of British insects ever before assembled, of which more than two-thirds are nondescript or rare.

ART. IX. 1. ***Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Present for*** 1829. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 418. ***Fourteen Plates.*** London: Ackermann.

2. ***The Winter's Wreath; a collection of Original Contributions, in Prose and Verse.*** 12mo. pp. 420. ***Twelve Plates.*** London: Whittaker. Liverpool: G. Smith.

3. ***The Gem; a Literary Annual.*** Edited by Thomas Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 324. ***Fifteen Plates.*** London: Marshall. Philadelphia: T. Wardell.

4. ***The Literary Souvenir.*** Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 12mo. pp. 362. ***Twelve Plates.*** London: Longman and Co.

5. ***Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for*** 1829. 12mo. pp. 420. ***Twelve Plates.*** London: Smith, Elder and Co.

As the competition among the Annuals is much more active and enterprising this year than ever it was before, we have arranged the titles of those that stand upon the above list, according to the order in which the different volumes reached our hands, for the purpose of avoiding any thing like a charge of partiality. There is, naturally enough, a peculiarly sensitive jealousy entertained of the opinions that are addressed to the public concerning works which are executed under the influence of very animated rivalry, and which demand considerable capital, and a host of talents versed in the fine arts, and in every species of light literature. We wish, therefore, to speak of them as fairly as we can; and as we have no interests whatever to serve, not caring one farthing which of the whole tribe shall be the most successful, or which the greatest failure, we cannot, we hope, be suspected of any desire to injure, by unjust censure, or to assist by undeserved applause.

Productions of the description which the Annuals have introduced into our literature, fugitive and trifling though they may appear in some instances to be, are not to be considered as beneath the attention of a journal which professes to watch the intellect of the country, and to be conversant with the various creations to

which it gives birth. These harbingers of the new year form a class by themselves, which enables us to judge, in some degree, of the progress made amongst us, not only in literary composition, but in the arts, which are here rendered subservient to its embellishment. These works, moreover, find their way to almost every educated mind among the growing generations, and are calculated, from the beauty of their external appearance, as well as from their attractive contents, to excite more than a common degree of curiosity, and to exercise, perhaps, more than an ordinary portion of influence. It becomes us, therefore, to examine them with some minuteness; and as we have so many of them to go through, we must claim somewhat more than the measure of space usually permitted to our articles.

To begin with the 'Forget me not,' it must be admitted that the plates are much superior to any that ever appeared in its preceding volumes. There are, altogether, fourteen of them, out of which, perhaps, ten might be selected as very beautiful specimens of art. The subjects are interesting, the story well told in the designs, and skilfully represented by the engravers. Leslie's picture of Alice is certainly not done justice to by Goodyear's burine. Sir Timothy's hand and arm seem not to belong to him, but to be fastened on the back of his chair; his right leg seems to be very much in the same predicament. But for these defects, the print would have been admirable for the softness of its tone, and particularly for the perfection of the drapery. Alice's apron looks as if a breath would blow it a one side, it is as light as gossimer. The view of Vicenza we should also reject from our portfolio. It is a common affair, without any character or meaning. Where the artist is so limited in space, it seems idle to attempt anything that requires so much room and depth as a coup d'œil of a town. A detached building, or a scene which has unity of effect about it, may be managed well enough, and the architecture may be piled behind it in dense masses with great advantage. But a view such as that before us furnishes no ideas. Neither is the print of Fathime and Euphrosyne much to our taste. It is open to the same sort of objection which has been made against Mr. Wyatt's monument of the late Princess Charlotte. The spirit of the deceased Euphrosyne is seen ascending to the skies, while her mortal remains are still presented to the view. Thus we have two Euphrosynes, a dead and a living one; the attention is divided between them, and the effect is thus destroyed. We have some doubts about the 'frolic in a palace,' but all the other plates we should undoubtedly retain. The frontispiece is a masterly performance, both in the design and the execution. It represents Marcus Curtius devoting himself to death for the Roman people. The scene is singularly grand. The self immolated victim, seated on a war horse, and with his arms extended as if in mediation to the lightnings that rend the clouds, is about

to plunge into the fatal abyss. The vast crowds which Mr. Martin has contrived to picture distinctly before us; the awe, or rather the horror, by which they are agitated, and the variety of ways in which the predominant feeling is expressed, exhibit in the strongest manner, the incidents which characterized that extraordinary act of heathen heroism. The other prints, which we would praise, are of a less epic character; they are, however, not the less engaging on that account. We would particularly select from among them the 'Idle Schoolboy,' and the 'Blind Piper,' as masterpieces in their class.

Of the literary matter in the present 'Forget me not,' we regret that we cannot speak in terms of commendation. The prose is, almost without an exception, very indifferent; from the poetry we have made four or five selections, and they appear to us to be the only quotable things in the volume. It will readily be seen that the two following little compositions, by the late Mr. Knight, of Drury Lane Theatre, have not been preferred to others so much for their intrinsic merit, as for the delicate fancy which they evince. The first is entitled 'The Guiding Star.'

'What is yon gem so chaste and fair,
Exalted thus so high?
'Tis sure some spirit in the air,
Transferr'd from earth to sky,
The sense to charm.
I hail thee, friend of purest light,
That shin'st so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps this dreary night,
From every harm.

'What is yon star in the heavens set,
Whose rays invite me on?
It seems as though we oft had met;
'Tis sure some friend that's gone,
And still would charm.
I hail thee! friend of purest light,
That shin'st so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps this dreary night,
From every harm.'

Forget Me Not.—p. 52.

The other stanzas on 'Waste'—are quaint in the style of expression; but that very quaintness forms their charm.

'Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity.
Waste thou not, then, the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.'

Forget Me Not.—p. 88.

Mrs. Hemans maintains her reputation among the annuals; for almost every one of them she has written verses which no one can pass over without reading. As we shall meet her more than once again, we must content ourselves with some exquisite lines, which afford a consoling view of the 'lights and shades' of life.

'The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

'The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
The saddest heart is not *all* sadness:
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

'Despair is never *quite* despair;
Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.'

Forget Me Not.—p. 120.

We have already noticed the print of the 'Blind Piper.' This is an Irish piper. He is attended by his daughter, who solicits charity with a modest grace, which shews, however, that she is not altogether unconscious of her father's musical talents. The editor informs us of some circumstances which attach a peculiar interest to this print. 'It is engraved from a painting by Clennell, an artist of deserved celebrity, who, from too great anxiety in the pursuit of his profession, was some years since deprived of reason, which he has never recovered. His wife, from grief and devoted attention to him, was afflicted in a similar manner, and died; and the state of his helpless children excited such commiseration, that a considerable sum was raised by private subscription for their maintenance and education.' The print is worthily illustrated by the graphic and musical poetry of Delta.

'I love to hear the bagpipe sound;
The tones wind magically round
The heart which they subdue
To pain or pleasure; yes they raise
Deep memories, and departed days
Glide sweetly in review.

'Tis soft—the low note speaks of love,
Lo! the blue lake; the birchen grove
Almost from view conceals
A maiden and a youth, for whom
Elysium, in its pictured womb,
Futurity reveals.

'Tis wild—hark! how the storms rejoice
Among the rocks; the cataract's voice

Is mighty; and the breeze
Sweeps like a hurricane along,
Singing its fierce demoniac song
Amid the wondering trees.

'Tis harsh—the battle onset's come;
With bray of trump, and beat of drum,
In deadly combat meet
The soldier and his foe—the cry
Of "onward—on to victory!"
Of quarter—and retreat.

And now the wild and wailing tones
Seem sighs, and shrieks, and dirgeful groans;
And now their hurrying force
Re-echoes like the tramp and tread,
Athwart the dying and the dead,
Of horseman and of horse.

And who is he, the wizard, who,
Whose music conjures up to view,
In Fancy's ranging eye,
The soft, the beautiful, the wild—
Dark tempests o'er the mountains piled—
Or the clear evening sky?

Behold him—day to him is dark;
And age, in furrows, hath its mark
Graved on his manly brow;
How changed from when, a peasant-boy,
Mayhap, through Connaught's vales in joy
He whistled at the plough!

Ah, then, as merry as the lark,
While the red day-star chased the dark,
He gazed the purpling sky;
Till lightning smote him—and blue day
Pass'd like the sight of heaven away
From Jacob's dreaming eye.

All destitute and poor, he sate
Helpless, lamenting his lorn fate,
Beside his humble shed
For many a day—then thought, perchance,
That lays, which were his pastime once,
Might now supply him bread.

So with proud independent mind,
He idless all and sloth resign'd,
Yea, left his native plains,
Led by a filial hand and true,
Darkling to roam the country through,
And pipe his Doric strains.

'Nor joyless is his lot; the breeze
That whispers through the leafy trees—
The murmurs of the stream—
The genial sunshine—and the rain—
Speak to his heart, and not in vain,
Of boyhood's raptured dream!

'Tis thus that Fancy would create
The wandering minstrel's wayward fate,
Nor of his craft complain;
He who can wake the smile and sigh,
Or bring heaven's light to beauty's eye,
Hath not lived in vain.'

Forget Me Not.—pp. 365—368.

Almost in the last page of the volume there are four or five stanzas written by Miss E. H. Keating, a name with which we have not met before. They have no pretension about them, but they have a sweetness and a simplicity which induce us to present them to the reader; the more particularly as they look like an humble flower which the gardener appears to have neglected.

'My childhood!—those were joyous days!
I have not yet forgot
The peasant minstrel's cheering lays;
Or mountain-shelter'd cot:
Those heights, too, where the wild rose blush'd,
And hung its graceful wreath
Across the rippling stream, that rush'd
In silver threads beneath.

'My youth, too, was a happy time,
And I remember well
I loved the merry village chime,
And peaceful sabbath bell,
Mellow'd by distance, as it stole
With measure sweet and clear;
Those sounds were music to the soul,
I ne'er again shall hear.

'I recollect my happy home,
My pleasures as a child;
The forest where I used to roam,
The rocks so bleak and wild.
That home is tenantless; the spot
It graced is rude and bare;
The loved ones gone, our name forgot,
And desolation there.

'My mother's smile I recollect,
Her voice I can recall;
And there is *one* I would forget,
The best beloved of all.

She too is gone, no hallow'd earth
Marks where her ashes rest;
Far from the country of her birth,
Her lone grave is unblest.

'All, all I cherish'd now are dead,
The daring and the brave,
Who, side by side, in battle bled,
And shared a soldier's grave.
How sweet 'twill be, when nature ends
Life's pilgrimage of care,
To rest in peace with well-loved friends,
And slumber with them there!'—

Forget Me Not.—pp. 413, 414.

'The Winter's Wreath' appears this year in an enlarged form, and divested of those pretensions to particular sanctity which limited its former volumes to religious circles. It looks, upon a hasty examination, to be a delightful book. The engravings which embellish it are twelve in number, and there is not an indifferent one among them. The letter-press is duly intermixed with prose and verse, with song and tale, and, as far as appearances go, the 'Wreath' would seem to stand as fair a chance of popularity as any of its rivals. Upon a closer inspection of its contents, however, we find the literary materials of which they are composed to be very inferior indeed, in point of merit, to the embellishments by which they are accompanied. This observation applies more extensively than it would be gracious to point out in detail. There are, indeed, some exceptions. The 'Contretemps,' a French tale of the old regime, is very well told. Some readers will perhaps object to the conversations in French, which are introduced into it. We do not. French is the true language for conversation; and, as far as it is used here, it is couched in a gay and idiomatic style, and is much more lively than a translation would be of the same passages into English. A very excellent sketch, 'Kit Wallis,' by the author of 'Recollections of the Peninsula,' is, however, more within the compass of our space.

'There is scarcely a village any where in the wide world, but has in it some half-witted being, whom the very children feel privileged to mock. How often do we see such a crazy unfortunate, followed by a little tribe of urchin tyrants, tormenting and torturing it! some by the nick-name and the cruel laugh—some by the mouth awry or the broad grimace—others by the sly pull at the ragged skirt—and a few by the coward stone:—and the loud shout of triumph the little mob will give, when they succeed in making the poor creature turn and stand at bay; or run after them in fierce, but, happily for them, in impotent anger. Such a sight is not uncommon, and, to a man of thought and feeling, is very humiliating and affecting.

——"*The little dogs and all,*
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!"

cries Lear in his mad misery. "Is there any cause in *Nature* that makes these hard hearts?" Ah me! I fear there is. Kit Wallace, I call thee up from thy grave. Let me paint thy portrait; record thy wrongs; and relate thy death. It may be, some poor feeble-minded being, shall be treated the better for this sketch of thy inoffensive life: some stick shall be raised in defence of a mobbed miserable—some word of kindness be spoken into an ear accustomed only to reviling and reproach.

'I remember, in the ardent and joyous days of my early military life—when my laughter was "like the crackling of thorns under a pot"—a poor, half-witted man, who enlisted into the regiment; I know not when or how.

'He was certainly, poor fellow, to use the favourite phrase of the drill-sergeant, *one of his Majesty's hard bargains.* He was not crazy—he was not an idiot—so that there was no way of getting him discharged, for, at that period, inspecting generals were very strict about discharges: but he was a simpleton of the silliest. The intelligence of a child was greater. It was well for him, perhaps, that he had been driven to enlist by ill treatment at home; or inveigled by some adroit recruiting serjeant, who wanted to pocket the bringing money: for in a regiment he was sure to be clothed, fed, taken care of, and governed. Poor Kit! to make a soldier of him was impossible. However he had eyes, arms, and legs; and as he would not use these last to desert, to get rid of him was impracticable. He had a slouch; and he was a sloven. He never stood in the proper position of a soldier; nor did he ever put on his clothes and appointments like one. Officers and drill-sergeants gave him up in despair. He sunk into a sort of privileged character, one who was

"*Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff.*"

'Kit was in the company of which I was the Lieutenant; for a while my pupil, but soon, and for years, my torment and my plague; and oftentimes—I write it with a blush—oftentimes my jest. Upon inspection and review-days, I hid him as well as I could: put him on a rear-guard, or in an awkward squad of lately-joined recruits: employed him for the day as a cook, or on fatigue duty, or as a line or barrack orderly; some out-of-the-way post or corner was found, in which to conceal Kit: but if, owing to untoward circumstances, such an arrangement could not be effected, I would get him well cleaned, and his appointments well put on, by one of the smartest of my corporals; and then place him in the rear rank, and a clever serjeant behind, with his eye constantly on him, to prevent him from discrediting the company by his blunders.

'It may be supposed, that such a subject soon became the butt of his comrades; they never wanted a joke when he was by;—they tormented him incessantly. They played him tricks, at which sometimes he himself gave the laugh of silliness; while at others, he would blubber like a baby: on these last occasions, I would rebuke him, and punish the men:—but I often, too often, shared in the laughter. Poor Kit!—he went with us to the Peninsula: I remember him well in our marches there. My old captain, who was one of the best tempered men I ever met with, would sometimes be provoked into a violent passion with him; and while he punished half the company for teazing him, would threaten, in a voice of thunder, "to ride down Kit's throat!" the only threat that ever effectually silenced

him when he was in the mood to blubber and bellow;—and the only punishment, if a threat be a punishment, he ever received.

'The silliness of the poor fellow was incredible. I remember on one occasion, when the regiment was drawn up, expecting to be immediately engaged, and I was in charge of the company; as a simple act of duty, I placed him in the front rank; lest, by his extreme awkwardness, he might do some injury, in firing, to the man who would otherwise have stood in front of him. It is a ludicrous fact, that the poor fellow complained to the colonel, as he was riding down the line, that I had placed him in the front rank to get him killed. "Is he not in the front rank himself, you fool!" was the colonel's reply. This shows, first, alas! that poor Kit regarded all the world, and me amongst them, as *his* enemies—next, that he had not much of the hero in his composition. This little incident was never forgotten by the men of the company; and they plagued him about it to the end of the war: but many a voice that gibed and jeered him was, in succession, silenced in death. He was one of the few survivors in the company at the termination of those memorable campaigns. He was present in every battle, and on every march. The handsome, and the happy, and the hardy fell around him: Kit lived on. At the close of the bloody battle of Albuera, when I saw him safe upon that field of carnage, I was glad in my very heart; and felt that "I could have better spared a better man." I have said truly that Kit was no hero, as his complaint to the colonel on a former occasion had proved; yet he had apparently no fear of death. He stood in his place, had a pouch full of ball-cartridges, and fired them away in the battle; whether guilty or innocent of blood, he could not on that occasion know, and little heeded.

'How strange to think of such a man receiving THE THANKS OF PARLIAMENT; as he did in common with the army many times; and was perhaps sent to drill by the commanding officer or adjutant, at the very parade when they were read to him, for some awkwardness or irregularity;—shared perhaps in victory in the morning, and was for some offence put on extra fatigue duty the same evening. What a strange and complicated machine is an army! How much of "the common" enters into it! *Hurrah for Liberty and Old England!* is the cheerful cry of men, enlisted for life, rushing into battle to deal out, and to meet, the death-stroke. The victory is won: then comes again ATTENTION! WORD OF COMMAND AND EXERCISE OF ARMS—*L'étrange chose que la vie!*

'At the conclusion of the war, and upon the return of the regiment home, the battalion was re-organized; Kit was no longer in the same company with me, and, except being occasionally thrown on duty near him, I almost lost sight of the man. At length, after a lapse of years, he fell again under my notice in India. I observed about him a very remarkable change—an evident improvement. He was far cleverer than he was ever wont to be: his awkward gait remained, but his look was no longer the same. His eye, once so restless, that used to be looking on every side, as if constantly expecting either reproof or ridicule, was now still and placid; and a beam of contentment shone in it. He always saluted me with a look of kind and familiar recognition; and if I occasionally stopped and said a word to him, he replied as if pleased at the notice.

'I was much puzzled and perplexed at first about this change in a

man, whose imbecility of mind I had once regarded as alike painful and hopeless. Upon making a more particular inquiry, I found that, in the company to which he belonged, he had become attached to the little child of one of his comrades, and of whom he took as much care as if it had been his own: that he spent all his spare pay upon it: that he did his duty quietly, was regular, and neither troubled his fellow-soldiers, nor was troubled by them; and that he never associated with the men, but was always with this little child, who was exceedingly fond of him.

'Here was the secret. I more particularly observed him ever after. I often met him with the child in his hand:—a little, common-looking child, just old enough to trot by his side, and stammer out its liking—with eyes that to him had beauty, for they looked up to him with affection. Here was the secret: he had never hitherto found in the cold world any thing *to love him*, any thing he could love; here was a heaven-sent object exactly suited to his heart's want;—a little stranger in this earth, too young to know, and to take part with, those who despised him. A little thing, which perhaps had first attracted his notice when, in the chance absence of its parents, it stood terrified and helpless, crying in a tumultuous barrack-room. Poor Kit, who had been buffeted with roughness from his very cradle, had been frightened or laughed out of his wits, and then scorned for having none; had been the sport of the lane or alley in which he was born, and then been driven from the haunts of home; first to be the butt of his fellow-workmen, and next of those, amongst whom he had cast in his lot "to mend his fate or be rid on't,"—had now found something *to love him*.'—*Winter's Wreath*, pp. 274---280.

To this extract, if we add a short biographical memoir of Proctor, a young and promising artist, who is not unaptly called the Chatterton of Sculpture, we shall have acquitted ourselves of our obligations towards the prose compositions in this volume.

'Proctor, from his earliest days, had a strong inclination for the arts; but owing to some family caprice, he was doomed to serve five or seven years behind a draper's counter—a delightful employment for a man of his feelings and imagination! Yet, if he had continued there, his life would probably have glided on more happily and smoothly than it did when he entered on the task of endeavouring to satisfy a capricious public by the productions of his genius. After a joyful release from his servile employment, he resolved to devote himself wholly to sculpture; and declared his intention to some of his intimate friends, who discouraged the idea, and urged him to remain in the business to which he had been brought up. Shortly afterwards, however, having had some property bequeathed to him, and being encouraged to follow the arts by those who had admired his early efforts, and on whose judgment he relied—he indulged his inclinations, and, taking up the pencil and modelling instrument, he bade a final farewell to trade.

'After pursuing his studies for a length of time with various fortunes, he succeeded in gaining the head prize at the Royal Academy. Soon after this, he was introduced to the president, Mr. West, who recommended him to model one of his designs for the following exhibition. This was the "Ixion on the Wheel." Though the model was much admired by the members of the Academy, no one offered to purchase it during the

whole time the exhibition remained open; until, at length, Sir Abraham Hume bought it, merely, as he observed, to encourage the young man; an action which reflects great honour on the taste and feelings of that worthy baronet.

'For the following year's exhibition, he produced his model of "*Pirithoüs slain by Cerberus,*" which was highly approved both by the President and members; but I am sorry to say, that such was the indifference to the arts shewn by the nobility and gentry of the day, that they suffered this production, like his last, to remain unsold until late on the last day of the exhibition; when Sir Abraham Hume called, and enquired if Proctor's model was sold; and, being answered in the negative, said, with much kindness and generosity, that though he did not want the group, he would purchase it to encourage Proctor, who was a young man worthy of patronage.

'As the artist had now been studying for a considerable time, his funds were becoming extremely low; and he resolved to make a desperate effort, before the next exhibition, to gain the public favour. He designed and modelled a group of "*Diomede, king of Thrace, torn to pieces by wild horses,*" which was admired by every person who saw it; and that it might have every chance of being viewed to advantage, the President and council very kindly placed it by itself in the centre of the library. Such were the crowds who daily flocked to see it, that it became necessary to have a strong iron railing placed round, to keep the multitude from pressing on and injuring it. Poor Proctor's model continued to excite a lively interest in the public mind till the close of the exhibition; which only raised his hopes, and caused him to expect that some of its admirers would surely purchase it. His spirits were thus buoyed up till the very last day, when all hope failed him; he became dejected, and gave himself up to despair. At the close of the exhibition, his model was sent home to him; and after viewing and examining it all round, in a fit of despondency he seized a hammer, and in a few seconds broke the group on which he had been employed nearly twelve months, and destroyed a work which had been viewed with admiration by thousands.

'From this time he resigned himself to the deepest misery; quitted his lodgings, and wandered up and down the streets in melancholy solitude. Nothing more was heard of him, till the President inquired of one of his domestics whether Proctor had called to see his pictures; as had been his custom perhaps two or three times a week. He was informed that he had not been there for two or three previous months; and he sent a messenger to make inquiry after him. He was found in a deplorable state: his clothes were all tattered, his health impaired, and he scarcely ever spoke to any one. His abode was a paltry lodging-house in Clare market, for which he paid sixpence each night; and his only food were hard biscuits, and the water he drank at a neighbouring pump.

'The President was much shocked by this lamentable account, and lost no time in summoning a council of the Academy, to whom he proposed to send the unfortunate young man to study at Rome for three years; which was unanimously agreed to. A sufficient sum was voted for his outfit; forty pounds for his travelling expences to Rome, one hundred a year for his subsistence there, and forty pounds for his journey home. On the following day, Mr. West invited Proctor to dine with him: we

may be sure the invitation was gladly accepted. After dinner, Mr. West communicated the pleasing intelligence; at which he was quite overpowered with joy. The President, in continuation, said, "as a mark of my personal approbation of your conduct, my own son (who was then studying for a painter) shall accompany you to Rome, and be the companion of your studies there." Mr. West then gave him a cheque on his banker, and settled that he should leave London with his son, for Paris, on their way to Rome, in about three weeks.

'One short week had scarcely elapsed after this interview, when a messenger rang at the President's door, who said he came from Mr. Proctor. On hearing this, the President thought that it was Proctor himself, coming to communicate his arrangements, and immediately threw open the doors of his study, when he beheld a man at the other end of his gallery, advancing towards him, weeping. He feared all was not right, and asked if Mr. Proctor was unwell; when the messenger, overcome with grief, faintly answered, "Sir, he is DEAD!"

'On further inquiry, Mr. West was told that three or four days after Proctor had dined at his house he was taken ill of a fever, and had expired after two days illness. The fever was of a malignant character; and had been brought on by the overpowering effect of sudden joy upon his weak frame.

'Thus died this Chatterton of Sculpture—a lamentable instance of the indifference of the public to the early struggles of genius:—a melancholy proof,

——— "*how hard is it to climb*
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"'

Winter's Wreath, pp. 389—394.

For a specimen of the poetry, we must again have recourse to Mrs. Hemans; and we must add, that the verses are among the very few worth reading in the volume.

'Whence is the might of thy master-spell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!
How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death!

'How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by—
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!

'What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring,
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee!

'Vain are those tears!--vain and fruitless all—
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall;
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns!

'Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells;

Something that finds not its answer here—
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

'Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high!

'Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought;—
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth!'

Winter's Wreath, pp. 256, 257.

But if justice compel us to limit our extracts from 'The Winter's Wreath' to the three which we have given, we would amply make up for their paucity, if we could, by laying before the reader all the twelve engravings by which it is decorated. It seems to have been an oversight to have engraved for the title page the wreath painted by Vandyke; it is here called a *Winter's Wreath*, although there is not a single winter flower in its composition. It is chiefly made up of roses and violets, the peculiar offspring and ornaments of summer. This may appear to be over-refined criticism; but artists should know that it is in such little proprieties true taste is very often discovered, and by them it is tried. The frontispiece, Lady Blanche and her merlin, well deserves the distinction which has placed it in the van of the embellishments. The figure of the lady is skilfully defined, beneath her light and flowing costume; her countenance beams with intelligence, and her lips are just parted by a smile, which desires you to admire and caress the noble bird that is perched upon her finger. Great praise is due to W. Miller, for his engraving of Havell's view on the Thames, near Windsor. It is a rich sylvan scene; the water gleams in the sun, through the mass of foliage, with a silvery brightness; in the shade, the ripples here and there are touched with light, and serve to show the whole breadth of the Thames at this point. Another charming view in this volume, is that of a scene near Ambleside. Children are seen returning home from school, full of delight; the wearied mistress is seated outside her door, enjoying the evening air; the rooks are wending to their homes on the lofty branches of the trees, through which we catch a view of the distant mountains. Next to the frontispiece, perhaps, the best engraving of the whole is the Sailor Boy. His fine muscular limbs seem instinct with energy, as he climbs the ropes in the rocking of the storm; the hardihood which they display, well contrasts with the tender sorrow, ready almost to melt into tears, which clouds his cheek, when he thinks of the home that he may never see again.

The number and excellence of the plates in 'The Gem' cannot fail to secure for that new annual a very considerable degree of

popularity. They are creditable to Mr. Marshall's enterprise; the subjects are for the most part well chosen, and the execution of the engravings is, generally speaking, unobjectionable. Both 'The Gem' and 'The Winter's Wreath' are of a size larger than 'The Forget Me Not,' though under that of 'The Keepsake.' The additional space, however, tends to set off the plates in both the volumes to great advantage. If we were asked which of the embellishments in the work now before us we should prefer for a portfolio, we should point at once to 'May Talbot,' the engraved title page, which is a singularly beautiful specimen of art, the 'Widow,' 'Nina,' the 'Farewell,' the 'Fisherman's Daughter,' the 'May Queen,' 'Harry and his Dog,' and the 'Young Helvetian.' These are all prints which would do honour to any publication. Upon their great merit, indeed, 'The Gem' must chiefly depend for its success, as we have seldom encountered any miscellany of a more indifferent character than that which Mr. Hood has provided as their auxiliary. In his own verses, at least, we should have expected to have found some gleams of humour and talent, but all his drollery, and even his good sense, seem to have abandoned him on assuming the duties of an editor. A striking instance of bad taste and utter folly is exhibited in the lines which he intended as a poetical description of one of the most interesting engravings in the whole collection—'The Farewell.' Even the measure is nonsensical. We were also much disgusted with Mr. Charles Lamb's sketch of 'The Widow.' It is a poor attempt to turn into a joke the natural sympathies which the engraving is so well calculated to excite. A more heartless or a more pointless series of low poems never appeared before, even from that ridiculous school to which the author of them belongs. We can select from the whole of the three hundred and twenty pages only two pieces, which are at all worthy of being read, and even one of these, we extract more from a deference for the name of the writer, than for any distinguished merit that can be recognised in his composition; we allude to the 'Death of Keeldar,' by Sir Walter Scott.

'Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to watch the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

'Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;

Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

'The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

'Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;---
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

'The game's afoot!---halloo!---halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;---
But woe the shaft that erring flew---
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

'The noble hound---he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

'Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death---but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief, and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

'But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;

Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

'"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service, priz'd, caress'd,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

'And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood,
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied---
I had not died to-day!"

'Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe,
Down dark Oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,
And in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.'---*The Gem*---pp. 13—17.

To this poem, though graced by a great name, we infinitely prefer the following simple ballad, by Bernard Barton, entitled 'The Fisher Girl.'

'My home is on the ocean shore,
My Father's cot beside the wave,
Where winds of winter loudest roar,
And crested billows hoarsest rave.
My Brothers, beautiful and brave!
At Trafalgar by Nelson's side,
So early won a watery grave,
And fell in boyhood's pride.

'Ill could my mother's heart sustain
A blow so sudden and severe;
She died! and I, alone remain
My Sire's else childless home to cheer!—
I wept! but he could shed no tear,
Though I might hear his stifled groan,
When slowly from my Mother's bier
He turn'd—to me alone!

'But Poverty, whate'er its grief,
Must labour for its daily bread;
Its hour of mourning must be brief,
However dear the humble dead:
And childhood's tear, though freely shed,
Is soon forgotten:—day by day,
As o'er our lowly roof it sped,
Some sorrow stole away.

'And now I would not change my lot
For that of Wealth's most splendid home;
More dear to me our sea-side cot
Than Grandeur's proudest, loftiest dome:
The beach, where hour by hour I roam,
Is more than flowery fields to me;
Its breakers, crested white with foam,
My playmates frank and free,

'The rocky cliffs, that lift on high
Their fronts to battle with the breeze,
Are lovelier to my partial eye
Than verdant clumps of leafy trees;
The solemn sound of tossing seas,
The Fisher's song, the Gull's loud cry
My childish fancy better please
Than inland melody.

'Then think me not of hope forlorn,
Or weigh'd by toil and sorrow down;
With basket on my arm, each morn
I gaily seek the Market-town:
None greet me with an angry frown,
But all my humble labours aid;
Pity the King who wears a crown,
But not the Fisher Maid!'

The Gem.—pp. 121—123.

The 'Literary Souvenir' is also a little enlarged this year, and if the two last engravings in the latter part of the volume, 'Feramory relating the Story of the Peri,' and 'She never told her Love,' were removed from it, we should say that it was not unworthy of the high character which has been justly bestowed on most of its predecessors. It would seem that the first of the two prints here mentioned, had been introduced upon an exigency, merely to fill up the requisite number; the other must have been borrowed from some bad edition of Shakspeare's plays. It is a mere caricature of the beautiful creation of the poet. But the inferiority of these engravings is amply redeemed by the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which we believe to be one of the best likenesses of that celebrated person in existence. It has been painted for some time by C. B. Leslie, and has been capitally engraved by Mr. Danforth, a young American artist, of distin-

guished promise. The 'Proposal,' from the 'May-day' of the same painter, may be enumerated among the gems of the volume, as may also be 'Minny O'Donnell's Toilet,' 'Cupid taught by the Graces,' and, above all, 'Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus,' and 'The Sisters.' These two engravings are, beyond all question, superior to anything that we have yet seen in the other annuals. We must give the reader some idea of it through the medium of Mr. J. K. Hervey's kindred verses.

'The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:
Purple the sails; and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKSPEARE.

'FLUTES in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum,—like a people's prayer,—
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo,—like the desart's call,—
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!—
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of,—but never told,—
Around the dancing boat!

'She has stepped on the burning sand!
And the thousand tongues are mute!
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye
Like the flash of an Eastern star!
The galas may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots,—like a bright-plumed bird,—
Away—down the golden river!

'Away by the lofty mount!
And away by the lonely shore!
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh! for some warning spirit, there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad, young spirits broken!

Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
—That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

'A dream of other days!—
That land is a desart now!
And grief grew up, to dim the blaze
Upon that royal brow!
The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast
Blight on the marble plain,
And Sorrow—like the Simoom—past
O'er Cleopatra's brain!
Too like her fervid clime, that bred
Its self-consuming fires,—
Their breasts—like Indian widows—fed
Their own funereal pyres!
—Not such the songs *her* minstrels sing,—
"Live, beauteous, and for ever!"
As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,
Away—down the golden river!'

Literary Souvenir.—pp. 34---36.

We very much regret that the tale which tells the story of 'The Sisters,' is too long for our purpose. It is, perhaps, too tragical as an opening piece for such a work as the Souvenir; it is, however, extremely well written. There is occasionally a playfulness in the style which it would not be easy to imitate, as an example of which we may select a paragraph or two. We must premise Vibert was a romantic, intelligent youth, residing with his uncle at Hazledell.

'At a few miles distance from Hazledell was a pretty estate, called Silvermere, from a small lake, which reflected the front of the dwelling and the high grounds and rich timber behind it. It was inhabited by persons of consideration in the county, who were too happy at home to mix much with their neighbours. In fact, of a numerous family, there was but one daughter old enough to be introduced; and she was of a beauty so rare, that there was little danger in keeping her upon hand until her sister was of an age to accompany her into society.

In this family, Vibert had been for some time a favourite, and had been fascinated on his first introduction to it. The beauty of whom we have made mention, and her sister, a year or two younger, were placed on either side of him; and it was hard to know whether most to admire the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of the younger---the fair-haired Edith; or the retiring, but smiling dignity of the black eyes, and pale fine features of the elder---the graceful Marion. They were, perhaps, both pleased to see the hero of the county conversations; but the younger one was the foremost to display it: without being a flirt, she was frank, and had the rare, natural gift of saying and doing what she pleased without danger of misconstruction.

'The daring but feminine gaiety of this young creature speedily dispelled

from the mind of Vibert all idea of his recent acquaintance. On his making some mention of it, she assured him that, on her part, the acquaintance was by no means recent, for she had heard him discussed as often as any Knight of the Round Table.

'"To place you upon an equality with us," she said, "I will tell you what sort of persons we are, and you can judge whether at any future time, when your horse happens to knock up in our neighbourhood, and your dinner to be five miles off, you will condescend to take advantage of us. Papa and mamma, who you see have been a handsome couple, and would think themselves so still, if they had not such a well grown family, are by no means rigid, exacting, fault-finding and disagreeable, like papas and mammas in general. They have had the good taste to discover our precose talents, and profit by being our companions instead of our rulers, from the time we learned the art of spelling words of one syllable, and doing as we were not bidden. Instead of scolding us for our misdeeds. they used to reason with us as to their propriety, and generally got the worst of the argument; so, saving that in virtue of our old companionship we make them the confidants of most of our dilemmas, they have brought us up charmingly undutiful and self-willed.

'"As for Marion, she is a young lady, erroneously supposed to be the pride of the family, and who presumes to regard me with a patronising complacency which seems to intimate an idea that, one of these days, I shall really learn to talk. She is a sedate personage, who tries to reflect upon things; but as the same deep study has shaded her brow as long as I can recollect, I imagine that she does not often come to a conclusion. Yet the falsely-styled pride of Silvermere does not blanch her cheeks in the unwholesome atmosphere of learned tomes; nor by spinning the globes, nor by hunting the stars. Her character is a little touched with romance, and her study is how to mend a bad world, which continues ailing in spite of her. She gives all her consolation, and half of her pin-money, to a tribe of old dames and young damsels, who, under such patronage, only pull our hedges in greater security, or add fresh colours to the costume which is to flaunt triumphant on the fair day. The urchins whom she teaches "to guess their lessons," and buys off from aiding in the toils of their parents, are the most mischievous in the neighbourhood; and, in short, things go on worse and worse, and poor Marion does not know what to make of it. From the humbler world, so different from the Arcadian affair of her imagination, she turns with despair to the sphere in which she is herself to move, and shudders at the prospect of disappointment there also. Where amongst such a community of young ladies battling for precedence, and young gentlemen vowing eternal constancy to a dozen at a time, can she look for the friend of her soul; or the more favoured being who is to console her for the want of one! Alas, the pride of Silvermere! with feelings so delicate that a gossamer might wound them, how can she accommodate herself to any world but that of the fairy tales which delighted our nursery, or expect tranquillity in any place but a cloister.'—*The Literary Souvenir.*—pp. 6—9.

With Marion, Vibert soon got entangled; while to Edith's eyes 'he was anything but indifferent.' He found, however, a treacherous rival in a neighbouring youth, named Marcus, with whom

he was upon intimate terms of friendship, and to whose jealousy he ultimately became a victim. We may relate the catastrophe.

'They were making a short cut through the tangled thicket, from one path to another, and had reached a more gloomy and savage spot than they had hitherto encountered. Marcus sat down upon a piece of splintered timber, and motioned Vibert, with a gasping earnestness which was not to be disputed, to seat himself beside him.

'"Marcus," said the latter, as he complied, "your conduct is inexplicable. Why are you so anxious that I should not go to Silvermere, nor renew my acquaintance with Marion? You must have some reason for all this; and, if so, why conceal it from me?"

'"If nothing short of such an extremity will induce you to follow my counsel, I must even come to it. Marion is not what you have supposed her. You imagine that her love for you has kept her single. Ask of whom you will, if such be the general opinion. Till yesterday she gave herself to another, who cannot aspire to a thousandth part of your merit, but who happened to be more favoured by fortune. Last night, you became the richest, and she changed; but would Vibert be contented with a partner who preferred another?"

'"Marcus!—this other! It is of youself you speak?"

'"Ask all the world, if she did not make herself notorious with me. She made me distrust all womankind. Vibert, let us both leave her to the reflections of one who has deserved to be forsaken."

"May it not be that you, and not I, have mistaken her? She might have preferred your company because you were my friend, and you might have fancied that she loved you because you loved her. It is needless to contradict me; men do not tremble and turn pale, because their friends are going to marry jilts. I do not blame you; for not to love Marion, is beyond the power even of friendship, Let us only be fair rivals, and not attempt to discourage each other by doing her injustice. Let us go hand in hand, and each prefer his suit. For my part, I promise you, that, if you succeed, I will yield without enmity."

'Marcus staggered as he arose; Vibert's countenance was grave, but not unfriendly.

'"Go on, then," said the former, in a deep, broken voice, and with every feature convulsed; at the same time, he turned himself homeward; and Vibert, seeing that it was advisable to part company, pursued his course towards Silvermere. Marcus made but a few strides, and paused. He clenched his teeth, and cast a wild glance at the fine form that was retreating from him—made one or two hesitating steps, and then bounded after.

'The restlessness which pervaded the other personages of our story during the night, was not spared to Marion or her sister. They talked of their future prospects, until Edith was elevated to her highest flight of spirits. She arranged, that when Marion became the lady of Hazledell, she also was to call it her home; make herself the sole object of attraction and tournament to all the squires round about, and display her true dignity by remaining a scornful lady, and a respectable maiden aunt! By degrees, her fancy ceased castle-building,—a few unconnected sparkles of gaiety grew fainter and fainter, and she dropped asleep. Marion had no wish or power to repose; her nervous sense of apprehension continued

to increase;—she tried every effort to direct her thoughts to other subjects; but they invariably became entangled, and again pressed with a dead weight upon her heart. In this mood, she was startled by Edith laughing in her sleep, with a sound which terrified her.

'"Edith!" she cried, shaking her till she partially awoke,—"Edith, you frighten me—why do you laugh in your sleep?"

'"I laughed," replied Edith, drowsily, and scarce knowing what she said,—"I laughed at some one who preached to me of the vanity of human expectations." She again muttered a laugh, and a second time dropped asleep. She still remained so when Marion arose in the morning and hastily dressed herself to profit by the fresh air; and did not awaken until she had been left some hours alone. The servants told her that her sister had walked out upon the road to Hazledell, and thither Edith followed her.

'Marion was led on by the hope of meeting Vibert, who in former days had often arrived to breakfast, so far as the commencement of the Black Valley. At other times, she had shared in the general terror inspired by the spot; but her feelings were now concentrated upon another subject, and she mused along, heedless of the gloom which surrounded her. In this mood she was startled by a sound like the report of a gun; but the wind was too high to distinguish clearly, and it might have been only the cracking of some time-worn stem. Her heart beat quicker, and she hastened her step. It was Vibert, perhaps, on his way to meet her, and her lips unconsciously pronounced the words,—"Vibert, God bless you!" Presently she distinguished the figure of a man rapidly advancing towards her. He stopped a moment where two paths separated, as if hesitating which he should take; then hurried on, without perceiving her, until he found himself by her side. It was the rejected Marcus. His face was distorted and convulsed, his clothes and flesh rent by the brambles, and his voice like that of one from the grave.

'"Marion!" he exclaimed, standing stiff and motionless, as though he had been suddenly frozen; "what evil spirit has sent you to confront your victim? Go home, Marion, and leave the maniac to his den."

'She regarded him a moment in extreme astonishment, and then burst into tears.

'"Good God!" she cried, "is it possible that a person so valueless as I am can have caused this dreadful change! How could I love you, when my heart had long been another's? I offered you my friendship—from my soul I offer it again. For my sake, for Vibert's, do not cloud our happiness by the thought that we have wounded the peace of another, much less of one who will be so dear so us. Return with me home; dear Edith has still a heart to give you."

'He answered, with a smile of savage bitterness,—"I thank her, I do not want it. Yours has cost me somewhat, and it is hard to labour in vain. Promise me, Marion, promise me, in case of Vibert's—death."

'"Of Vibert's death!—what mean such horrible words. All things seem ominous of woe to me. In Heaven's name, speak again, and do not stand so motionless and ghastly. What is that you see?"

'Marcus slowly raised his arm and pointed to a raven, which was battling its way against the wind. He spoke not a word, but kept his eye fixed upon the bird till it toiled over their heads, and, at a short distance,

swooped into the ticket. It was followed by another, and another. He maintained the same aspect, and Marion, astonished by the strange scene, which accorded so well with her previous presentiments, could scarcely restrain a stifled scream.

'Marcus was roused. "It is a strange instinct," said he, "those heaven-instructed birds seem formed for the detection of—of the farmer's lost cattle, which have strayed away and died! They scent blood afar off, their note is harrowing!—Come away, come away!—I will conduct you home!"

'He grasped Marion by the wrist, and was leading her away, when two of the ravens rose up in clamorous combat for a disputed morsel. Unable to direct their course, the wind carried them back towards the spot where Marcus and Marion were standing; and a part of the contended booty, dropping from their beaks, was wafted to the feet of the latter. She eagerly snatched it up,—it was a curly lock of black hair! A momentary impulse endowed her with twice the strength of Marcus, and she wrenched her arm from his grasp.

'"Yonder carcass," she exclaimed hysterically, "is neither stag nor steer;" and she sprang towards the scene with a supernatural swiftness. Marcus uttered a vain cry to restrain her, and disappeared, feeling his way more than seeing it, as though the world afforded no home and no purpose to direct his course.

'Shortly after, Edith arrived at the place where they had parted, having traced the small foot of her sister in the damp soil. She was alarmed to find it turn in amongst the brambles, and called out, but received no answer! The wind blew her voice back, and the fortuous stems of ragged Scots fir, intermixed with every other species of hardy plant, permitted her eager glance to penetrate but a few yards. She forced her way into the maze, and by the aid of the boughs, clambered partly up the side of the valley, to where a large scale that had fallen from the rocks had separated into fragments upon a bank of yellow sand, overgrown with fern and furze. It was called the Badger's Bank, being filled with the earths of that animal, which shared it in common with the wildcat, and birds of prey that came thither to gorge upon victims! Amidst the ruin of this scene stood Marion,—her long black hair streaming in the blast, and her arms extended to scare away a multitude of the dismal birds which had directed her thither. At her feet lay the form of Vibert,—his face overspread with its last hue, and his temples shattered to pieces!

'When search was made, the sisters were found still protecting the body, and both bereft of reason! Edith loved Vibert no less fervently than Marion had done; but her devotion to her had rendered silence no sacrifice. To see her sister happy was to be blessed herself; and had it not been for this unlooked-for catastrophe, her secret would never have been known!

'We will not swell our history with an account of the long interval that elapsed ere the sisters were restored, in a degree, to their right minds. Their first question, on their partial recovery, related to Vibert's uncle; his infirm frame had sunk beneath his affliction, and he lay in the family vault, beside his unfortunate nephew! There was yet another name, which neither of them dared to pronounce! But the question was divined; and Marcus, they were told, had never been heard of;—a body, too decayed to be recognized, had been found in a distant forest, and might

have been his; it was but a surmise, and, whether true or false, there has never been any other.

'Years passed away; but the characters of Marion and Edith resumed no more their natural tone. The last was never seen to smile again, nor the first to drop a tear;—misfortune had stricken them into a strange apathy, and their only pleasure was to wander, linked in each other's arms, upon the high grounds, from whence they could descry the church where Vibert lay. They were never seen elsewhere, nor in any society but that of each other, although all the world were their friends. Those who had loved them respected their sorrow too much to intrude upon it; and those who had been jealous of being outshone, had ceased to have any cause. The admirers who had pursued them turned sadly from their vague regard, and would as soon have thought of obtaining the stars themselves.

'This lasted but a few years. The fatal remembrance, which slept neither night nor day, drank greedily of the springs of life! They faded almost to phantoms, and death seemed to think his prey scarcely worth the striking; for their departure was unmarked by a single pang. Edith, whose natural temperament had the least repose, was the first to drop;—she died clasping her sister's neck; and Marion followed, in time to be interred in the same grave!'—pp. 26—33.

The editor adds, that the leading incidents in this affecting tale are strictly true.

Two sketches, by the author of "Pelham," are inserted in this volume. The first, entitled 'Too Handsome for any Thing', is a lively and very amusing trifle; the other, supposed to be from a manuscript found in a madhouse, is conceived and written in the very worst taste. It is bombastical, unnatural in the extreme, and far from being adapted for the Souvenir, is hardly fit to form a part even of the "Magazine of Horrors." We are surprised that Mr. Watts's taste did not reject such wretched trash as this. We could wish also that he had rejected Mr. Maginn's Irish Legend. As an imitation of the style of Crofton Croker, it is a miserable attempt: it is a mixture of low jargon, meant for the Doric dialect of Ireland, with the idiom of a London cockney. The 'Rock of the Candle,' is a genuine Irish story; the manner in which it is told is quite Irish. Aunt Norry's Episode would shake the sides of a whole meeting-house. The gravity with which it is narrated forms no small ingredient in its humour. The other prose pieces are heavy, and much too long. To such compositions the pruning knife cannot be too boldly administered. We have already given a sample of the poetry; but we cannot close the 'Souvenir,' without transferring from its pages to our own, Mr. Watts's verses on 'The Youngling of the Flock.' They are imbued with the deepest feelings of the heart, and are clothed in the true language of poetry.

'Welcome! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of bliss!
How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright as this;
Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight when fortune's clouds are dark,
The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!

Oh no, not even when life was new, and love and hope were young,
And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze I hung,
Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings fond and deep,
That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy placid sleep!

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs 'neath summer skies,
The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly we prize;
One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets our eye
Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from on high.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour---star of my troubled heaven!
To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light is given;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that thou,---
A messenger of peace and love—art sent to cheer me now.

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates dear though few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for you!
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a place,
Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as fair a face!

I listen to thy feeble cry, till it wakens in my breast
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long represt!
For weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than mine,
It stirs *my* heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee and thine!

It peals upon my dreaming soul, sweet tidings of the birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth;
And, strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me do and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn fair!

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth—the visions of thy spring;—
For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kindlier impulse ban,
By teaching thee—what *I* have learned—how base a thing is man!

I cannot save thee from the griefs to which our flesh is heir,
But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ills to bear,
I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away!

From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's envenomed dart;
Misplaced affection's withering pang—or "true love's" wonted smart,
I cannot shield my sinless child; but I can bid him seek
Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave earth's malice weak.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird his care,
And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill could bear,
Will still His guiding arm extend, his glorious plan pursue,
And, if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage too!

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the last!
'Tis sweet to deem what thou may'st be, when long, long years have past;
To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others leave my side,
Thou may'st be still my prop and stay, my blessing, and my pride.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's fever it is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch it more,
How sweet to think their may'st be near, to catch my latest sigh,
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing eye.
Oh! God for offices like these the last sweet child is given,
The mother's joy—the father's pride, the fairest boon of heaven;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing strength the rock;
The rainbow to their waning years, the Youngling of their flock!

The Literary Souvenir, pp. 199—203.

There are some delightful and valuable plates in 'Friendship's Offering,' though none, we think, of a decidedly superior character. 'The Rival Suitors,' 'Cupid and Psyche,' 'La Frescura,' and the 'Cove of Musoll,' seem to us to be about the best embellishments in the volume. We do not think that Landseer's exquisite picture of Lord Alexander Russel, here entitled 'Hours of Innocence,' has been well engraved. There is less pretence about the literature of this volume than there is about most of its rivals; a little more vivacity, perhaps, would have done it no harm; but though of a sober character, it has nothing positively offensive to good taste. We should gladly have given a few extracts from it; but as we have exhausted our space, we must confine ourselves to a simple little composition of John Clare's.

Why is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised,
In poet's rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstacy and mirth as well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine there's other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought;
Such the wood Robin singing in the dell,
And little Wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I did dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep; and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

Friendship's Offering, p. 334.

We have received copies of The Amulet, and The Anniversary, but as they were too late, we must postpone our account of them to the next number.

ART. X.—*Memoires sur l' Imperatrice Josephine, ses Contemporains, la Cour de Navarre, et de la Malmaison.* 12mo. pp. 345. Paris & Londres: Colburn. 1828.

Most of us, probably, have an impression, that reading is some how or other necessarily connected with learning; but this is manifestly one of the prejudices which we owe to an obsolete order of things.

The days were, certainly, when a book was a purely intellectual concern, and reading an employment only for those who were capable of thinking. But all that is changed now. Perhaps the greater number of the volumes that issue from the press in the present day, are intended for the use of people who either hate thinking or cannot think. There is, in truth, upon the whole less of mind expended among us in reading than in any other occupation, or almost any other amusement, to which we devote ourselves. People who are fit for nothing else can all at least read. To be able to enjoy a book, is as much a matter of course with them, as to be able to eat or drink.

On the first consideration of the subject, we might be apt to attribute this extraordinary revolution, to an extraordinary intellectual advancement on the part of the species. But this is not in reality the explanation of the phenomenon. It is not men, but books, that have changed their character. Some three or four centuries ago, when but little household furniture was fabricated among us, except what was needed for the magnificent hospitalities of the baronial hall, our cabinet work was universally fashioned in a massive and ponderous style, corresponding to the spaciousness of the apartments in which it was to be placed, and the boisterous revelries, in the midst of which it was intended to maintain its stability; but now that chairs and tables have grown into general demand among all classes of the population, we find ourselves living in an age of much lighter and slimmer upholstery. Just in the same manner has it fallen out in regard to the mystery of book-making. Formerly, to read books was as much a mere professional occupation, as to mix pills or let blood is at present; and it would have been thought as *outré* in any ordinary citizen to intermeddle with letter-press, as it would now be thought for such a person to carry a case of lancets every where about with him in his pocket, or to have the walls of his dining room lined with vials and gallipots. In those days, accordingly, books were written for the learned only, and it no more entered any body's head to attempt adapting them to the use of the great mass of the people, than it now does to fabricate sets of surgical instruments as toys for children, or ornaments for women's bonnets. A book, therefore, was uniformly a truly solemn affair, like the persons for whom alone it was got up. What we now hear so much about under the name of light reading, would then have sounded unintelligible, and like a contradiction in terms, as if one should talk of light gravity, or light darkness. But, thanks to the ingenuity of modern art, which has transformed even our silver and gold into paper, our books too have now become "trifles light as air," and reading positively the prettiest and most slender amusement to which people of all sorts can betake themselves.

We certainly have no intention to lament this innovation, which, on the contrary, we deem a most important step in the progress of

human improvement. Light reading is certainly now the universal fashion; but if there is any person who cares for heavy reading, there is quite enough of it to be found in the remaining literature of other generations. Besides, even now a substantial article is occasionally produced by an author or publisher of antiquated tastes or habits; and in fact, we suspect that the public are still quite as often addressed in the old style of writing, as the existing state of the "fit audience though few," renders it desirable. But on the other hand, books and reading have now been taken out of the sole possession of the few, and rendered the common inheritance and enjoyment of the many. From peer to peasant we are all readers. Nor is the taste limited by sex, any more than it is by rank or profession. Women themselves, stepping out of their ancient province of spoken eloquence, now-a-days not only read books, but even write them almost as abundantly as men.

The volume before us belongs to a class of works for which, from the very nature of the thing, we must be indebted, if we have them at all, to the ingenuity of female authorship. It is a book woven out of materials generally much too slight and delicate for male handling—even the domestic doings of a female court, and the most volatile portion of the small-talk of high society. The fair writer, who dates her earliest reminiscences from about the year 1794, was born in England of parents who had been driven from their possessions in France by the Revolution, and were obliged to support themselves in London by their musical talents, in common with many of their companions in exile. They left this country, however, when their daughter was yet in her childhood, and, proceeding first to Hamburgh, and afterwards to Copenhagen, in each of which cities they resided for a few years, at last returned to their native country in 1800, having found security from all molestation on political grounds in the patronage of Madame de Montesson, the surviving mistress, or as one authoress strenuously contends, the undoubted widow of the Duke of Orleans—a lady who, at all events, enjoyed very considerable favour and influence at the court of Napoleon, which, as well as a share of her large fortune, she very benevolently employed in succouring and promoting the interest of such of the old royalists, as circumstances from time to time brought back to Paris. Her house was indeed the great rendezvous of all the distinguished persons belonging to that party: and the only place where people of all parties were in those days wont to meet together. It was at the house of Madame de Montesson that our authoress was first made known to the Empress Josephine, who is made on this occasion to act a principal part in a somewhat romantic adventure; but it was upon being introduced to her again a few years afterwards, at Geneva, when she was returning from the tour she made to Italy, immediately after the divorce, that the connection might properly be said to be formed which afterwards became so intimate, and continued, as we collect,

to attach the writer to her illustrious patroness, till the death of the latter. By Josephine's invitation the family returned immediately to Paris, where the mother and daughter were received as inmates at Malmaison, until they shortly after followed the Ex-empress along with the rest of her suite to the Palace of Navarre. The present volume, which professes to be only the commencement of the work, brings down the Memoirs to the return of the party to Malmaison in, we believe, the year 1812.

Written, as the work professedly is, with scarcely any regard to dates, it is impossible to consider it as a historical document of much importance—nor indeed do the details it presents fall at all under the province of what is commonly called history. The writer tells us simply what she remembers having heard and seen in her youth, professing to speak merely according to her impressions, and without giving herself any trouble either to correct the suggestions of her memory, or to ascertain whether or no they required correction. Yet as in the sphere in which she moved, she had an opportunity either of observing, or at all events, of hearing a great deal about many of the most distinguished personages of a very remarkable time, and as she tells what she has to say with considerable liveliness, her book is upon the whole an entertaining enough one, and will be read, we do not doubt, with avidity both in Paris and among ourselves. Her observation of character is certainly not very profound; but still she has the quickness of a woman's eye in catching those peculiarities of outward manner, which, above every thing else, make a delineation graphic and amusing. The following passage affords a fair specimen of her skill in this department of writing. It is the account she gives of Christian, the last king of Denmark, whom she used often to see while at Copenhagen.

'He was looked upon as deranged, and yet he never had given any proof of insanity, either in dispensing justice, or in any other matter of importance. He was, I think, an eccentric character who, on the score of having once received an injury in his person, affected so rustic and extraordinary a manner that people believed him out of his senses.

'They used to torment him constantly by forcing him to do what he did not like. He detested remaining long at table, and when he wished to put back his chair to rise, two Norwegian body-guards, stationed behind him, held it fast in its place. He loved to converse, and people were forbid to reply to him; only foreigners did so, indignant at the tyranny to which he was subjected. His ministers never spoke to him, except to chide him, and to order him to do whatever they chose. Whenever he addressed a question to any female belonging to the court, she cast down her eyes and walked away. He was never permitted to be alone, even when he commanded it. It must be allowed that these and similar annoyances continually repeated, could hardly fail to exasperate one already unhappy from preceding occurrences. He had very little money at his disposal—and he gave away almost the whole of it in alms to the poor whom he met in his daily walks. I have seen him frequently; the dread I had of his madness, and the admiration I felt for his scarlet dress

embroidered with gold, have imprinted his figure on my memory. He was deformed, but his afflicted air inspired extreme interest.

'He often went to the theatre, where he always had before him a copy of the opera represented, and followed with his eyes all the pieces sung on the stage. He was always followed by an attendant, to whom he kept continually talking, without ever obtaining a word in reply—a slight nod alone indicated that he had been heard. His gallantry to the ladies was never in fault. He made favourite flowers be raised, of which he formed bouquets which he presented to them; they only thanked him by a curtsy. Whenever he met a lady in the park, where he regularly walked, he paced along with his hat under his arm until he had got out of sight.

'On one occasion they wished to make him sign an act which he considered to be unjust; he refused; but they insisted so strongly, that at last he took the pen and wrote under it *Christian and Co.*, not wishing, he said, to have on his own shoulders the whole responsibility of such a law. They made him begin again several times; but he always wrote the same thing; which had the effect of preventing the publication of an ordinance prejudicial to the people, to whose interests he was greatly attached.

'All ambassadors from foreign powers were presented to him, and the etiquette was that he should say to each, How does the King your master? M. Grouvelle, so celebrated for his conduct in a trial, ever to be deplored by France, arrived in Copenhagen as Minister from the Republic. He appeared before the King in full dress, a velvet mantle, a hat adorned with feathers, and the tri-coloured scarf; when the King, according to custom, having put his usual question to the other members of the diplomatic body, came last of all briskly up to M. Grouvelle; "*How does the King, your master?—Ah! no, I had forgot, the Republic, your Mistress?*" and then turned his back to him without waiting for an answer.'

We may present, as a counterpart to this portrait, the sketch the writer gives us in another part of the narrative of Madame de Staël, who lived in habits of intimacy with her family during the time they resided at Geneva. It is very evident that our fair authoress was quite incapable of even understanding the greatness of this distinguished ornament of her sex; but the account we have of her appearance and manner is given with naiveté, and of an individual so illustrious every notice is interesting.

'Madame de Staël in general conversation seemed to wish to dazzle rather than to please by her talents; and nothing was more easy, for she discussed all subjects with a truly wonderful perspicacity. She never, in fact, conversed; when, with the company assembled around her, she poured forth her declamations in the style of an improvisatrice, it was necessary only to listen to her; if by chance she ever addressed a question to any one, it was with so absent a manner, that you might save yourself the trouble of replying, certain that she would not hear your answer. You were often drawn in to be of her opinion, subdued by her extraordinary eloquence; as long as she spoke you thought as she did; it was only after you had left her, that you perceived on reflection that she had been maintaining opinions irreconcileable with those which you had heard from her on former occasions. Her impressions were apt to change; things appeared to her successively under different points of view; that which

proceeded from an impartial sincerity, seemed sometimes inconsistency; you were disposed to think that, by way merely of a sportive display of her powers, she supported alternately both sides of the question.

She was forty-five years of age when I knew her; and she retained all the tastes of youth, and all the coquetry of dress which would have been suitable to a young woman. She could never have had an agreeable countenance; her mouth and nose were ugly; but her superb eyes expressed, with miraculous effect, every idea that arose in that head so rich in elevated and energetic thoughts. Her hands were perfect; and she took care to let them always be seen, by a custom she had of constantly turning round with her fingers a branch of poplar with two or three leaves on it, which made a slight noise that she liked. She pretended that it was the indispensible accompaniment of her words, and that she would become mute if they should deprive her of her darling branch, for which in winter she substituted little bits of curled paper. Whenever she made her appearance at a party, they brought her several of these toys—from which she chose the one that was to serve her all the evening.

She was good, obliging, and incapable of taking revenge for an injury; she liked those who did not habitually agree with her in opinion, and could argue with candour and talent; certain of shining still more in these conversational conflicts, she was sometimes best pleased when you contradicted her—a strange way of gaining the good graces of a woman! Madame de Staël saw, in general, little of the Genevese, the severity of whose manners, at times even slightly austere, ill suited a spirit and character whose independence accorded so indifferently with the idea usually entertained as to the proper sphere of a female. Madame Necker, her cousin, and Madame Rilliet-Huber, both distinguished for talent, were the only persons among her country-women with whom she was intimate; but all stranger ladies delighted in resorting to her, to learn to how high a point of superiority their sex might attain.

She loved society, in which she shone so much, but not particularly the society of women, who offered, in general, few resources to a mind such as hers. She mortally hated all the factitious attentions and conversational talk of the saloons. She could not perceive that any thing either of truth or morality could lurk under the falsehoods of affectation. The very word, *convenances*, was insupportable to her; and she had erased it from her dictionary, indignant at the narrow and hypocritical meaning commonly attached to it. Madame de Staël was only in her element among men capable of appreciating her, and discussing with her subjects foreign to our habits. The more numerous the circle surrounding her, the higher soared her genius. Celebrity was to her a necessary of existence, and she obtained it by taking altogether a different path from the rival whom it was sought in every way to oppose to her.

This rival was the celebrated Madame de Genlis, at that time also resident in Geneva, and surrounded, as the writer remarks, by quite an opposite set of admirers, as her intellectual character was of quite an opposite description to that of Madame de Staël. Our authoress and her family remained at Geneva for about three years—and the picture we have of the society and some of the customs of the place is, as usual, sketched with considerable viva-

city, though probably a little too much in a style of exaggeration and caricature. We prefer translating the following curious and interesting anecdote from an account she gives of an excursion to the Glaciers, in the course of which she met with Balmat, the famous guide of M. de Saussure, and who was known, in consequence, by the surname of *Mont-Blanc*. Of him she says,

'Although still a peasant in language and manners, it is very interesting and instructive to hear him talk. He perfectly understands mineralogy and botany, and knows all the singularities of this privileged corner of the earth, where the most illustrious persons meet from all parts of the world. Having been always connected with them, he has retained a multitude of anecdotes respecting them, which he recounts with an energy not often to be found in a man of the world. He remembers every one to whom he has been guide, and traces with ease portraits of them, which must be resemblances. When he wants a word to express his idea, he uses a gesture which sufficiently indicates it.

'He told us that *only one woman* had ever ascended Mont Blanc so high as M. de Saussure. It was a servant girl of an inn, who felt ashamed that our sex was not more courageous. She announced her intention of following the first travellers who should attempt this excursion. It was in vain that they observed to her she would not be able to sustain the fatigue of so painful a journey, that she would have to sleep for two nights on the ice, &c. She persisted, and actually set out with two English gentlemen, and seven guides. Arrived at the middle point of the space which she had to traverse, she was already ill; they wished to induce her to renounce her project, but it was impossible; she swore that she would much rather die than return without having placed her foot on the spot where M. de Saussure had set his. The higher she ascended, the worse did her health become, without her courage ever failing her. The excessive cold which is experienced when one reaches a certain height occasioned her the most dreadful vomiting, which nothing could allay; but whenever they wished to make her go back, she was seized with such frightful nervous attacks, that it was found necessary to allow her to expose herself to a danger which she was determined to face. 'Drag me, carry me, only let me touch the stone erected to commemorate that never to be forgotten journey, and I shall die content." At last, after unheard-of fatigues, toils, and sufferings, her prayers were granted; she added her name to that of the traveller whom she revered. The guides were obliged to carry her almost the whole way in descending; she could not sustain herself on her legs; and for six weeks after it was doubtful if she would live or die. It is unpardonable in me to have forgotten the name of this village heroine. I had inscribed it in a little note book, which was lost in one of my numerous journeys.'

Napoleon and Josephine, whom, from the title of the book, we should expect to find the principal personages of the story, scarcely make their appearance until about the middle of the volume, and even then not to act any very leading or striking part. The former, indeed, was chiefly seen by the writer, when at all, in the distance, and she was indebted for the greater part of what she learned of his character and actions to the reports of others. She

relates, however, a few anecdotes respecting him, collected from the peculiar sources to which she had access, some of which are illustrative of his modes of feeling and acting. We translate the following paragraphs from a very amusing chapter, which is principally occupied with similar details;—

'At Saint Cloud, the Empress was present with the Emperor at the representation of the Zingari in Fiera of Paësiello, who was residing with their majesties. On this occasion, there had been introduced into the piece a superb air of Cimarosa.

'Napoleon, passionately fond of Italian music, which he wished to bring into fashion, was in ecstacies at every passage, and paid a variety of compliments to Paësiello, which were felt to be the more flattering, as the lips which pronounced them were known not to be prodigal of praise. At last, after the passage I have mentioned, the Emperor returned, and taking the hand of Paësiello, exclaimed with transport, "*Ma foi*, my dear friend, the man who composed this air may proclaim himself the greatest composer in Europe." "It is Cimarosa's," feelingly articulated Paësiello. "I am sorry for it,—but I cannot recal what I have said."

'In order, in some degree, to heal the mortification he had occasioned, the Emperor, who valued the talents of Paësiello, and loved the man, sent him next day a handsome present. I doubt whether he attained his end. The self-love of an author is, in general, stronger than his love of wealth; and the honours received would hardly obliterate the remembrance of the cruel words of the preceding evening.

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'When Paësiello left France, his place of Master of the Chapel became vacant. Napoleon wished to nominate to it a man worthy of succeeding him. He threw his eyes on Méhul, whom he had known long before the expedition to Egypt. Talent, genius, an honourable character, rendered this choice excellent; every thing made it probable that Méhul would accept the appointment with eagerness. What, then, was the astonishment of the Emperor, when he received a formal refusal! "I cannot," said Méhul, "accept this place, unless you will permit me to share it with my friend Cherubini." "Don't mention him; he is a flippant fellow, whom I cannot endure." "He has doubtless been unfortunate in incurring your displeasure, General, but he is the master of all of us in sacred music; he is not in affluent circumstances; he has a family, and I wish I could restore him to your favour." "I repeat to you, that I will have nothing to do with him." "In that case, General, I tender my positive refusal, and nothing shall make me change my resolution. I am in the Institute; he is not. I cannot bear that people should have it in their power to say that I take advantage of the favour with which you honour me, to monopolize every thing, and to deprive an illustrious man of all he has a right to aspire to." Méhul persisted in his resolution, and Napoleon would not yield; he therefore desired the Empress to seek for a composer who might fill with talent the place which he wished to give to Méhul. Josephine mentioned the matter to Madame de Montesson, who strongly recommended to her M. Lesueur.

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'Napoleon, when only general of brigade, had made some observations

to Cherubini on his music, which he considered, perhaps with reason, to be too learned, and not sufficiently adapted for singing. "General," replied Cherubini in a rage, "do you mind winning battles, that is your profession; leave me to attend to mine, of which you know nothing." This answer hurt Napoleon, who could never forgive it.

The account given of Josephine, is the statement of a grateful and devoted adherent, and is of course a panegyric; but it is only fair to remark, that it very nearly coincides with whatever impartial and trustworthy testimony we have from other quarters, to the character of that able, but unfortunate woman. The present writer details numerous evidences both of her amiability and good sense, the general truth of which it is impossible to doubt, whatever embellishments or other slight inaccuracies may have found their way into the narrative. Her fortitude and resignation under very trying circumstances, were such, undoubtedly, as have not often been surpassed. Treated, especially, as she had been by Napoleon, she and her friends might have been excused, even although they had felt and expressed themselves regarding him with considerable acrimony. But it speaks volumes in proof of the forgiving gentleness of her character, that even the present writer, whose sentiments on such subjects have taken their hue, we may be sure, from the conversation of her patroness, uniformly speaks of the Emperor with respect, often with warm admiration. The notices we have of several of the most interesting events in Josephine's history, are not very ample; but the scattered intimations we have of her conduct in a great variety of circumstances, are always such as to do her honour. She often spoke,' we are told, 'of the period during which she had known distress, and always remembered, with gratitude, the services she had in those days received. The one which had touched her the most, and to which she was wont to return with evident pleasure, was that which had been rendered her by Madame Dumoulin, a very rich and very obliging lady. During her poverty, Madame de Beauharnois dined every day with this excellent person, who used to assemble at her house a small number of friends of reduced fortunes. Every one brought her bread along with her, which at that time was considered a luxury, but Madame Dumoulin, knowing that Madame Beauharnois was still poorer than the rest, dispensed with this custom in her case, which made the Empress remark, that from this benefactor she had received literally her daily bread.' Many other similar traits are given by our authoress, which indicate a heart uncorrupted by prosperity, as well as retaining its cheerfulness under a reverse of fortune, which would have crushed many another to the earth. On the affair of the divorce, there is not much said in the volume before us, but we have rather an interesting account of Josephine's reception of the intelligence of the birth of the *King of Rome*, which, however,

we cannot afford to extract. The Emperor, who used to write affectionately and frequently to his ex-consort, sent her a few lines on this occasion under his own hand, which seemed to gratify her much. She appeared greatly delighted, too, by an interview she had with him on her return to Malmaison. While at Navarre, however, he kept her surrounded by his spies, so that not a word was uttered by any of her household that might not reach his ears. The following narrative is, perhaps, the most interesting the volume contains, in relation to Josephine:—

"The Empress was superstitious, but not nearly so much so as has been reported. She did not like, to be sure, that you should talk before her of predictions, that which had once been made to herself, promising her a melancholy end. She satisfied, however, the ardent desire we felt of knowing exactly what had been foretold to her at Martinique. Here is the story she related to us.

"She was not then married. One day, while taking a walk, she saw several slaves collected around an old woman, who was telling them their fortunes; she stopped to listen. On perceiving her, the sorceress uttered a scream, seized the hand of Mademoiselle de Tascher, and appeared to be in extreme agitation.

"The latter, amused with her fooleries, allowed her to proceed. You see, then, about me something very extraordinary?—Yes.—Is it misery or good fortune, that is to be my lot?—Misery! Oh yes.—Good fortune also.—You take care not to commit yourself, my good sybil; your oracles are not particularly clear.—I dare not make them more intelligible; said the woman, lifting her eyes to heaven, with a singular expression of countenance—But what is it you really read for me in futurity? said Josephine, whose curiosity began to be excited.—What do I behold there? You would not believe me, if I should tell you.—Yes, indeed, I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and to hope for?—You insist upon it? Hearken! You will soon be married; that union will not be a happy one; you will become a widow, and then?... and then you will be *Queen of France!* You will pass some happy years, but you will perish in a popular tumult.—On finishing these words, the woman broke away from the groupe which surrounded her, and fled as quickly as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit.

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"The whole of this affair was forgotten by Josephine, till she lost her first husband, M. de Beauharnois, to whom she was passionately attached. He had given her weighty occasion for jealousy. At first she complained with mildness. Seeing that far from in any respect changing his conduct, he openly professed a violent passion for the woman who destroyed her happiness, Madame de Beauharnois threw a bitterness into her reproaches, which completely estranged from her him whom she wished to recover. Both parties obstinately refused to yield. It was necessary to come to a separation. The Revolution arrived; M. de Beauharnois was arrested. When she knew he was in prison, all her wrongs were forgotten; she resorted to every method imaginable to soften the rigours of his situation. He was touched by this noble conduct, and wrote her several very touching letters, to recommend his children to her care. He bitterly regretted

the absence of his brother, who might have served for a protector to the woman he had so much injured; she occupied, indeed, his latest thoughts.

'Sent herself to prison in her turn, she there learned the frightful death of M. de Beauharnois. "In spite of myself," said she to us, "I thought continually of my prediction. Habituated to occupy myself with it, what had been foretold me appeared by degress less absurd, and I ended by almost considering it quite simple.

'"One morning the jailor entered a chamber, where I slept, along with the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and two other ladies. He informed me he came to take my hair mattress, to give it to another prisoner. How to give it? said Madame d'Aiguillon, eagerly; Madame de Beauharnois, then, is surely to have a better?—No, no, she will not need, answered he, with a diabolical smile; for they are coming to take her to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine.

'"At these words my companions in misfortune screamed aloud. I consoled them in the best way I could; at last wearied with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was destitute of common sense; that not only I should not die, but I should yet be *Queen of France.* Why not name your household? asked Madame Aiguillon, angrily—Ah, that is true, I did not think of it. Very well, my dear friend, I will name you dame d'honneur, I give you my promise. And the tears of these ladies only flowed more rapidly, for they thought me mad, seeing me so cool at such a moment. I assure you, ladies, that I was not acting the heroine, for I was at the time fully persuaded of the realization of my oracle.

'"Madame d'Aiguillon feeling almost unwell, I led her to the window which I opened to give her a little air; I observed a woman of the lower orders, who made a variety of signs to us which we did not comprehend. She every moment took hold of her robe, without our being able to conceive what she meant by it. Seeing that she continued to do so, I called out to her *Robe*; she made a signal that I was right; then she picked up a stone, put it into her apron, which she again shewed us, lifting up the stone with the other hand; *Pierre,* I again called out to her. Her delight was extreme on being assured that we comprehended her at last; joining her robe to the stone, she several times eagerly went through the motion of cutting her throat, and then began dancing and clapping her hands. This singular pantomimist excited in us an emotion which it is impossible to express, since we dared not believe that she announced to us the death of *Robespierre.*

'"At the moment while we were thus suspended between fear and hope, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the formidable voice of the turnkey, who was saying to his dog, while giving him a blow, with his foot, Will you go on, you S—— Robespierre? This energetic phrase proved to us that we had nothing to fear, and that France was saved.

'"In fact, a few moments after, our companions in misfortune entered the apartment, and gave us the details of this great event. It was the 9th thermidor.

'"They brought me back my hair mattress, on which I passed the best night that could be. I fell asleep, after having repeated to my friend, You see, I am not yet guillotined, and *I shall yet be Queen of France.* When I became Empress I wished to keep my word. I requested to have Madame

de Girardine (formerly Madame d' Aiguillon) for dame d'honneur, but the Emperor would not permit it, as she had been divorced.

'"Such, ladies, is the exact truth as to this celebrated prophecy. The latter part of it gives me little disquietude; I live here in tranquillity and retirement; I never interfere in politics; I do as much good as I can; so I hope to die in my bed. It is true that Marie Antoinuette!"—Here Josephine stopped, and we hastened to change the conversation.

This story may be true; but it is throughout so deficient in the *vrai-semblable*, that, we confess, we cannot altogether reconcile ourselves to it. The miserable episode of the woman with the stone and the apron, is, to our taste, particularly nauseous. We do hold this paltry fragment to be quite unworthy of forming a sequel to the really romantic adventure with the sorceress.

Besides the characters we have mentioned, the work contains a great many anecdotes, about a great many people whose names even we cannot now pretend to enumerate. A considerable number of those, however, who figure in the table of contents, the reader will find merely named in the body of the volume. But about others, particularly Talleyrand, Perignon, Eugene Beauharnois, the Duke de Laval, Sismondi, M. Huber and his lady, La Maréchale Lefèbvre, M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, Moreau, Madame Tallien, M. Portalès, Le Prince Kourakin, M. de Czernicheff, &c. &c. there are some interesting details. The book is written, as such books should be written, without any elaboration of style; but is often, we are sorry to say, so inaccurately printed as to be almost unintelligible.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—1. *The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. 12mo. pp. 240. *Twelve illustrations.* London: Longman and Co. 1829.

2. *The Christmas Box. An Annual Present to Young Persons.* Edited by J. Crofton Croker, Esq. With several wood cuts. 12mo. pp. 244. London: Ebers and Co. 1829.

THE success which attended Mr. Crofton Croker's experiment last year, has this year procured for him more than one fair rival. Mrs. Watts has produced a little volume, which from the number and beauty of its illustrations, as well as the pretty little tales and verses with which it abounds, promises, if he does not look about him, to beat him fairly out of the field. We understand that Mrs. Hall, the lady of the editor of "The Amulet," has in preparation a similar present for young folk; and that Mr. T. Roscoe intends to produce a work that will occupy the generations who are neither young nor old, the middle race, who are just setting out for school, and whose tears are likely to be dried by a handsome, light, amusing pocket book, with which they can beguile the first hours of their journey. We have as yet seen neither of the latter

publications—except in sheets—and in that state we must leave them, until they come before us in a more perfect form.

Mrs. Watts's Souvenir bears, as was to be expected, a strong family-likeness to the volume that is edited by her husband. The plates are not, indeed, of the first class, nor need they be; they are quite as good as it is fit to put into the hands of children. One of them, Rosalie, is perhaps too good for such a work; it is a charming engraving, and might have found a place, not undeservingly, in the elder Souvenir. The subjects of these prints are all suitable to young minds. 'The Children in the Wood,' 'the Marriage of the Infant Richard, Duke of York, to the Lady Anne Mowbray,' 'the Boy and the Dog,' 'the Blind Grandfather,' 'the Dead Robin,' 'Hubert and Arthur;'—these, and other subjects, are represented in the engravings, and add very much to the other attractions which the volume contains, and really render it quite captivating for every body who is just able to read, and not yet wholly out of the trammels of the nursery.

We would take the liberty to suggest that the accomplished editor should endeavour, in her next volume, to render the style, of the prose tales particularly, a little more familiar and colloquial. We would point out expressions, such as "elongated," "mocassius," "taciturn," "mactachering," and a great many others, which very few boys, or girls either, can understand without explanation. But this is not all. The stories are written too plainly with *an intention* to instruct and admonish; the object would be better accomplished, if the intention were veiled a little more; for children, who will not like to be lectured, will derive all the benefit that is proposed for them from an interesting allegory, or tale, more immediately addressed to their imaginations. Mrs. Watts will, we hope, excuse us for making this suggestion, as we have every reason to hope that the success of her present work will enable her to have many opportunities of putting its practical utility to the test. The composition that comes nearest in her collection to the model which we prefer, is 'The Spider and the Fly,' by Mrs. Howitt. There is not one little urchin in a hundred that will forget this playful 'version of an old story,' while the whole hundred would peruse as a task, and the next moment consign to forgetfulness, Mrs. Hoffland's learned tale of the 'Stolen Boy.' They might not, perhaps, be indifferent to some of the facts, but they could never remember the hard names, and above all, the 'mactachering.' We shall copy the story to which we allude:—

'"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

'"I'm sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

'Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome---will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

'"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning, now, I'll call another day."

'The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

'Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!—At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

'He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.'

If all the poetry of the Juvenile Souvenir had been like this, it could not fail to overrun the country; even as it is, it has a good chance of reaching as far as Johnny Groats. For our part, we wish it every success.

As Mr. Crofton Croker is not a lady, one may tell him plainly at once, that his Christmas Box for the new year is not half so harmonious, or so agreeable a book, as his last affair. It looks too much like a school book, with its sketches in natural history, and its interminable tale of the Snow Woman. We are inclined, however, to excuse much of the dullness of this volume, in consideration of the farcical sketch, 'Much coin, much care.' The man or boy who can read that piece without laughing till his sides cry out for mercy, must be in a condition that requires the attention of a doctor. The wood-cuts are as droll as the dialogue itself. We would not exclaim, *O si sic omnia!* but we do think, that a little more of the sprightliness which animates this piece, would have been usefully applied in the earlier pages of 'The Christmas Box.'

ART. XII. *Anti-Tooke; or an Analysis of the Principles and Structure of Language, exemplified in the English Tongue.* By John Fearn. 8vo. Vol. ii. pp. 444. London. 1827.

WE really do not know very well in what terms to notice this volume, or the work of which it is a part. There are, it appears to us, at least two inquiries upon the subject of language, which may rationally engage the attention of philologists. A scrutiny may be instituted into the existing state of language, and a correct description given of its parts and properties; or an attempt may be made to investigate the origin and derivation of its different forms from those mental operations or tendencies to which they owe their birth, and to trace the history and causes of the successive changes they have undergone in the course of their employment among the affairs, and on the lips of men. From the first inquiry will spring such a science of language, as botany is of plants, or ornithology of birds; a science which accurately divides and arranges words into their several classes, according to whatever essential differences may be found to exist among them. From the second would arise such a science or theory of language, as that which geologists labour to establish in regard to the origination and growth of the various mineral substances which compose the mass of the earth, and the causes of those phenomena by which they are marked. Now in the one as well as in the other of these fields of research, it is manifest that we can only proceed safely under the united guidance of both the facts of language, and the principles of our own mental constitution. Language is altogether the offspring of mind, and inherits its whole nature and character from its parent. Whether, therefore, we are to describe its existing state, or to investigate the manner in which it was originally formed, and has since grown up from infancy to maturity; while of course we do not suffer ourselves ever to overlook the known and unquestionable facts of the case, we must turn always to the constitution and tendencies of the human mind for their explanation. If we cannot reconcile the facts to the principles, we must just do as we would do in any other philosophical inquiry. The fact having been first carefully ascertained, and placed beyond the reach of doubt or controversy, we must, if possible, so enlarge or otherwise modify the principle, that while it remains in as much harmony as ever with all the other ascertained facts or phenomena to which it refers, it shall embrace also this hitherto undiscovered or unexplained one. In this case the investigation of language will have contributed to the extension and improvement of metaphysics. If we cannot manage the matter in this way, there is assuredly no other way of managing it. The difficulty remains unsolved, that is all. We must just do as the natural philosopher would, if he should encounter a phenomenon in nature which by all his ingenuity he could not reconcile to the principle, for instance, of gravitation; while he was unable on the other hand so to correct the principle as, while he made it comprehensive of the new phenomenon, to keep it in agreement with all the old ones. We must confess that we do not understand the matter. But we must not attempt to get over the difficulty by disregarding either the fact or the principle.

But it is abundantly evident that, however obstinately this agreement between the realities of human speech and the ascertained constitution of

the human mind may in some cases continue to elude our investigation, it could do so no longer if our philosophy were brought to its ultimate limit of perfection. The apparent irreconcileability can be apparent only, and must reside wholly in the imperfection of our knowledge. For the phenomena of language do all, most unquestionably, originate in the source to which we have just referred them; and, all irregularity and chaotic confusion as they may seem to a superficial observer, are quite as susceptible of being explained and reduced to system, as any other phenomena that have ever been conceived to come under the cognizance of philosophy.

The reader, however, will be pleased to observe, that we do not maintain, with some grammarians, the possibility of explaining every thing in language by what we may call canons of pure reason. We have said that its peculiarities are to be accounted for by a reference to our mental constitution; by which phrase we mean the whole of that constitution, not merely an eighth or a tenth part of it. The imagination and fancy of men have had as much to do in the formation of language as their reason, as in truth they have had in the construction of every thing else of which our nature is the parent. In attempting to explain language, we must overlook no part of our mental constitution that has contributed aught to its formation.

As far as we understand the object of Mr. Fearn, in the work before us, it is not exactly that which is proposed by either of the two inquiries which we have specified. He seems, in the first place, anxious to ascertain—not what language is, but what it ought to be; and, secondly, the considerations which he admits as of authority in the settlement of this matter, instead of being those upon which nature has actually proceeded, are certain others of his own selection, which, without much, or, indeed, as far as we can perceive, any examination at all, he assumes to be alone entitled to respect in this department of philosophy. His ultimate aim, therefore, is not to explain either the origin and history, or the present state of the existing structure of language, but to throw it down, in order that he may erect another, of an altogether different order of architecture, on its site. It may happen, certainly, that some portions of the old edifice will serve without much alteration as portions of the new one; and so we may be saved the confusion and inconvenience of an entire demolition of the one fabric, previous to the erection of the other. But no thanks to Mr. Fearn for this. Had it happened that no part of the existing structure had been reared in conformity to his new system, he would not have left one stone of it upon another.

Now, the meaning or purpose of all this, we confess, that we do not well see. Even if Mr. Fearn were indisputably right as to what he deems the proper principles on which a language should be constructed, any attempt to reform language, according to a system so opposite to that on which it has actually been founded, would be manifestly as vain as the wish of the royal astronomer Alphonso, that he had been present when the Almighty arranged the heavens, in order that he might have shown him how to make them a little less complicated. The foundations of language, as laid by nature, it is no more possible for philosophy to remove, than it is for it to demolish and rebuild the firmament, or to change the courses of the stars. But, secondly, we deny, unqualifiedly, that Mr.

Fearn's system of the architecture of speech is either better than, or so good as that which has been formed by nature. We do not, à priori, think it likely that it should—for there are no ministers to the mere necessities of human life like the instincts of nature; and upon actual examination, we find our previous conclusions amply confirmed. We venture to say, that there is not one of Mr. Fearn's proposed innovations that might not be easily demonstrated to have for its tendency and sure effect, the deterioration of language, instead of its improvement. In a notice of this description, we cannot, of course, enter into the detail of such an argument; but we may merely state one fundamental consideration, which is of itself sufficient to establish the point. Language as it is, is not, as we have already stated, simply the produce of pure reason. It is something far more comprehensive of, and universally accommodating to the necessities of human thought and human life, only a comparatively small number of which could find adequate expression by means of an instrument fashioned according to the requirements of a perfectly rigid logic. But such an instrument as this would Mr. Fearn make language; the consequence of which, in one word, would be, that it would be impossible any longer for men to utter or to compose any thing more eloquent, impassioned, or poetical, than an algebraic equation.

What a certain school of philologists deem the grand imperfection of language, is, in truth, its chief glory, and the source of by far the greatest part of its wealth and power. What they falsely call its irregularity, meaning its disobedience to the miserable discipline of their theories and systems, is merely its conformity to the requirements of a larger and nobler system, which they do not understand.

Influenced by these considerations, we confess we have not thought it worth while to devote a larger space to the examination of Mr. Fearn's speculations, than the few sentences we are now writing will occupy. The principal aim of his book is, we think, quite a wrong-headed one, and altogether undeserving of encouragement. We must not dismiss the subject, however, without bestowing upon the work the praise which it merits on other accounts. Knowing, as we do, Mr. Fearn's original and powerful mind, we are quite aware that it is impossible for him to put forth his strength upon any subject without turning up some part of its hidden philosophy. His volumes accordingly are interspersed with many new and valuable observations, as well as with a good many which are new but not valuable. He has adopted, in our opinion, an entirely incorrect and most unfortunate idea as to the degree and mode of reform necessary for language; but where this error does not mislead him, he often strikes out for himself a fortunate path to truths which had escaped all his predecessors. Having said this, we need scarcely add, that the work is one which all philologists and all metaphysicians should read and study. We look upon its publication as forming decidedly an era in the history of the philosophy of language, more remarkable than any that has occurred since the appearance of the Diversions of Purley.

Mr. Fearn's style is full of the elements of excellence; but yet it is not a good style. It is in the first place deformed by incessant affectations, or peculiarities at least, which are, perhaps, introduced by the learned author upon system, but which we would certainly very earnestly advise him to refrain from, at least until the theory in which they have their birth be

more generally acquiesced in than it yet is; as at present they only disturb and perplex the reader, when they do not make him laugh at them and their author. Then there is occasionally great want of neatness and perspicuity in the construction of the sentences, and sometimes such apparently pertinacious slovenliness, that we are almost tempted to set this too down to the score of some lurking predilection, upon theoretic grounds, for the inelegant and the awkward. On the other hand, it is a style of considerable force, and in these days of hard and heartless flippancy, of no common raciness and unction. These are precious qualities, and would almost redeem any faults, if it were not that the faults we have just alluded to are, in fact, as easily avoided as committed.

ART. XIII.—*Rienzi; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Miss Mitford. 12mo. pp. 66. London: Cumberland. 1828.

THIS is one of the very few modern tragedies which have succeeded, and deserved to succeed. It is written with great spirit, and at the same time with a direct and uniform regard to stage effect. Miss Mitford, in penning her lines, considered always that they were to be addressed to an audience impatient of declamation, and attentive only to the action of the scene. Possessing this great secret of dramatic composition, and rendering it her guide through the whole piece, she has produced a capital acting play, that never flags for a moment during the performance.

Nevertheless, to say that Rienzi is a tragedy of the first order, and that it merits a place among the best compositions of that kind which occupy our stage, would be paying the fair author a compliment that gallantry only could justify. There is but one character in the whole tragedy—Rienzi, Angelo, and Colonna, Ursini and Claudia, might be all huddled together under the comprehensive shade of the 'Nobles, attendants,' &c. who are found in every drama, without causing the reader either surprise or disappointment. The outlines of Rienzi's character may be traced in Gibbon, and the incidents that fill up the different acts, though very well calculated for scenic effect, required no extraordinary powers of invention.

Of the nervousness of the language, and at the same time of the fiery character of Rienzi, the following passage, being his address to the Roman citizens, will afford a striking specimen:—

> '*Rie.* Friends,
> I come not here to talk. Ye know too wel
> The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
> The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
> A race of slaves!—He sets, and his last bean
> Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
> By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
> To crimson glory and undying fame;
> But base ignoble slaves,—slaves to a horde
> Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
> Rich in some dozen paltry villages,—
> Strong in some hundred spearmen,—only great
> In that strange spell—a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
> Or open rapine, or protected murder,

Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour,—
– there he stands,—
Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonour? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye,
"I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,—
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple." How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! "He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips.' In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and when I cried
For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonoured; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes.'—pp. 25, 26.

It is possible that Rienzi may continue to attract audiences during the present season; but we apprehend that it will never arrive at the dignity of a 'stock piece.'

ART. XIV.---*An Historical Account of Subways in the British Metropolis.* By John Williams, the Patentee. 8vo. pp. 472. London: Carpenter and Son. 1828.

MR. WILLIAMS, as is probably known to many of our readers, has been endeavouring to cal the public attention for several years past to a plan, by which he proposes to obtain access to the gas and water-pipes under the streets of the metropolis, without that breaking-up of the pavement which forms at present so constantly-recurring a nuisance. The present volume is devotedto an ample developement of this scheme, and may be

said, indeed, to embrace the most complete account that is, perhaps, any where to be found of the means by which London is lighted and supplied with water. Mr. Williams's proposal is simply, that excavations to the depth of nine or ten feet should be made under the streets, each of which would in this way rest throughout on an arch, and form, in fact, a bridge between the opposite rows of houses. In these subterraneous and vaulted chambers, the pipes for the conveyance of gas and water would be deposited, access to which would be obtained by means of grated doors opening from the cellars of the adjacent houses, while smaller apertures of a similar construction might be formed at short distances in the arch for the admission of light and air. Few, perhaps, who examine Mr. Williams's book will be inclined to question the desirableness of such *Subways;* but the estimated expense of their formation is so great, that it is quite evident they must, if undertaken at all, be the work not of any private company, but of the government. They could not be finished, it seems, for less than 20,000*l.* per mile; so that for the 200 miles of street in town, there would be incurred an expenditure in the first instance of four millions of pounds sterling at least. If the annual outlay occasioned by the breaking up of our streets, however, amount at present, as Mr. Williams asserts, to considerably beyond two hundred thousand pounds, the saving resulting from the proposed improvement would, independently of its other advantages, more than repay the capital absorbed by it. But we must refer our readers to Mr. Williams's book for a full explanation of the extent to which he proposes carrying his favourite idea, which has gradually assumed a much more magnificent shape in his mind, than that in which it originally presented itself.

ART. XV.—*Memorie di Lorenzo Da Ponte.* Scritte da esso. 4 vols. 12mo. New York. 1827.

THESE Memoirs of an Italian dramatic poet, now four score years of age, and long since retired to the United States, where he has published his work in Italian, are in many respects interesting. The author, a native of the Venetian states, lived in familiar intercourse with several of the Italian writers of the last century,—Metastasio, Gozzi, Cesarotti, Casti, &c. He also frequented the mansions of the haughty patricians of Venice; and his autobiography contains mementos of that once powerful and now extinct race, which are worth preserving. He was afterwards poet to the Italian theatre at Vienna, in the time of Joseph II., and enjoyed the favour of that monarch. He there became acquainted with the celebrated composers,—Paësiello, Salieri, Martini, and Mozart. His literary and dramatic recollections are interspersed with entertaining adventures, and humorous anecdotes of the mixed society in which he lived.

After the usual studies in his provincial town, such as they were in Italy in the middle of the eighteenth century, Da Ponte went to reside at Venice, as a teacher. In that then gay city, he passed some years very agreeably, between literature and love adventures. But having ventured, in some academical lucubrations, to express a freedom of opinion on some philosophical points, he was accused before the censors of the studies at Padua; and the grave Venetian senate did not disdain to take cognizance of the affair. he consequence was, his being forbidden to profess literature

within the dominions of the Most Serene Republic. He, however, still continued to enjoy the friendship of several patricians; and among others, of Pisani, a man, whose mind seemed cast in an ancient mould; and who had projected the hopeless task of restoring the Venetian government to its original constitution. The other nobles, and the inquisitors, became alarmed; but as they did not think it yet time to strike one of their own body, they began by poor Da Ponte, who was already obnoxious to them; and whom they frightened out of the Venetian territory. He retired to the frontier town of Goritz, on the Austrian states, and there he learned, some months after, that his patron, Pisani, had been cast into the dungeons of the Ducal Palace, where he afterwards remained till the fall of the Venetian government, caused by the French invasion.

Our author, meantime, proceeded to Dresden, and afterwards to Vienna; where, after Metastasio's death, Casti, a clever, but licentious writer, was aspiring to the vacant post of *poete cesareo*, or court poet. But Joseph II. had conceived a liking for Da Ponte, who wrote several plays for the Italian Opera, to the Emperor's satisfaction. Casti, in a fit of jealousy, presented the Emperor with a MS. copy of his "Tartar poem," which he had just completed. Joseph II. soon perceived it to be a satire against Catharine of Russia, whom he greatly admired. A few evenings after, Casti was sent for to the Emperor's box at the Opera, where Joseph gave him 600 sequins, saying, it was "for his travelling expences." Casti took the hint, and obeyed the command implied in it, by departing from Vienna. Our author, being now without a rival, continued to write for the Opera, and the play of Don Giovanni was his next composition, which Mozart set to music. The Emperor, however, began to find, that the Italian theatre was a very expensive amusement; he complained to Da Ponte, that it cost him 80,000 florins a year; that, moreover, the singers were continually squabbling among themselves. That one of them, La Coltellini, had even written to him an impertinent letter; and he said, in short, that he would no longer support the establishment.

'Our author then proposed a subscription, and his plan being approved of, he saved the Italian theatre from destruction. But the performers, far from being grateful for his services, annoyed him in various ways; and supported by some persons about court, raised such an outcry against him, that Leopold, who had then succeeded his brother on the throne; and who had, at the time, more serious business on hand, than the concerns of the Opera; teazed by his continual complaints of the musical belligerents, ordered the poor poet to be sent away as a disturber of the public tranquillity. Da Ponte repaired to Trieste, where he obtained an audience of Leopold, who being satisfied of his innocence, promised him redress and protection. He, some months after, returned to Vienna; but scarcely had he arrived in that capital, when Leopold unexpectedly died. Da Ponte, disheartened, set off for Paris, in 1792, and after several vicissitudes, found at last his way to America, where he has since lived in peace, still enjoying, it seems, a healthy and merry old age.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

Dr. Richard Bright, of Guy's Hospital, has been for some time engaged in preparing for the press, a second volume of his Medical Reports.

The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe, by Walter Wilson, will be published in the course of the ensuing winter.

A new work, entitled Zillah, is announced from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, the scene of which is said to be Jerusalem, in the early part of the reign of Herod.

The Protestant, a tale, by the authoress of De Foix, The White Hoods, &c. is announced as being in the press.

A new work on the Laws relative to Parish Matters, to be entitled The Parochial Lawyer, is announced by Mr. James Shaw.

Sir Richard Phillips has been for some months on a Tour of Inquiry and Observation through the United Kingdom, the result of which he is now publishing in Parts.

The Genevese have opened a subscription for erecting a monument to Rousseau.

The Parisian theatres have recently been inspected by order of Government, for the purpose of ascertaining their solidity and the number of persons each will accommodate. The Academy of Music, it has been found, will hold 1937 ; the Théâtre Français, 1522 ; the Comic Opera, 1720; the Italian Theatre, 1282; the Théâtre de Madame, 1040; and the Vaudeville, 1257. The managers are prohibited from admitting greater numbers.

In Germany, Mr. Odofred Muller will publish this year, the 4th and 5th vols. of his History of the Greek Nations and Towns; and also, in 2 vols., his great work on the Etruscans. M. Schaab, of Mentz, will publish in 3 vols., a History of the Discovery of Printing, by Jean Gersfleisch; and a History of the Rhenish League. M. Stifft will publish a Geognostic Description of the Kingdom of Nassau, principally with relation to the Mineral Waters. And Professor Voemel is preparing, at Frankfort, an edition of Demosthenes, with an elaborate commentary. At Munich, a periodical work has been commenced, the object of which will be to publish annually, every thing that respects the University of that capital.

M. Ventouillac has nearly ready for publication, a work on French literature, intended to form a guide to the best productions of the principal writers of France.

Garrick's Papers, Correspondence, &c., together with a Life of that admirable Actor, are preparing for publication.

Mr. Gleig, the author of the Subaltern, has a volume of Sermons in the press.

We understand that Mr. T. Roscoe is engaged in writing the Life of Ariosto, with Sketches of his most distinguished Contemporaries.

Dr. Lempriere is preparing for publication, An Essay in Answer to the Oldenburgh Question on the Nature and Contagion of Yellow Fever; in which a particular reference has been made to the circumstances which have occasioned that disease at different periods in the Garrison at Gibraltar.

Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq., in one volume post 8vo., will be published on the 3d instant.

Mr. J. Jones, of the Inner Temple, the author of 'Longinus,' has in the press another Tragedy, in five acts, entitled 'The Stepmother.'

Don Telesfero de Trueba y Cosio, author of Gomez Arias, has nearly ready for publication, a new work, entitled The Castilian.

Tales of the Great St. Bernard, by a distinguished writer, will appear immediately.

The Man of Two Lives, a narrative, written by himself, is about to be published.

A work, called Tales of a Woman, is announced for early publication.

Sailors and Saints, a new work, by the author of the Naval Sketch Book, will appear in the course of November.

A Second Series of Tales of a Voyager is in the press.

The author of Pelham, a second edition of which is about to appear, is said to have a new Novel in preparation, to be called The Disowned.

Mr. Grattan, the well known author of High-ways and By-ways, is engaged on a new Series of Tales and Sketches.

Shortly will appear, Letters from the West; containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs, with Anecdotes connected with the First Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States, by the Hon. Judge Hall.

*** Dr. Granville's Russia.—We wish to modify an expression which appeared in the review of this work in our last Number. The illustrations were said to be 'execrable;' and it must be confessed that they appeared to great disadvantage in the imperfect copy which was first sent to us. We have since seen the two volumes in the state in which they are delivered to the public, and we are bound, in justice to the liberal and enterprising publisher to say, that they are among the best 'got up' books which the trade has witnessed for some time. The illustrations appear much clearer than those which we had previously seen, and are really deserving of our commendation. In thus drawing attention to the work again, we hope that we have repaired any little injury which our 'untoward' expression may have done it.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Darby's Geometrical Companion, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.
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THE

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ART. I.—*Nollekens and his Times: comprehending a life of that celebrated Sculptor, and Memoirs of several contemporary artists, from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth, and Reynolds, to that of Fuseli, Flaxman, and Blake.* By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

MR. HUNT'S Memoir of Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, would appear to have suggested to Mr. John Thomas Smith the idea of these two volumes. The sculptor indeed might not stand a comparison with the poet, as far as refinement of manners and genius are concerned; but they both seem to have been equally unfortunate in having afforded protection to persons, who carefully registered all their eccentricities and faults, for the purpose of publishing them at a future day without any, or a very slight, intermixture of their virtues. Mr. Smith informs us that he had been a pupil with Nollekens for three years, and intimately known to him for nearly sixty. 'When I was an infant,' he adds, 'he frequently danced me upon his knee.' One would think that circumstances such as these might have generated some feelings of kindness, if not of gratitude, in the breast of a pupil towards a master whose friendship he thought worth cultivating during so lengthened a period. We regret to say, however, that very little of tenderness, or even of that natural partiality, which the writer of a memoir usually entertains towards the subject of his labours, appears in the publication before us. It seems to have been expressly written for the purpose of bringing down ridicule and contempt on the memory of Nollekens.

That eminent sculptor—the most eminent perhaps for the execution of busts, who has yet appeared amongst us—had great eccentricities, no doubt, which sometimes degenerated into vices. Mr. Smith compares him in his pecuniary and domestic habits to

the celebrated miser, Elwes. His personal habits appear certainly to have been of the rudest and most unamiable description; but not a great deal worse than those of Dr. Johnson. In pecuniary affairs he ought not, however, to have been set down as the companion of Elwes. Nollekens was fond of money, and accumulated a vast sum, considering that it was all the product of his own exertions. But when we consider the many acts of benevolence and of real charity, which he was accustomed to practise for several years before his death, lending money to some on scarcely any security, which was subsequently remitted, and presenting donations to others—acts, several, though by no means all, of which are recorded in this memoir, it is most unjust, and particularly unhandsome, in Mr. Smith, to endeavour to impress the world with an idea that Nollekens was a monster of penury. The man who on awaking of a morning would ask his attendant, 'Do you know any person to whom a little money would be useful to-day?' and who would immediately act upon any considerate suggestion that was given in answer to his question, could never have been a miser. His will is a document dictated in every line by a sound mind, and a heart that evidently had cultivated the best affections. Desirous of rendering his wealth as extensively useful as possible, and having no children of his own, he bequeathed legacies to upwards of fifty persons, or to the relatives of persons, all of whom he designates under some name of friendship. Some he rewards for acts of kindness towards himself or his late 'dear wife.' To the Baroness de Belmont he gives two hundred pounds as 'a remembrance he had of her late father.' His workmen and domestic servants he provides for most liberally, and he divides a sum of nine hundred pounds equally between three most meritorious charitable institutions—the Saint Patrick's Orphan Charity School, in Dean-street, Soho, the Middlesex Hospital, and the parish Charity School of Saint Mary-le-bone. To the Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for small Debts, he gives three hundred pounds—a most considerate and useful bequest, and nineteen guineas (a favourite sum with Nollekens) to the society which provided relief, during a season of unparalleled distress, for the destitute seamen. Of this will Mr. Smith is one of the executors; we should therefore be the more surprised at the unfriendly and unfair manner in which he treats the memory of Nollekens, if we had not observed that the bulk of the property is left between three gentlemen, of whom Mr. Smith is *not* one; and that although he was danced upon the sculptor's knee, and assiduously cultivated his patronage and friendship for nearly sixty years, his expectations were ultimately gratified only by a legacy of one hundred pounds. *Hinc lachrymæ!* or rather *Hinc cachinnus!* The profits of the book may possibly compensate for the disappointment of the author's hopes in another way, and at all events, it seems to have afforded him gratification to have had an opportunity of caricaturing and ex-

posing to the laughter of the public, the private faults and follies of the man, to whose early instructions he is perhaps chiefly indebted for the situation which he now enjoys.

Poor Mrs. Nollekens also comes in for her share—and that no small share too—of the ridicule which is lavished upon her husband. If it be said that they were both remarkable for their eccentricities, does it follow that those eccentricities ought therefore to be laid before the world? Does it follow that a person may, under the protection of early and intimate acquaintance, become thoroughly conversant with all the habits and private history of a family, and that because he is disappointed of a legacy, he is therefore entitled to publish every little broil, every hasty expression, every ludicrous or reprehensible transaction, which he may have witnessed within their circle? We say no. The man who can be guilty of such conduct, is unfit to be admitted into society, and ought to be deemed—if there were any moral feeling in such things—unfit to be engaged in the service of the public.

We need scarcely say that we have no knowledge whatever of Mr. Smith, and certainly have no desire to injure him; but we deem it our duty to reprobate in the strongest language that we can use, the fashion which has of late become so prevalent amongst us, of exploring every circumstance of the private history of individuals, and publishing every scandalous or piquant anecdote, which can be supposed saleable in a depraved market. This fashion should be allowed to remain exclusively with the low weekly press, with which it commenced. The genius and celebrity of Nollekens, as an artist, ought to have protected him from the pen of his pupil and friend, if no other motives could have operated in his favour.

As a piece of biography, the memoir before us is a very insignificant performance. It is desultory and digressive beyond all endurance. The author appears to have collected from the files of old newspapers, and other sources of that description, as well as from all the old gossips who frequent the British Museum, a vast number of anecdotes concerning all sorts of people, who were in any way remarkable during the last century. The mere incidental mention of any body concerning whom he has a paragraph among his stores, leads forthwith to the production of the precious treasure, and to its insertion in his work, whether it has any or no connection with the affair of Nollekens. In this way he has contrived to make up two thick volumes, whereas about two hundred and fifty pages contain all that relates to the sculptor, and about half that number would very well embrace all that Mr. Smith, at least, should have stated about him.

The grandfather and father of Nollekens were both Dutchmen, and painters of some respectability; both however resided the greater part of their lives in England, and the subject of these memoirs was born in London on the 29th of January, 1737. He learned drawing at Shipley's school in the Strand, and in his

thirteenth year was placed under the instruction of Peter Scheemakers, a sculptor of considerable eminence. From his earliest youth he was remarkable for his love of modelling, and of bell-ringing! Whenever the funeral bell of St. James's church was going, and young Nollekens was out of the way, Scheemakers instantly knew where his apprentice was to be found. However he appears, notwithstanding this idle trick, to have paid great attention to his art. His progress may be judged from the fact recorded in the Registrar's books, that in 1759, and 1760, he obtained three prizes from the Society of Arts, for models in clay. By means of the money thus acquired, amounting to about 60*l.* he was enabled, after having served his master for ten years, to proceed to Rome in 1760, where he arrived with twenty guineas in his pocket. Another prize for a basso relievo in stone, consigned to England in the same year, and one in 1762, of 52*l.* 10*s.* for a basso relievo in marble, placed him in easy circumstances, and he was thus at liberty to apply all the natural strength of his mind to his art, without any of those apprehensions which too often cloud the budding hours of genius. We may, in this instance, as well as in many others, perceive the real practical utility, which such institutions, as that of the Society of Arts, produce to the community.

It was an auspicious beginning for Nollekens, that the first bust he made was executed for Garrick. This good fortune happened to him in a manner highly honourable to Garrick, and perfectly indicative of his character. He recognized the young artist at Rome. "What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?" "Yes, Sir," being the answer, Mr. Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l.* 12*s.* Another bust, that of Sterne, who was then at Rome, brought him into great notice. Of this performance he was proud to the latest hour of his life.

We were much amused with the simplicity of the author in relating the following anecdote:—

'Barry, the Historical-painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nolleken's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat." This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate'.—vol. i. p. 7.

Does not Mr. Smith know that Barry was mad on this subject? He conceived that all the world was in a conspiracy against him on account of his great talents as a painter, and hence he was in perpetual fear of assassination. Nollekens might have felt quietly

enough in the laced hat, and even in the whole of Barry's costume, if he had asked to exchange with him.

While at Rome, Nollekens purchased, for a mere trifle, those ancient Roman terracottas, which are now let into the walls of the first room of the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum. They were purchased by the government from the late Mr. Townley, to whom Nollekens had sold them, and are much admired for the gracefulness of the figures, and the lightness and beauty of the foliated ornaments.

We can hardly believe that Nollekens was so dishonest, as the following anecdote represents him:—

'The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dextrously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums.'—vol. i. p. 11.

If this be true, Nollekens might just as well have taken those 'enormous sums' out of the pockets of his patrons, and transferred them to his own. Another equally discreditable story is told of him by his biographer:—

'Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses.

'Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, "restored it," which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now at Newby, in Yorkshire.'—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

Our author also accuses him of having been a great smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace, from Italy. His contrivance is said to have been this:—'all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back, across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts. It is is hardly fair, and certainly is not very friendly, to ground a general charge of smuggling against Nollekens, upon the single fact that he brought over from Rome, enclosed in a bust of Sterne, the lace ruffles in which he usually went to court. This is the only evidence which his biographer brings against him; the imputation pretty clearly shows the spirit in which the whole work is written.

Upon his return to England, which as well as we can collect, appears to have been about the year 1770, Nollekens became at once the most fashionable sculptor of the day. In the two following years he was chosen, first an associate, and then a member of the Royal Academy. His next business was to marry. He fell desperately in love with Mary, second daughter of Saunders Welch, Esq., the successor in the magistracy, of Henry Fielding, and obtained her hand. This lady, according to the author, was the very 'pink of precision.'

'Mary's figure was rather too tall, but yet graceful; her eyes were good, and she knew how to play with them; her blooming complexion stood in no need of milk of roses; her nose, I must own, and it was the opinion of Nollekens too, was rather of the shortest; her teeth were small, bespeaking a selfish disposition: indeed the whole of her features were what her husband would sometimes call *scorney*, particularly in their latter days during their little *fracas*: for be it known, she had no small sprinkling of pride in consequence of a compliment paid her by Dr. Johnson. Her light hair shone in natural and beautiful ringlets down her back to the lower part of her tightly-laced waist; such a shaped waist as her father's friend, Fielding, has given Sophia Western, in his "Tom Jones."' —vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

The author describes Mrs. Nollekens' wedding dress with all the particularity of a milliner. It was quite in the old court dress style, except that she wore no powder in her hair, the auburn beauty of which she had the good sense to retain. Though she never experienced the luxury of being a mother, it appears, nevertheless, through all the varied and not very gentle colours in which the author represents her, that she was a virtuous and domestic woman, though perhaps a little too thrifty, and somewhat too much inclined to jealousy. Her husband's profession frequently rendered it necessary for him to obtain models from a certain class of females; the introduction of these persons into the artist's study, was never, even to the last hour of her life, borne very patiently by Mrs. Nollekens. This was not altogether unnatural; at least it was sufficiently justifiable to protect her from the ridicule, which Mr. Smith occasionally lavishes upon her on account of this propensity. She was famous for recipes for all sorts of economical dishes, and for her needlework. The only foreign language which she knew, was French: she had a sister who spoke seven of the continental dialects.

Among the sculptor's distinguished sitters was his late Majesty, with whom Nollekens (though a Catholic) was a great favourite. Dr. Johnson's bust, by Nollekens, is well known as an admirable likeness. The Doctor complained of the hair, with some justice, for it was modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar. The fellow, after sitting an hour, refused to take a shilling for his pains, representing that he could have made more by his trade!

'Most of his sitters were exceeding amused with the oddity of his manner, particularly fine women, who were often gratified by being considered

handsome by the Sculptor, though his admiration was expressed in the plainest language. I remember his once requesting a lady who squinted dreadfully, to "look a little the other way, for then," said he, "I shall get rid of the shyness in the cast of your eye:" and to another lady of the highest rank, who had forgotten her position, and was looking down upon him, he cried, "Don't look so *scorny;* you'll spoil my busto; and you're a very fine woman; I think it will be one of my best bustos." I heard him ask the daughter of Lord Yarborough, in the presence of her husband, to prove to her that he had not forgotton all his Italian, if she did not recollect his dancing her upon his knee when she was a *Bambina.* He was very fond of speaking Italian, though I have been told it was exceedingly bad; and he would often attempt it even in the presence of the Royal Family, who good-temperedly smiled at his whimsicalities. Even the gravest of men, the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, when sitting to him for his bust for the Chancery Court, in his large wig, condescendingly endured the following collection of nonsense, in which at last his Lordship was obliged to join. *Nollekens*—"Ah! there goes the bell tolling; no,—it's only my clock on the stairs: when I was a boy, you would have liked to have seen me toll the bell; it's no very easy thing, I can tell you;—look a little that way,—you must toll, that is to say, I did, one hour for a man, three times three; and three times two for a woman:—now, your Lordship must mind, there's a Moving-bell and a Passing-bell; these the Romans always attended to." "You mean the Roman Catholics, Mr. Nollekens," observed his Lordship. "Yes, my Lord, they call that the Moving-bell, which goes when they move a body out of one parish to the next, or so on. The Passing-bell, is when you are dying, and going from this world to another place." "Ay, Mr. Nollekens," observed his Lordship, "there is a curious little book, published in 1671, I think by Richard Duckworth, upon the art of Ringing, entitled 'Tintannologia.'" '—vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

The following anecdote is amusing:—

'A lady in weeds for her dear husband, drooping low like the willow, visited the Sculptor, and assured him that she did not care what money was expended on a monument to the memory of her beloved; "Do what you please, but do it directly," were her orders. Industry was a principle riveted in Nollekens's constitution; he rose with the lark, and in a short time finished the model, strongly suspecting she might, like some others he had been employed by, change her mind. The lady, in about three months, made her second appearance, in which more courage is generally assumed, and was accosted by him, before she alighted, with "Poor soul! I thought you'd come;" but her tripping down with a "light fantastic toe," and the snorting of her horses, which had been hard-driven, evinced a total change in her inclination, and he was now saluted with, "How do you do, Nollekens: well, you have not commenced the model?"—"Yes, but I have though," was the reply. *The Lady,* "Have you, indeed? These, my good friend, I own," throwing herself into a chair, "are early days; but since I saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of your's has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband; indeed, perhaps, after all, upon second thoughts, it would be considered quite enough if I got our mason to put up a mural inscription, and that, you know, he can

cut very neatly."—" My charge," interrupted the artist, " for my model will be one hundred guineas;" which she declared to be " enormous." However, she would pay it and " have done with him." '

From a great number of anecdotes without point, and sometimes, indeed, without meaning, we shall select a few, which will perhaps entertain the reader. They will require no observation from us, as they offer nothing that demands or admits of criticism :—

' Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens's studio, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, to see the bust of Lord Mansfield, when the Sculptor vociferated, " I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer, over the water : his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people."—" Nolly, Nolly," observed the Doctor, " I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue-bag." At which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the Doctor, " My dear Sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block." '—vol. i. p. 114.

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' Nollekens at all times strongly reprobated colossal sculpture, more especially when commenced by the too-daring student in the art; and, indeed, whenever any one led to the subject, he would deliver his opinion, even to persons of the first fashion and rank, with as much freedom as if he were chiding his mason's boy, Kit Finny, for buying scanty paunches for his yard-dog Cerberus. " No, no, my Lord," he would vociferate, with an increased nasal and monotonous tone of voice, " a grand thing don't depend upon the size, I can assure you of that. A large model certainly produces a stare, and is often admired by ignorant people: but the excellence of a work of art has nothing to do with the size, that you may depend upon from me." In this, he unquestionably was correct; as the graceful elegance of a Cellini cup or a bell for the Pope's table, does not consist in immensity. I have a cast from an antique bronze figure only three inches in height, which, from its justness of proportion and dignity of attitude, strikes the beholder, when it is elevated only nine inches above his eye, with an idea of its being a figure full thirty feet in height.—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

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' Those who recollect the figure of Dr. Wolcot in his robust upright state, and the diminutive appearance of Mr. Nollekens, can readily picture to themselves their extreme contrast, when the former accosted the latter one evening at his gate in Titchfield-street, nearly in the following manner. " Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now; pray what is the reason ?"—*Nollekens.* " Why, you have published such lies of the King, and had the impudence to send them to me; but Mrs. Nollekens burnt them, and I desire you'll send no more: the Royal family are very good to me, and are great friends to all the artists, and I don't like to hear any body say any thing against them." Upon which the Doctor put his cane upon the Sculptor's shoulder, and exclaimed, " Well said! little Nolly; I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that." " I'll see you d—d first!" answered Nollekens, " and I can tell you this besides, no man in the Royal Academy but Opie would have painted your picture, and you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford in Wright's shop: Mr. Cook, of Bedford-square, showed me

his handkerchief dipped in your blood: and so now you know my mind. Come in, my Cerberus, come in." His dog then followed him in, and he left the Doctor at the gate, which he barred up for the night.'

Every body knows that the celebrated Angelica Kauffmann was a great coquette. If the following anecdote is to be believed, she was quite unrivalled in that least fascinating of the female arts:—

'When Angelica was at Rome, previously to her marriage, she was ridiculously fond of displaying her person, and being admired; for which purpose she one evening took her station in one of the most conspicuous boxes of the Theatre, accompanied by Nathaniel Dance and another artist, both of whom, as well as many others, were desperately enamoured of her. Angelica, perhaps, might have recollected the remonstrance of Mrs. Peachum, where she says,'

"Oh, Polly! you might have toy'd and kiss'd:
By keeping men off you keep them on;"

However, while she was standing between her two beaux, and finding an arm of each most lovingly embracing her waist, she contrived, whilst her arms were folded before her on the front of the box over which she was leaning, to squeeze the hand of both, so that each lover concluded himself beyond all doubt the man of her choice.'—vol. i. pp. 285, 286.

The author thus contrasts Nollekens with Flaxman:—

'It was highly amusing to notice the glaring contrast of the two Sculptors, Nollekens and Flaxman, whenever they came in contact in a fashionable party, which I own was rarely the case. The former, upon these occasions, who was never known to expatiate upon Art, generally took out his pocket-book, and, in order to make himself agreeable, presented his recipes, perhaps for an inveterate sore throat or a virulent scorbutic humour, to some elegant woman, with as much alacrity as Dr. Bossy, of Covent-garden fame, formerly did to the wife of a Fulham or a Mortlake market-gardener. The latter, however, like a true descendant of Phidias, was modestly discoursing with a select circle upon the exquisite productions of Greece; at the same time, assuring his auditors, that every motion of the body of a well-proportioned, unaffected person, gave sufficient opportunities for the selection of similar attitudes of equal grace; that he considered himself frequently indebted to the simple and unadorned charity-girl for the best of his attitudes; and that these he had often collected during his walks in the streets, when the innocent objects themselves had been wholly ignorant of his admiration of their positions. I have also often heard him declare, that the most successful of his figures displayed in his Illustrations of Homer, Eschylus, and Dante, were procured from similarly natural and unsophisticated sources.'—vol. i. pp. 316---318.

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'Whenever Nollekens was asked, in the presence of his wife, if he had any family, she would answer, pointing to his figures, "A very great family, Sir; all these are Mr. Nollekens's children; and as they behave so well, and never make a noise, they shall be his representatives," at the same time making a most formal curtsey to Mr. Nollekens.'—vol. i. p. 361.

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'I have been assured by Mr. Turner, the Royal Academician, that when

be solicited Mr. Nollekens for his subscription to "The Artists' Fund," he enquired how much he wanted from him; "Only a guinea," was the answer; upon which the Sculptor immediately opened a table-drawer, and gave Mr. Turner *thirty guineas*, saying, "There, take that." Mr. Bailey, the Royal Academician, was also equally surprised, when he applied to him on behalf of the "Artists' Society," to which he is a subscriber.'—vol. i. p. 364.

Does it not seem, therefore, rather hard to pin upon poor Nollekens the title of a miser? Of the roughness of his manners, however, there can be no doubt. The following is a characteristic specimen of them:

'Nollekens being once in expectation of a very high personage to visit his studio, was dressed to receive him; and after walking up and down the passage for nearly an hour, being deprived of the advantage of using his clay, for fear of spoiling his clothes, he at length heard the equipage arrive. According to his usual custom, he opened the street-door, and as the illustrious visitor alighted, he cried out, "So, you're come at last! why, you are an hour beyond your time; you would not have found me at home, if I had had any where to have gone to, I assure you!"'—vol. ii. p. 398.

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'For many years, every summer's morn, Mr. Nollekens was up with the rising sun. He began his work by watering his clay, when he modelled till eight o'clock, at which hour he generally breakfasted; and then, as he entered his studio, would observe to his workmen, that every man should earn his breakfast before he ate it.'—vol. i. p. 407.

Our sculptor is said to have experienced the greatest delight when modelling, for his own amusement, small figures in clay, either singly or in groups. Of these he accumulated a great number as he never sold them, and gave away but a few of them as presents. Whenever he read in the papers the death of any distinguished person, he immediately got his clay ready, in order that he might lose no time in case he should be applied to for the purpose of taking a caste of the face. As he was returning from Putney Common with the mask of Mr. Pitt's face, he exclaimed to a friend, pointing to it on the opposite seat of the coach, "There, I would not take fifty guineas for that mask, I can tell ye." From this mask and Hoppner's picture, he subsequently produced the statue of that distinguished statesman, which is now erected in the senate-house of Cambridge, and for which he received three thousand guineas. He obtained for the pedestal one thousand, and for seventy-four marble busts, and about six-hundred casts, of Mr. Pitt, he had eleven thousand more, amounting in all to fifteen thousand guineas. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in consequence of some trifling and unintentional offence, Mr. Pitt always refused to sit to Nollekens. In this respect, however, the late Lord Londonderry was no imitator of his great master. An anecdote is told of his visit to the sculptor's study, which must not be omitted.

'When the late Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals

were at an enormous price; and the noble Lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity, when the sculptor went out for more clay, of throwing some coals upon the fire. "Oh! my good Lord, I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say!" exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens, who was bolstered up and bound to an old night-chair by the fireside: "Never mind my good lady," answered his lordship; "tell him to put them into my bill." Lonsdale, the portrait-painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a handful of fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on; and before Mr. Nollekens could reply, on they were. Lonsdale, strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced; and when he had reached the street-door, pretended to have forgotten something, re-ascended to the room, and found him, as he suspected, taking them off with the fire-feeder, so strongly recommended to him by the Bishop of St. Asaph; at the same time muttering to himself, "*shameful!* shameful extravagance!" He never left the kind-hearted Lonsdale a legacy; at least, I know of none; though it was his intention to have put him down in a former will for 1000*l.*'—vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Mrs. Nollekens died in 1817, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. After her death, our sculptor's second childhood commenced. He was confined much to his bed, and became very imbecile. He had in the course of his life three attacks of paralysis, and after much suffering, he departed from this scene of his fame on the 23rd of April, 1823.

To the memoirs of his life are added biographical sketches of Roubiliac, Procter, Zoffany, Gainsborough, and several other artists of eminence. We are happy to observe that, they are untinged by any of that personal ill-will which we have complained of as manifesting itself too frequently, and too bitterly, in almost every thing that relates to Nollekens.

ART. II.—*Causes criminelles celebres du dix neuvieme Siecle, redigées par une Societé d'Avocats.* Vol. IV. Paris: 1828.

WE have now before us the fourth and concluding volume of this important publication. The first of the trials contained in it, is that of Castaing, a medical practitioner, who was convicted in 1823, of poisoning a young man of the name of Ballet, with whom he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, and from whom he had received considerable pecuniary gifts. Castaing had prevailed on this unfortunate young man to make a will in his favour, after which he took him one day to St. Cloud, where they went to lodge at an inn. Ballet, after drinking some negus found himself suddenly ill: next morning, having taken some milk which was given him by Castaing, he felt much worse, upon which Castaing administered him a draught, and then the patient became insensible; and he expired the next day. The circumstances of the

crime are of the coldest and gloomiest atrocity. It seems that Castaing had for some time previously applied himself particularly to the study of the nature and effects of vegetable poisons. Yet it must be observed that Castaing was convicted *on circumstantial evidence*, which bore certainly most strongly against him. The jury were divided, seven to five; but in France a majority only is required for returning a verdict. Dr. Chaussier, an old physician who had examined the body of the deceased, stated in his evidence, that there were no traces of poison, and that he disbelieved the fact. On the other side, it was proved that Castaing had come from St. Cloud to Paris early in the morning, to purchase some poison, and had gone back to the inn where Ballet was still in bed. Castaing from his prison, endeavoured to tamper with the chymist who had sold him the drug. The wretched man was executed the 6th December, 1823, after denying his guilt to the last. His counsel, M. Roussel, had done every thing in his power to save him: his defence was most skilful and animated, and it bore the marks of the orator's belief of the innocence of his client.

The next trial is that of the Abbé Contrafatto, a native of Sicily, who was charged with an act of violence against a little girl, and found guilty, and sentenced to perpetual labour. The circumstances of this disgusting case made a great noise at the time.

The trial of Filleron involves the following question of ethics and high jurisprudence: "How far can a deaf and dumb person, especially if he be uneducated, be accounted answerable for his actions, and subject to the penalties of the law?" This question has of late years excited the attention of the French bar. Its importance may be judged from a statement which appears in the proceedings before us, that there are no less than twelve thousand deaf and dumb individuals scattered over France. One of these unfortunate beings, named Nadeau, totally illiterate and uninformed, having stolen something from his employer, a straw bonnet maker, was brought in 1826, before the Court of Assizes. The counsel for the defence, M. Ledru, maintained, 1st, that his client had no discriminating notions of moral good or evil; and 2nd, that, being unacquainted with the law, he could not be punished for having violated the same. The Attorney-General here observed that no one can be held to be ignorant of the law. 'True,' replied M. Ledru: '*Nemo legem ignorare censetur*, which I thus translate: *When the sun is out, it shines for all, except for the blind.*' Nadeau was acquitted.

A year afterwards another youth, deaf and dumb, named Filleron, was charged with having broken into the orphan asylum, where he had lived in his earlier years, and with having stolen some clothes and other articles. The charge itself had nothing remarkable; but the situation of the offender gave a peculiar interest to the trial. M. Ledru was again counsel for the defence. Filleron's examination was carried on in pantomime, through the means of N. Paulmier, a teacher of the deaf and dumb. Filleron readily acknow-

ledged having taken the articles missing, expressed that he was hungry at the time, and had no money, and that he had sold some of the property to another deaf and dumb person, an itinerant pastry-cook. The latter being also examined, showed himself much more intelligent than Filleron, having been a pupil of the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée. He appeared much concerned in hearing of the theft; but strongly asserted that when he bought the articles in question, he had no suspicion of the fact.

The counsel for the accused disclaimed the advantage of treating the question as a problem of philosophy, namely, "whether our notions of right and wrong are wholly derived from an inward sentiment, or whether exterior communication, tradition and language, be indispensable for their formation and growth?" That question, said he, has been agitated for more than two thousand years, and may continue to be undecided for twenty centuries more. Circumspection and doubt, however, are becoming, in considering of these matters. "But even granting to the prosecutor, that a deaf and dumb being possesses the knowledge of good and evil, and of moral order, do not we know by experience that the morality of men depends in a great measure on the circumstances they are placed in, and that except in a few cases, crime is the result of ignorance and poverty? How much weightier this consideration becomes when applied to a poor deaf and dumb person, untutored and unprotected, and thrown from his infancy in the midst of this vast capital! In such a peculiar case as the one before the Court, when there is no aggravation of guilt, no imperious call for protecting society, shall we treat the accused with the same rigour as a man in the full possession of all his faculties?" M. Ledru proceeded to say, that a deaf and dumb man may have natural perceptions of right and wrong, but these are probably vague and fleeting, his reason not being sufficiently enlightened to guide him in case of temptation where his senses are excited. And he quoted the opinion of the celebrated Abbé Sicard, of Eschke, De Gerando, and others, who coincide in asserting that the faculties of the deaf and dumb are limited to physical impressions and impulse, that the ideas which originate in his brain cannot remain long impressed on his mind, that his intellectual faculties lie unemployed, that he is insulated in the world, and therefore is a stranger to affection and sociability, is chiefly governed by his senses, and that his desires are most violent and unruly; his thoughts are detached and unconnected, they aim at one single object at a time, without seizing the links that connect it with other objects and facts. From which melancholy phenomena De Gerando justly concludes that mental solitude renders a human creature supremely selfish, and that society is as necessary to the moral man, as air is to his organic frame. (p. 215—19.) "But supposing even my client to be guilty in his conscience, and before his Maker," thus concluded Mr. Ledru, "can we assert that he is guilty before the law? This

is the last and strongest point of my defence. How could he know the law? And if he did not know it, how can the law condemn him? It were a juridical error to consider every deed which is reproved by conscience as punishable by a criminal court: How many misdeeds of which the law takes no cognizance? ingratitude, moral seduction, are of the number." Mr. Ledru concluded his eloquent speech by an animated peroration in behalf of his client.

The President, while summing up the case, complained that "young counsellors, not content with taking to task the public authorities, venture to censure and to attack the law itself." The Court, after half an hour's deliberation, acquitted Filleron.

Till of late, the French bar had been particularly cautious in not entering into philosophical arguments, and if a counsel ventured on the forbidden ground, he was reviled as an ideologist, as an innovator. But now young advocates assert their right of availing themselves of every assistance derived from science.

The next trial, that of Descoutures, is remarkable for the romantic circumstances of the case in which it originated. A young lieutenant of cavalry, being in garrison at Nanci, in 1820, became acquainted with a young lady, the only child of an ancient family. She conceived a violent attachment for him. Conscious of the impression he had made, he used every means to increase his influence over her very susceptible imagination. His regiment being removed from Nanci, he kept up an active correspondence with young Anna, and the passionate and fanciful style of his epistles, was calculated to keep her mind in a state of feverish excitement. The young lady's indulgent and weak mother countenanced the intercourse against the father's declared aversion to it. Descoutures having fallen ill at Stenay, both mother and daughter went to visit him, and took him to Verdun and to Metz in 1822. There, it appears, that Anna was seduced. From that epoch her conduct became altered, and a series of incoherent and rash steps betrayed the loss of her peace of mind. Descoutures made no proposals of marriage. In 1823 he was ordered to Spain, from whence he continued his impassioned correspondence with his mistress. Anna's father, dissatisfied with his daughter's conduct, though apparently unacquainted with the extent of her misfortune, used every effort to break off the ill-fated connexion. But his own wife sided against him, and both ladies left their home and proceeded to Paris, where Descoutures met them on his return from Spain, in 1824. They were then in a state of distress, Anna's father having stopped his remittances. Descoutures persuaded them to return to Nanci, while he went to see his friends in Normandy. Anna's father died not long after, having however forgiven and blessed his daughter on his death bed. His wife in a short time followed him to the grave. Anna remained alone in the world, heiress to a considerable estate. Descoutures repaired to Nanci, and employed one of his friends to act as her agent, as she intended to sell her

property in Lorraine, and retire to the banks of the Loire. But poor Anna's frame was fast sinking under the agitation of her mind, and sorrow for the loss of her parents. Yet, strange to say, she does not seem to have felt dissatisfaction nor uneasiness at her lover's tardiness and irresolution on a point so intimately connected with her happiness, as that of marriage. At the beginning of 1826, she made her will, by which she appointed Mr. Descoutures her universal legatee. At the same time she wrote to him at Charleville, where he was then in garrison, several most affecting letters, which were produced in court, and the language of which rivals with that of the celebrated epistles of Heloisa. In her last letter, dated 2nd February, there is a passage, which exhibits, in a clear but melancholy light, the sincerity of passion and singleness of heart of the amiable though imprudent writer. She was then sensible of the approach of death, and wrote to her lover, under the conviction of her imminent end. After deploring his absence, and the difficulty of obtaining leave from his superiors, she thus entreats him:—

'Promise to me, my Frederic, that poor Anna's remains shall rest in thy own native land, in the same church-yard where thy parents lie. I wish but a simple tomb like that of a Norman country girl. Let my name remain unknown, but let the soil of thy country receive the poor orphan who died for having loved too well. How I should have liked to have seen the spot where thy childhood was spent. But as my eyes shall never see it, let at least my ashes mix themselves to the earth thou wilt tread upon. I am distracted, my reason forsakes me when I think I shall not see thee any more.'—p. 252.

At the reception of this heart-rending epistle, Descoutures obtained a short leave of absence, and repaired to Paris. He found Anna almost dying, his presence, however, revived her for the moment. But the idea of losing him again preyed upon her mind and she became delirious. One day she left her house in the Rue de Rivoli, ran to the Tuileries, hurried through the guards, saying she wanted to speak to the King in favour of her Frederic. She was carried into a a milliner's, and thence to her home. Her relations being informed of this scene, a *conseil de famille* was assembled, and measures were taken to declare her insane. The unfortunate Anna was removed to a mad house at Charenton, where she expired on the 27th March, with the name of Frederic on her lips. Such was the fate of this devoted victim, affording another instance of the fearful reality of that all consuming passion, which baffles, in many instances, the proud reasoning of sages and moralists, and confounds the sneers of the worldly and the sceptical.

Descoutures was now in possession of Anna's will. The relations of the deceased opposed its execution, on the plea of its having been made under the influence of passion and insanity. The case was tried at Paris in January, 1827. The discussion that took place

between Mr. Hennequin for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Mauguin for Descoutures, afforded a brilliant display of French forensic oratory. The subject was remarkably adapted to the indulgence of the favorite national style of eloquence. The counsel for the defendant acknowledged the frailty of his client, but defended his honour; he appealed to the feelings of the court in favour of this young soldier, who had lost the woman he cherished, at the moment he was to call her his own for ever; he deplored the fatal effects of a tyrannic passion, which had destroyed the peace of a family, and led both parents and daughter to the grave. Only one of the actors of this deplorable drama survived the catastrophe, and now he was assailed in his character, his honour, dearer to a military man than life. Mr. Mauguin went on exclaiming against the avarice of cold minded relatives, who had thus exposed before the public the memory of their youthful and interesting kinswoman, without regard for her weaknesses and infirmities, and he repelled with disdain their insinuations against the soundness of mind of the deceased, proving by her letters, written before and after the date of her will, that she was not only in full possession of her mental faculties, but alive to all the niceties of discriminating forethought, and of exquisite feminine delicacy. The counsel concluded by stating that his client, jealous of the title of Anna's heir, felt no wish to appropriate to himself her fortune, which he intended to bestow upon some charitable institution, after raising a modest monument to the memory of his beloved.

The advocate for the plaintiffs maintained, that Anna had been the victim of a most artful system of seduction; that the defendant, after exciting her susceptible mind to a degree bordering on madness, had shewn, in several instances, a barbarous indifference towards her; that he had dictated the very will which was the chief object of his wishes, and the rough draft of which was found in his own hand-writing, among the papers of the deceased; that after having brought dissension, calamities, and death, into the bosom of an honourable family, he was now suing for the reward of his treachery, and should he come off triumphant in the present trial, his example would remain as a model of encouragement to all future seducers.

The warmth and the oratorical skill of the two disputants created a most lively interest among the audience. Mr. Dupin, the celebrated barrister, who was present at the trial, observed to his professional friends, that he felt something like Henry IV. who, after listening to the pleadings of two able antagonists like the present, exclaimed:—*Ventre-saint-gris, ils ont tous deux raison!*

At last, after several days hearing of the parties, the King's Advocate, Mr. Bernard, summed up the case in a speech, remarkable for its clear reasoning and sober impartiality. He divested both parties of the mask of disinterestedness they had assumed; the plaintiffs, who, after treating the deceased with cold neglect

during her life time, had now raked up her ashes to expose her frailty, and divulge secrets which ought to have remained buried in her grave; and the defendant, who, had he cared, as he pretended, for Anna's character more than for Anna's fortune, would have been eager to avert these odious proceedings, by an early compromise.

'Even during Anna's life what was his conduct to her? Why had he deferred for years to fulfil a sacred duty, to redress her wrongs by marrying her who had lived only for him? If his affection had been, as is but too often the case, damped by success, at least gratitude, at least pity ought to have pleaded for his victim; at least duty ought to have raised its imperious voice in her behalf; but he had not had the courage to repair his faults; he had failed in his promises, failed in his honour. True courage, observed Mr. Bernard, consists in conquering our passions, or at least in repairing their evil effects. The glory resulting from such conduct is in truth modest and unpretending; it does not lead its votaries to see their names in the order of the day dated from a field of battle, but it rewards them by the peace of conscience, it registers their merits on more lasting and unerring records, and in the present instance, it would at least have saved the defendant the disgrace of these proceedings.'

The advocate passed to the discussion of the four motives of nullity of the will on which the application of the plaintiffs was grounded. The first, illicit connection is not a reason for annulling a will; second, fraudulent suggestion and circumvention are not proved in this instance; with regard to the third point, viz. the over-excited feelings of the deceased, the advocate explained that malignant passions, such as immoderate hatred or revenge, might be supposed to paralyse the judgment of the testator, but in Anna's case it was a benignant affection—it was love, consistent and perfectly conscious of its object that had dictated the will. Lastly, on the fourth plea of alleged insanity, Mr. Bernard insisted that there was no proof of this infirmity previous to the scene of the Tuileries on the 15th February, whilst on the day of the will, 26th January, and even as late as the 2nd February, Anna had written, in the perfect possession of her faculties, those affecting letters that had been read to the court. She did not feel unhappy in her love; her confidence in the man of her choice was unbounded; she thought herself requited by him: her fit of insanity was the consequence of illness, of physical exhaustion, of agitation, it was a crisis of her malady, not the continuation of a state of mental derangement.

'This trial, concluded the learned advocate, presents two very different aspects, one of morality, the other of legal right. If judged by the first, both parties should be nonsuited, but under the second, the defendant has a clear title to the will. Let him enjoy, if he can, a fortune so dearly purchased, but let him know that he owes it merely to our rigorous, and in this case, reluctant observance of the letter of the law.'

The Court agreed in these conclusions, and decided for the validity of the will. The public concurred in the justice of the King's advocate's opinion, with regard to the parties, but all with one voice pitied poor Anna, the unconscious victim of her own exalted feelings, and of the ungenerous passions of others.

The last trial in this collection is that of Paul Louis Courrier, the well known political and satirical pamphlet writer, who died not long ago in a tragical and mysterious manner. Courrier was the son of a landholder in Champagne; he studied the classics and mathematics under his father's tuition, and gave early specimens of strong natural talent; at the age of fifteen he was a Greek scholar; at the epoch of the revolution he became a soldier, served in the artillery, became Chef d'Escadron, until after the First Consul being transformed into an Emperor,* Courrier began to suspect the vanity of glory, and his unshackled mind turned to more satisfactory scenes than camps and fields of slaughter. In 1809 he had already sacrificed all his military prospects by retiring from the service. It appears that his caustic spirit, which he was not always able to repress, had been noticed in his corps, and that his superiors did not particularly regret his resigning. An anecdote is related in the notice prefixed to the account of the trial, of his meeting once after a battle, the camp equipages of Cæsar Berthier, whose name was written in large letters on the waggon; Courrier, who fancied that that officer had not behaved as he ought in the action, scratched with the point of his sword the first part of the name, saying to the men in charge, "thy master may style himself Berthier, but as to calling himself *Cæsar*, I will not let him."

Courrier repaired to Italy; he found in the library at Florence, an inedited MS. of Longus, which he intended to publish. On this occasion he excited the jealousy of other *Savants*, was accused of having blotted the MS. with ink, and in repelling with his usual vivacity the attack of his antagonists, he found himself entangled in a more serious dispute with Napoleon's authorities in Italy. Being obliged to quit Florence, he went to Rome, where he contrived to print, in defiance of the police, a curious apologetic statement of the whole affair. The pamphlet, in which his adversaries were ridiculed unmercifully, was seized, the unlucky printer was arrested, and the prefect reported this *grave affair* to Paris. Luckily for Courrier the Emperor took no notice of the matter, and the satirical wag was left in peace. He

* Courrier's "Memoirs, Correspondence, and inedited Political and Literary Tracts," were published lately at Paris, and contain much curious matter; among the rest a satirical letter about the feelings of the army in Italy at the time of Bonaparte's canvassing for the empire, and also a full account of Courrier's disputes at Florence and Rome about the Longus MS.

returned to France and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. He became a *vigneron*, as he called himself with honest pride, a cultivator of his own vineyards. When Louis XVIII. promulgated the charter, Courvier expressed his earnest admiration for the boon, but observing soon after that the interpreters and commentators of that great document were departing from the spirit of the text, he appeared again before the public, and his letters to the editor of the Censeur, established his reputation as a public writer, whose satirical vein was considered to rival Pascal's and Voltaire's. Courvier offered himself as a candidate for a vacant seat in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, but his politics were too obnoxious: a courtier was chosen in preference to our hellenist, and Courvier wrote a *letter of thanks* to the academy, which was read with avidity by the Parisians, who appeared delighted at an opportunity of laughing at the expense of that learned body.

When it was proposed by the loyalists to purchase the fine estate of Chambord for the infant Duke of Bordeaux, and a *voluntary* subscription was opened for the purpose, in the various departments, Courvier wrote a pamphlet against the project. His *Simple Discours*, as he styled it, deprecated the idea of purchasing Chambord with the money of the people, collected through a subscription which he maintained was anything but voluntary, and for the purpose of immuring a young prince, the presumptive heir to the French throne, in a feudal mansion among a legion of courtiers, instead of having him educated at a public institution, in the midst of youths of his own age, who were to be his future subjects. The author took an occasion to descant on the morals of courts, on the origin of the nobility, and said that there is hardly in France a single family of the old nobles that is not indebted for its wealth and honour to the women, whose favour with kings and ministers was the great source of wealth and honour in the good old times. Upon this, Courvier was tried for a libel, and for an offence against public morality. His counsel, M. Berville, made a very able defence. He showed that in his opposition to the purchase of Chambord, Courvier had but repeated almost word by word, what the Minister of the Interior had already stated to the King, in his report against the project. With regard to the alleged slander against the old nobility, the counsel read passages in Massillon, Montesquieu, and in the old French historians, such as Mezerai, Bassompierre, &c. which are even stronger in reprobation of the morals of courts than anything written by his client. Mezerai in his History of France says, that "the introduction of ladies at court was at first useful in polishing the manners of the other sex, but afterwards it became the means of encouraging vice and corruption; then influence and interest were obtained through dishonour, debauchery was the road to favour, honours and offices were distributed by

woman's caprice, and the old French candour and chastity were lost. This degeneracy, adds the historian, began under Francis I., increased under Henry II., and at last reached its height under Charles IX. and Henry III." After showing that his client had done no more than state well-attested facts of the olden times, that he had, moreover, imparted what he conceived to be salutary advice to his countrymen, to the court, and to the young prince himself, whom he wished to be brought up in the midst of the rising generation, "to live among his people rather than among the images of his ancestors," the counsel thus concluded: "If, finally, you find my client guilty, then no writing is safe, and no writer secure in his person and property. Then the charge of *offence against public morality* becomes in France what that of *lex majestatis* was at Rome in its degenerate days."—p. 380.

The jury found Courvier guilty, and he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. He wrote a humorous account of his trial, from which we have extracts in the present work, and in which he scattered a profusion of ridicule over his adversaries.

ART. III.—*Theodor oder des Zweifler's Weihe. Bildungsgeschichte eines Evangelischen Geistlichen. Herausgegeben von Dr. W. M. L. de Wette. Zweite durchgesehene wohlfeilere Ausgabe.* Berlin, bei G. Reimer. 1828.

Theodore, or the Sceptic's Initiation. A Culture-History of an Evangelical Divine. By Dr. de Wette. Second edition, 2 vols. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1828.

IT is with nations as with individuals; there are epochs in which the mind receives a mighty impulse, which completely alters the direction of its powers. Schiller has remarked, and the thought has doubtless often arisen in the minds of our readers, that every *thinking* man is at some period of his life a sceptic. The Germans, as a nation, appear to have arrived, or perhaps to have passed, this important period. With us scepticism is in very bad repute, yet this perhaps arises in a great measure from the indefinite manner in which we use the term. If by scepticism is meant a captious love of raising useless and ideal difficulties or doubts, then indeed it is deserving of the strongest reprobation. But if by scepticism be understood that trying state of uncertainty and doubt, which the wisest must undergo before they can attain any definite results respecting the scheme of creation and the universe, we see in this nothing but a necessary consequence of the present constitution of the human mind, and of that incessant striving which forms its most striking characteristic. If it were possible to comprehend the wonderful extent of nature at a single glance, nothing more would be necessary than to form our creed and rest. But as long as there exist things beyond our comprehension, so

long will the mind be occupied; as long as there remain difficulties unaccounted for, so long will the restless activity of the mind of man hope to explore and vanquish them. If there be any one who can so far stifle the innate principles of his nature as to rest contented with the fragments of his uncertainty, without seeking to form them into a harmonious whole, to him we can say nothing; but the ingenuous, who in their inquiries after truth may frequently be baffled and disappointed, we would exhort to persevere, for with the temptation there is also a way to escape.

It is in conformity with these opinions that we have frequently directed the attention of our readers to German theology, for in the writings of the theologists, they will undoubtedly meet with the wildest schemes of arrogant system-makers, the most forced and violent interpretations of scripture, from the heated brains of zealots who sat down to their investigations with a few fixed ideas, to which all other considerations must give way; but they will also meet with writings ably conceived and temperately executed. We have now before us the second edition of Dr. de Wette's interesting works, which must prove highly interesting to those students who may wish to investigate the German theology. It was published anonymously in 1822, but its author was soon discovered, and the book became a standard work on this subject in Germany. The object of the author was to give a popular view of the different systems of German theology and philosophy, and at the same time, to borrow his own words, 'to show that the doubts which arise in a partial pursuit of this science are removed by a deeper inquiry, and to place in a clearer light the influence which life has upon science, and the constant connection that exists between both.' The work gives some account of the different directions and aspirations of the present theological world, and may afford some idea of it to those who take an interest in the subject; it may likewise serve young divines as a guide through the mazes of conflicting systems. It is in this point of view that we shall consider it, for the author's forte consists in the easy and unassuming manner in which he explains leading tenets, and not in the delineation of personal character.

Some slight sketch of the plan on which the work is constructed, may perhaps render the subject more intelligible to the reader. Theodor is destined to the church, in consequence of a vow made by his mother: he, however, in the course of his theological studies, contracts doubts respecting the Deity and religion, and begins to study Kant's Philosophy; in this he finds no consolation, it gives no resting place to the desires and feelings of the mind, and he goes on progressively through different systems, until his doubts are removed, or rather until Dr. de Wette explains his own ideas upon the subject. There are of course one or two love affairs in the volume, and Theodor as naturally converts his mistress, it being an established rule in matters of this nature

moral interpretation of the Scriptures, in which he had been hitherto entangled, irresistibly allured him, and he determined to read attentively the other works of this writer.'—vol. i. p. 63.

But it soon appeared to him a weighty objection that the new system to which he had devoted himself, rejected reflection, and yet makes a most decided use of the understanding, determining the relation of finite to infinite, and deducing the origin of all things, in distinct series, from the Great First Source. The Sceptic soon afterwards becomes acquainted with Professor A., who unfolds to him new ideas on the different subjects to which his attention is directed, proceeding from the principle which Jacobi had laid down as the foundation of his system.

'The system of this philosopher appeared to stand between and unite the systems of Kant and Schelling. He began with an original consciousness of the human mind, which he called Faith, and which reminded Theodor of the intellectual contemplation and Identity of Schelling's doctrines. But he did not from this develop the world with its laws and powers, but remaining at this internal point of sight, he showed how this consciousness unfolded itself in the different activities of the mind, how the whole structure of human knowledge arose from experience and internal self-activity, by composition and connexion, and thus represented a world in time and space, and under natural laws; but that this knowledge was only an imperfect copy of the substance of things, the original of which lies inclosed in consciousness; that the highest truth and satisfaction of the mind can be found only in faith, by the light of which the world appears transfigured, as a harmonious whole, in divine glory.

'He distinguished between understanding and reason; the former he named the lower mediate consciousness by which we comprehend the world in time, space, and under natural laws; the latter he defined as the immediate knowledge and whole life of the spirit; in all its activities belief or faith was, in his opinion, their original source and centre.

'He showed that perception is only a part of the human mind, and that feeling and the power of action stand beside it; and that the life of the spirit which enters into connexion with the world, is only completed by means of all three. By knowledge alone we can neither understand the world nor human life; feeling and love first give to every thing a living meaning (*Bedeutung*), and action completes the truth of knowledge and of feeling.'—vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

The view here taken is manifestly less imperfect than any of the earlier theories, as in it the eternal contemplation of the world is admitted, but only in a subordinate sense; the dependance and limitation of human knowledge are here confessed, and the point defined where it comes into contact with the substance of things and with supernatural truth. But the distinction between *reason* and *understanding* appears of the greatest importance, as the belief in revelation may thus stand in contradiction with our understanding, as the lower knowledge, without, however, being opposed to reason, as the immediate higher knowledge. But as Dr. De Wette ascribes to reason a belief, which he likewise calls a revela-

tion, and as this might seem to imply an identity between the two, his explanation appears worthy of quotation :—

'I do make a distinction between reason and the revelation dwelling in reason. This last is the unconditional basis or source of the former, the sun from which all the rays of knowledge and of spiritual life emanate. If you take a survey of human knowledge, you will, by ascending from one state to another, at last arrive at a point which is unconditional, and as it were, hanging freely to an invisible thread, just as we must at last refer the whole world to one unconditional and Highest Being, by whom it is sustained. Revelation is for the human mind, what God is for the world; it is, if we may be allowed the expression, the inward God, on whom it believes, from whom it receives light and life.'—p. 88.

This revelation, of course, can only be discerned by reason. Reason, indeed, in its original immediateness, cannot be led astray, but the understanding, which reflects and studies, may; and a more difficult question now arises. How shall we determine the relation between the understanding and the revelation which it judges? Revelation displays itself in words and works, but both are subject to the judgment of the understanding. They require human language, enter into human relations, come into connection and opposition with human actions. If, therefore, the understanding be, as it unquestionably is, in all men, darkened and perplexed, how can it distinguish what is from God, so as to stifle all doubt? For belief in an outward revelation ought to be as unconditional and clear as the belief in an inward revelation. The answer naturally is, by the feeling, or that immediate conviction of the Deity which appears in the Mediator of the Revelation, and to which the understanding must submit. For the understanding merely arranges given materials, but must always have for its ground-work the immediate perception that lies in the feeling. But in its judgment of a revelation it only raises to consciousness that which has been already adopted by the feeling. The mediator of a revelation displays his power by words and deeds, but more efficaciously by means of the latter than the former, as in the deed the whole man is distinctly seen; and in contemplating deeds, the feelings are more securely excited than by words, because in the former case the understanding does not play a principal part. These observations naturally bring us to the consideration of miracles, and we agree with Dr. De Wette, 'that if miracles be a suspension of the laws of nature, we must be intimately acquainted with all the bearings of those laws, to be able to determine what is a variation from them.' But we by no means approve of the principle introduced into the new school of German Theology, viz. undervaluing miracles as proofs of divinity, for admitting that it is incorrect to define a miracle to be a suspension of, or exception to, the laws of nature, that is, to the common course of events, since the exception or suspension was equally fore-ordained with the rule, yet the miracle is not the less, if a direction be given to those laws, or an

extent of principle displayed, which the Deity alone could impress upon them. And the enemies of Christianity have always directed their most violent attacks against the miracles, evidently considering them one of its strongest holds. But we entirely agree with our author when he says (vol. i. p. 109), 'that miraculous communication forms the personal character, and the personality of the mediator of a revelation is the first and surest proof of the belief in a revelation.' This is an important point which too many Theologians of the present day overlook.

We are somewhat surprised that Dr. De Wette did not go a little farther, and come to the obvious conclusion, that the personality of the MEDIATOR is likewise the surest test of the character of his revelation; and that it is the height of absurdity, to give it no further name, to suppose that JESUS was the MEDIATOR of a revelation from GOD, and yet to contend that the means which he adopted to convince men of the truth of his mission were not equally worthy of the Deity. The argument is not worth a serious refutation.

We have hitherto considered Revelation or Christianity in an isolated point of view, but the view which every man takes of it will be somewhat influenced by his character as a social being. The child believes the father, the scholar often adopts the opinions of the master, without thoroughly understanding them. We are glad to observe in the work before us a calm and sensible tone on this important subject, that does equal honour to the feelings and abilities of the author. The following observations, in particular, appear worthy of notice:—

'This belief was prized more highly by the antients than by us, who have almost entirely abandoned it, and are thereby as unjust as those who over-valued it. But without this reliance education could not succeed; it ought to be nothing but an introduction and support for the true eternal living faith, which without this would soon become a prey to uncertainty and doubt. The moderns and sceptics have gone astray, because they had not this prepossession for the church, this ecclesiastical public spirit.

'We can now take a clear survey of the relation between reason and revelation. It is an act of reason, that is, of the original feeling, to acknowledge a given revelation in which the completion of reason appears on the side of goodness and truth, so that reason, as it were, perceives itself therein. . . But the activity of reason is prepared and guided by a sense of community or party-spirit, which had its origin and continuation in history (i. e. *in events that actually happened*). The understanding, however, should not be excluded, it should freely examine and bring to light the general reasonableness of the Christian belief; but the prepossession for the Church should accompany it as its guardian, not to limit its freedom, but to keep alive that religious feeling which would otherwise be offended and suppressed by doubts. It performs for the Christian the same office that good manners perform to the well-educated, grown-up child, who examines the commands of his father, but in this examination never loses sight of proper respect and obedience.'—vol. i. pp. 118, 119.

We have principally confined our observations and extracts to the subjects discussed in the first volume, as they are not only of a more general and interesting nature, but in our opinion more ably treated. We trust that we have given enough to convey to our readers some idea of the tone in which the work is written; but they will form a very erroneous conclusion, if they should imagine that because our limits induced us to confine ourselves to the consideration of one particular subject, the volumes before us treat merely on theological matters.

We strongly recommend the work to all who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the German mode of thinking, earnestly entreating them to read it with becoming caution and reflection, exercising sound judgment and discretion, that they may extract the good, and preserve themselves from the effects of acutely-constructed, but one-sided systems, giving due attention to the scope of the whole, and not allowing an undue preponderance to any particular point. The chapters on Æsthetics, and the different branches of the arts, will furnish many new and ingenious ideas to those who have not yet made themselves acquainted with the German theories on these subjects; they are conveyed in an easy and popular style, and will richly repay the labour of perusal.

In conclusion, and with reference to the immediate subject of the present article, although the violence of party spirit has somewhat abated, and a more reasonable tone has been adopted, yet we do think that the tone of German theological investigation is susceptible of improvement. If, as we have reason to imagine, it is the object of no small number of German Divines, to identify pure philosophy with revelation, we fear that, instead of succeeding, they will explain revelation down to the level of their own system. Indeed, the idea of treating theology as a free, philosophical science, is pregnant with danger, and, in our opinion, founded in error. The former, as has been well observed, sets out from a definite feeling, and an immutable pre-supposition, in its inquiries after truth; whereas, the latter enters, free and unfettered, upon its investigations, and follows in whatever direction they may lead. The neglect of this obvious principle has been the cause of much mischief. We cannot better draw the distinction between religion and science, than by borrowing the sentiments of the celebrated Schleiermacher: "Science is the existence of things in us, in our reason; art and culture is our existence in things in their measure and form, and both can only ripen into life, inasmuch as the common existence of every thing finite in the infinite lives immediately in us." And by this last Schleiermacher understands religion; this he places in the feelings; science, on the contrary, in perception, and morality in action. From the feeling in which the finite and infinite mysteriously unite, are developed perception and action, by which man enters upon a definite relation towards the world and things, whilst

by the feelings he comes into contact with the universe. Thus religion stands above science and morality, uniting and pervading both by its spirit. Perception and action refer to our *particular* relation to the world, but religion to the whole and undivided.

ART. IV.—*A Commentary on the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Major-General in the Service of the Republic of France, in which the Moral and Physical Force of Ireland, to support National Independence, is discussed and examined from authentic documents.* By Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy. 8vo. pp. 175. Part I. Paris: Didot. 1828.

NEARLY thirty years have now elapsed since Ireland was united by law to the kingdom of Great Britain. Nearly seven hundred years have passed into eternity since England first effectually attempted to exercise dominion over that island. Yet, strange to say, even to this hour, neither conquest or law, neither force or fraud, has succeeded in establishing an indissoluble, still less a tolerable connection between the two countries. Ireland at this moment is a camp! It is held in military possession as much as France was by the army of occupation after the general peace. The king reigns in the hearts of the great majority of the Irish people, but the relations which ought to exist reciprocally between the sovereign and his Irish subjects, are and have long been thwarted and turned aside by the interposition of a faction, whose only wish is to keep the country in a perpetual state of discontent, in order that they might enjoy a monopoly of the offices through which the functions of the government are executed. This faction have always dreaded tranquillity; they are accustomed to look upon it as upon a sign of evil omen; they have done, and are still doing, all they can to prevent it from being established, except upon their own terms of ascendancy, and unless they be effectually put down and dissolved, they will for ever mar the prosperity of Ireland.

The existence of this faction costs the people of England upwards of THREE MILLIONS sterling a year; for if the course of justice and the career of government were left to their natural tendencies, and if every enactment were removed from the law which creates any obnoxious distinctions in the community, there would be no necessity for constantly keeping in that country a standing army of fifty thousand men. The fifth part of that number would be quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes—the island might be placed upon a peace establishment; and thus might be saved an enormous expenditure, which could not be much greater than it now is, if the soldiers, instead of idly lounging about the towns and villages, were engaged in active warfare against them.

What principle or element there is in the constitution of the faction—the Orange faction—to which we allude, that can render their preservation so essential to the British government as it would seem to be, we are at a loss to conjecture. Their allegiance is a conditional one; their wealth is not great; their talents are scarcely respectable; their discretion dubious, and their malignity inexorable. They once drove the peasantry into open rebellion, and in their endeavours to put it down again, they perpetrated cruelties, the bare recollection of which would be enough to wring the heart of a savage. So numerous and so wicked were their crimes, that the very name of Orangeman became odious every where: and when, upon a late occasion, they deemed it necessary again to bestir themselves, and to prepare the seeds of a new rebellion, knowing that their name had lost its spell, even *they* were ashamed of it; and they adopted another, which they are doing all they can to render ten times more hateful than the former.

In both instances they have been equally felicitous in libelling the sources from which they have drawn their titles. They set up as their first ensign of intolerance the flag of the Prince of Orange, a man with whom toleration was a habit, and liberty almost a passion. For their second titular patron, they have had the presumption to select the house of Brunswick—a house which has more than once sanctioned the maxim, that the sovereign reigns for the benefit of the people, not for himself, and still less for a faction. Under this new name they have been recently seen congregating together from all parts of Ireland, and have been heard uttering open threats against the very sovereign whose family name they have usurped. They have professed their fervent attachment to religion; but from the doctrines which they promulgate, it would appear that the Alcoran, and not the Bible, is the authority upon which their religion is founded. They have pledged themselves to stand by the constitution; the constitution, however, which they promise to support, is not the constitution of Great Britain, but the laws which are exceptions to it, and which tarnish its original character—laws infinitely more suitable to the land of the scimitar and the bow-string, than to that of the habeas corpus and trial by jury.

We have never denied, nor do we mean now to dispute, that the union with Ireland has been productive of great advantages to that country. Of this, however, we are assured, that if the two crowns had been kept separate, like those of Hanover and England, though worn on the same head; if the treaty of Limerick had been faithfully fulfilled, instead of having been most disgracefully violated; if all the people of Ireland had been governed by equal laws; if the Orange faction had never existed there; if the legislature had carried on its proceedings in Dublin, instead of having been mixed up with the parliament of Great Britain, Ireland would by this time have assumed a much more prominent rank among the

nations, than she ever can aspire to as the handmaid of England. Ireland is not a nation, but a province, apparently under the rule of the British constitution, but, in fact, governed by satraps, under the specious names of justices of the peace, many of whom daily perpetrate deeds at which even a Caligula would blush. They treat the peasantry infinitely worse than the Spaniards ever treated the Indians of Mexico or Peru; they know of no law but their own passions and prejudices, which influence them in every thing they do, and poison at its fountain head the practical administration of justice.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Irishmen, who truly love their country, now and then complain loudly of the wrongs which she is suffering, and remonstrate against the sort of dominion that is exercised over her by England, since it has been proved by the experience of seven centuries, that that dominion has been sufficiently potent for evil, but almost inefficient for good. The question of the separation of the two countries, or, in other words, of the repeal of the Act of Union, is happily one which we can discuss, like any other question of political economy, without having our motives misinterpreted. It is competent to any person to petition the legislature for the repeal of that law; and we think we have already said enough to shew, that the expediency of its much longer continuing on our statute books is, to say the least of it, very doubtful.

Assuming that the reader agrees with us upon this point, the next question would be, whether Ireland would be able to maintain her own national independence, without imposing any burthen upon England. Let it be observed, that we are not here inculcating any doctrine at variance with the allegiance which the Irish people owe to George IV. If they had to elect a sovereign, we verily believe that his present Majesty would be the object of their unanimous choice. That is a question, however, which never can arise without a revolution; and of this we have no apprehension. The only change that seems desirable in this respect would be, that his Majesty should be entitled king of Great Britain and king of Ireland, instead of king of Great Britain and Ireland. The severance of the two crowns, the separation of the titles, would not in any degree affect the sovereignty of the house of Brunswick over Ireland; nor is it expedient that it should, for we sincerely believe, that there is no man in the empire who feels more warmly interested in the welfare of Ireland than the illustrious individual who now occupies the British throne.

It is the object of the publication, the title of which stands at the head of this article, to discuss the question which we have just stated. The name inserted in the title page is, we have no doubt, a nom de guerre. The author, whoever he may be, is perfectly well informed of the resources of Ireland, and indeed of the whole empire. He handles his subject in a scientific, and sometimes

even in a technical manner, which renders his pamphlet not very acceptable, perhaps, to a general reader, but to an inquirer interested in the matter, makes it worth a whole library of declamation. It is a commentary on the Memoirs of Wolfe Tone, which we reviewed on a former occasion* ; it has been printed at Paris, for what reason we know not, as there is not a syllable in the work which might not be printed and published with the greatest safety in London. The time has gone by when attorney-generals were on the constant look out for libels. Indeed, such is the state of public opinion amongst us, that there is hardly any question which we are not ready to discuss, and upon which we are not disposed to give our thoughts to the world. The law of libel, at least so far as the state is concerned, has sunk into a dead letter ; for it is already settled amongst us as a maxim, that suppression of opinion on any particular topic, is only an indication that there is a rottenness about it which cannot suffer the touch. There are perhaps some expressions in the work which a purer taste would have discarded, but they do not in the least detract from the profound interest of the arguments which it sets forth, and the facts which it discloses.

It is now well ascertained, that the real object of the army which Napoleon assembled at Boulogne, was the invasion not of England, as it was at that time generally believed, but of Ireland, of which nobody dreamt. "If I had, said he in the memoirs which he dictated to Las Cases (tome ii. 3 e partie, p. 335), instead of the expedition to Egypt, accomplished that which was destined for Ireland; if some slight mismanagement had not created obstacles to my enterprize at Boulogne, what would be the power of England to-day? Upon what trifles are the fates of empires suspended!" If England should ever again be engaged in a formidable war—a supposition not altogether, perhaps, out of the range of probability, it is useful for us to know that Ireland is capable of defending herself from foreign invasion. Such was decidedly the opinion of Tone.

'"There is, said he, no one proposition, moral, physical, or political, that I hear with such extreme exacerbation of mind, as this, which denies to my country, the possibility of *independent* existence: it is not, however, my plan here to examine that question. I trust, whenever that necessity shall arise, as, *at some time, it infallibly must*, it will be found, that we are as competent to our own government, regulation, and *defence*, as any state in Europe.

'What Tone intended here, by the word *independence*, must not be mistaken. He explains it fully in another part of his work. "I trust in God, he says, we owe the *English nation* no allegiance—surely, this is no question of loyalty—the King of England is also King of Ireland. He is, in theory, and, I trust, in practice, equally interested in the welfare of both countries."—Again.—"The loyalty of the most true and loyal subject in

* M. R. vol. iv. p. 488.

this kingdom, is to the *King of Ireland*, not to the honourable united company of merchants, trading, where he must never trade, to the East Indies; nor is it to the clothiers of Yorkshire, nor to the weavers of Manchester, nor yet to the constitutional reforming blacksmiths of Birmingham, that he owes allegiance. His first duty is to his country, his second to his King, and both are now, and, by God's blessing, will, I hope, remain united and inseparable.'"—pp. 9, 10.

Such was the language held by Tone in 1791. Subsequently, his views were indeed extended, and implicated him in designs which had undoubtedly for their object the establishment of a republic in Ireland. But the author before us desires it to be distinctly understood, that it is in the *first* sense of the word 'independence,' as explained by Tone, that he wishes the phrase to be understood, wherever it is used in the present work. We have already given for ourselves a similar precaution.

Mr. Pitt, Lord Minto, and many other statesmen, among them, and certainly not the least intelligent among them, Sir James Macintosh, have asserted that Ireland would be unable to maintain herself against foreign aggression. "Ireland," said the latter, in his speech on the 15th of February, 1825, "small in extent, feeble in means, could look to no higher destiny among surrounding nations, than that of being employed by ambitious persons to annoy another power." Our author asks, how "smallness of extent," *taken by itself*, can, without relation to instruments of defence, constitute any portion of military weakness? 'The rock of Gibraltar,' he observes, 'is, compared even with diminutive Ireland, very small in extent—so is the camp at Pirna. Nay these, and many other celebrated military positions, derive a principal part of their strength, from the very small extent of frontier to be defended. It is well known that relative extension of frontier is a source of weakness, not of strength.'

The author proceeds to remark on this point:—

'A mere smattering of the knowledge of an engineer would have shown, to Sir James, the absurdity of his proposition.

'Look at the map of Great Britain and Ireland.

'Observe, in the former, the greater distances from John O'Groat's House to the Lands-End, and observe the length of the southern base of the triangle, and then observe the form of Ireland.

'The latter approaches nearer to the form of an ellipse, than to any other regular form—and, to an ellipse, the conjugate axis of which is of considerable proportion to the transverse axis*. This form, with the exception of an absolute circle, is the *most compact* to which any superficies can be reduced. Hence, the ease and rapidity with which any moveable force can be drawn from any one given point to any other given point, in the whole Island—a capacity for defence, from its superficial form, which very few other natural positions can produce. A military

* Two hundred and seventy-eight miles long—one hundred and fifty-five broad.

force, far short of that which the population of Ireland could produce, and which the revenue of Ireland could maintain, might be so stationed, that, on no one part of the coast, could an attack be made, without the station of a native army being found within one or two days march of the point of landing.'—pp. 19, 20.

In conformity with this reasoning, the author, after giving a definition of what a fortress is, namely, "a strong place, rendered so by art, or, originally so by local advantages, or by means both of nature and art," observes, that

'Ireland may be considered as a *natural* fortress of the *first order*, her ditch, the Atlantic---her curtains, the lines of her rock-bound coast,---her bastions, her limestone and granite promontories, &c. &c. Her ditch, the Atlantic, may, it is true, be crossed; but it has this advantage, that it may be crossed by a relieving, as well as by an attacking army. This ditch may be crossed by an advancing enemy, but it presents a tremendous obstacle to a retreat. All blockade of Fort Erin is out of military question. Even if it were not, blockade must be ineffective. Bishop Berkely proposes some such query as this:---"If Ireland were surrounded by a wall of brass, of such an elevation as to be insurmountable by human effort, has she not, *within herself*, wherewithal to shelter and to nourish all her inhabitants"---i. e. her garrison?---Has she not more?---a perennial generative power of recruiting that garrison, so as that its members shall never diminish.

'Again. The curtains and bastions of Fort Erin are beyond all power of demolition, even from the modern improvements, of the bombardment, the battery, the mine, or the sap. There is, for an enemy, but one mode of attack, which presents a chance of success---a *coup de main* upon some of her accessible points, such as her ports or places of landing. These are as well known, and will be proved to be as capable of defence, as the gates of any regular work,

'It seems to be acknowledged, that there is scarcely any river, the passage of which, with every exertion for defence, may not, in some parts, be forced, nor any coast, on which a landing may not, in some parts, be effected. But in every mode of attack, on a fortified position, the difficulty lies, not so much in the approaches, as in the subsequent advance, after a breach has been made; and still more, after a lodgment has been established. Here, if the garrison perform their duty, is their glory to be acquired, and their safety to be preserved.'—pp. 29, 30.

It is important in this discussion to observe, in answer to Bishop Berkeley's question, that Ireland has undoubtedly within herself the means of recruiting her garrison, and of maintaining it for any length of time. But upon the supposition that a foreign enemy had succeeded in effecting a landing, and in securing a post, the question then arises as to the means of obstruction, which the face of the interior of Ireland presents.

'With respect to the primary divisions of Ireland, she presents three great portions, differing in form, and, consequently, in modes of defence.

'The northern district---mountainous almost throughout---many portions of these mountains rocky---other portions boggy---others again rock and bog intermixed---full of intersections from rivers and lakes---

than the pick-axe, the crow-bar, and the shovel. Break down these low arches, and a short way of the bed of the road, stop the water below, and the line of passage becomes inundated. Even if the dam below should be removed, the previously submerged portion will remain (especially in bog) an impassable mass of mud.'—pp. 37—39.

The next topic which our author treats, is the 'physical character' of the garrison occupying the natural fortress of Ireland. Taking the total number of the population at 7,000,000, it is computed that about 1,660,000 men are capable of bearing arms. There is scarcely one of the number here mentioned who has not been inured to privations of every description. They have been reared up in Spartan poverty and vigour. They are wholly reckless of the severity of the climate. They are enabled to lie out at night upon the damp ground. They can subsist on potatoes without any other food. The bivouac of the Cossacks they could easily endure; the tents of a regular camp would be to them a luxury, and the rations of the soldier a 'succession of gormandizing.' So much for their physical character.

With respect to the moral character of our supposed Irish garrison, we presume that no one will doubt their determined and enthusiastic bravery. Their mental susceptibility has been kept alive by the government under which their country has long been ruled—a government which is truly described as 'irregular in its modes of oppression, capricious and variable in its ministers, and in its mandates,' which is seated at a distance and never has assumed even the appearance of being domestic. That susceptibility has also been, and still continues to be, powerfully excited by a state religion, which, whatever be its merits, is not the religion of the mass of the people, and yet is established and predominant, 'felt therefore as imposed, as exacting and rigorous, as wringing enormous revenues from a denying people, to whom it neither would nor could return adequate service—combining against it, in the feelings of the great mass of the people, two objects of detestation; the one of its unbelieved doctrine—the other of its credited rapacity.'

'Another cause,' adds the author, 'operating to excite the *intellect* of that part (so nearly the whole) of the Irish, which has been held in exclusion from the public business, and the public honours of the British Empire is, that the very *exclusion* limits its attention to its own country, and to its own degradation. Attention, thus *concentrated*, becomes *passion*—passion, working in a country separated by nature, and in a race separated by policy.'—p. 58.

In confirmation of this theory, the author adduces the authority of Mr. Wakefield, an Englishman by birth and prejudice, who visited Ireland for the purpose of inquiring into its physical and moral state. He describes the Irish as a people possessed of "great personal bravery, activity, and bodily strength." They have an advantage, he adds, "which will always give them a great

superiority over an enemy, they are able to live on an inferior food, and which, in general, is ready for their immediate use: nothing, therefore, is required but to secure their affections, and to train them to military tactics." We cannot here refrain from adding to the testimony of Mr. Wakefield, that of a noble and eloquent writer, who possesses an extensive property in Ireland, and has long served in the British army: he thus describes the character of an Irishman:—

"In any pursuit, he is sanguine, active, and intelligent. He possesses a great aptitude for the acquisement of reading and writing, and has a turn for mathematics. His imagination is fertile, and even ardent. This attaches him much to the Roman Catholic religion, which addresses itself powerfully to its members."—"It were injustice to say, that he is not industrious. He labours like a galley-slave. The wretchedness of his habitation, and the want of certain comforts about him, often induce the superficial observer to pronounce him idle. He is warmly attached to his native soil, to his cabin, to his family, and to old customs and habits. His domestic attachments are superseded only by his love of arms. He quits all that is dear to him, to embrace a soldier's life; he delights in war, which is in truth his element, and most becomes him. These are among the principal features, which mark the character of that brilliant people; brilliant from the acknowledged vivacity and keenness of their native wit; brilliant, from a copious flow of rich and luxurious eloquence; and brilliant, from a love of arms. Hence we have seen the offspring of peasants, frequently leading to battle, the armies of almost every military state in Europe, and emerging from want, from misery and squalidness at home, to honour, wealth, and power, abroad. *A people, whose spirits no misfortune could ever break, whose gaiety no misery could ever dump; a people, like the Irish, quick in thought, sanguine in enterprise, and rapid in action*—require only a government, the genius of which is capable of appreciating their character, and developing their native powers."'—pp. 61, 62.

From this subject, the author proceeds to contrast the population of England with that of Ireland, for the purpose of showing that though the former is numerically greater, yet it cannot afford so large a military supply as the population of Ireland. The argument to this effect is founded on the census of 1801, which gives, as the total number of the population of England, 8,331,192. Of this number, only 1,524,227 persons appear to have been then employed in agriculture, and from this division only could a military supply be taken. The number of persons employed in trade, handicraft, and manufactures, appears to have been 1,789,531; but the operations in which the great majority of these persons are daily employed are of a nature to demoralize the mind, to shorten life, to render the frame imbecile, and wholly unfit for the exigencies of a soldier's duty. Since 1801 the gross numbers have been greatly augmented, but 'the *ratio* of the agricultural population to the whole, has rather diminished than increased.' Besides this, such have been the strides of pauperism, that within forty years the poor-rates

have been increased four-fold. It is unnecessary for us to pursue this investigation farther, as our object is to shew not what England is incapable of doing, but of what materials Ireland is composed.

The first element of independence, understood in the sense to which we have repeatedly referred, is financial power. It appears from the report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed, in 1815, to inquire into the public income and expenditure of Ireland, that during the twenty-four years of war in which England was engaged against France, the total sum raised from Ireland amounted to nearly 230,000,000*l.* or about nine millions and a half annually. A country capable of producing so large an amount as this annually, cannot be destitute of the means, not only of acquiring, but of maintaining its own independence. If her position, soil, climate, population, and pecuniary resources, be compared with those of the States of Holland, from their rise to the time of Louis XIV.; with those of Prussia, under Frederic II. and since his time; and with those of the United States of North America, during the period of the war for their independence, her capabilities will be acknowledged as more than adequate to any purpose which might be required from her by the necessities of self-defence.

The territory of the States of Holland bears a proportion to that of Ireland of about one-third. Ireland is a natural fortification, girt by the sea—Holland a swamp in the Continent.

'A people with scarcely so much soil as deserves the name of country; no commodity of native growth; not one good harbour on their coast, remained for ages a horde of obscure fishermen, inhabiting an unwholesome swamp—suddenly expanded into a nation, and ranked among the leaders of Europe in arts and arms, founding their power upon the two great bases of human happiness, perseverance in acquiring, moderation in expending; being selfish in their private affairs, disinterested in their public duties, and industrious and frugal in both.'—p. 107.

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'A century afterwards, this handful of fishermen, risen into the state and character of "High Mightinesses," were attacked by Louis XIV.

'Against Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Vauban, 130,000 troops, innumerable artillery, Holland had to oppose but a young leader, of a delicate constitution, destitute of any military *experience*, and about 25,000 of badly disciplined soldiers.

'While the armies over-run her at land, she was attacked at sea, by the fleet of England.

'Holland did not despair. On shore, she fought to her last dyke—at sea, she sent the plebeian Van Tromp, to encounter the royal and legitimate Duke of York.

'Holland had the glory of having disputed the oceanic empire, with its great tyrant, and the address to transport the war by land, from her own, to the dominions of her legitimate and paternal invader.

'The triumphal arch, that Louis had begun to erect, in commemoration of his Dutch conquests, was not finished, when he was compelled to evacuate all his acquisitions.

'No cunning can pervert, no dullness can obscure, the visible connexion of cause and effect in the above instances. Spain, possessing the most fertile territory in Europe, troops the most renowned for discipline and bravery, a triumphant fleet, and the wealth of both Indies flowing into the coffers of the most religious and legitimate monarchy:—all these combining to form a paternal government, thrown off by a horde of fishermen! The fishermen becoming, *by the very struggle*, scientific captains, valiant soldiers, daring seamen, rich merchants, sober and industrious mechanics:—erecting a splendid state, and maintaining, against the greatest legitimacy of Europe, an illustrious independence, with a revenue which hardly exceeded three millions per annum, and a territory amounting to about one-third of Ireland.'—pp. 108, 109.

We need not pursue the comparison with Prussia, and with the United States. The object which we have in view does not require of us to go into the history of the revolutions which have been successfully effected in the New World. We are much deceived if the extracts which we have already taken from the able and interesting work before us, are not sufficient to shew that, in case of a foreign invasion, Ireland, if by any chance she should be left to her own resources, would be fully competent to maintain her independence. When the apprehensions of her *protecting power* shall be dissipated on this subject, it will not be difficult to convince the people of England, that it would be highly advantageous even to them, not to speak of the people of Ireland, that the latter should have a domestic Parliament and administration, without producing any change in the allegiance which they owe to the house of Hanover.

We have now laid before the reader the substance of the first part of this curious work. We have done so at some length, as we believe that very few copies of it have as yet found their way into this country. We understand that the second part, which is already in progress of preparation, will 'disclose much of the proposed military systems of General Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which have hitherto been very little understood. They likewise contain a criticism upon the present military system of Europe,' with a view to shew that it is founded on an erroneous basis, that of separating too widely the soldier from the citizen.

ART. V.—*Elements of Chemistry, including the Recent Discoveries and Doctrines of the Sciences.* By Edward Turner, M.D., F.R.S.E. Professor of Chemistry in the University of London; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, &c. &c. Second edition, enlarged and carefully revised. 8vo. pp. 822. With plates. London: John Taylor. 1828.

THIS is, in many respects, an admirable work, on one of the most extensively useful branches of physical science—a branch, without the knowledge of which it is impossible to understand well or thoroughly almost any investigation of the productions or pheno-

mena of Nature, or almost any of the countless processes of human art and industry,—so widely are the connections of chemistry ramified among the subjects of study and of skill. Accordingly, the astronomer and the optician must depend upon chemistry for the perfection of their instruments, and the character of the media through which light is transmitted; the meteorologist for the nature of vapours and the chemico-electric affections of the atmosphere; the pneumatician for the combinations, mixtures, and specific gravities of the various gases; the hydrologist for the varied constituents of water; the mineralogist for the analysis of fossil productions; the geologist for curbing his flights of theorizing fancy, and bringing his speculations within the pale of probability; and the botanist, or vegetable physiologist, for investigations of the food of plants, and the various changes produced on it from its absorption, till it is formed into leaves, bark, wood, or pith. In the great department of animated nature, chemistry is no less indispensable in examining the interesting facts connected with nutrition, respiration, nervous energy, and the various products of animal bodies. Yet these are nothing more than a few brief and necessarily imperfect hints of the varied connections of chemistry with physical knowledge. To give a similar sketch of the dependence of art and industry upon chemical science, would require a volume rather than a page. We may be permitted, however, to mention two extensive branches, in which an accurate practical acquaintance with chemistry is indispensable,—we mean medicine and metallurgy, including, under the latter, all the varied processes of art by which metals are worked and fashioned into articles of use or ornament.

Upon all these points Dr. Turner has given valuable details, in a very superior style of scientific composition, uniting, however, with his technical language, much less than we could have wished of the perspicuity and plainness of a merely popular work, but keeping a happy medium between brevity and diffuseness. Comparing it with other English works on Chemistry, it comes nearest in size and plan to the Elements of Henry, or the System of Murray, but from the daily and rapid progress of chemistry, and the continual succession of new facts, and of discoveries which alter the whole aspect of the science, books of this kind become gradually less valuable. The works now named, indeed, as well as the other standard works on chemistry, are, for the most part, subjected to important modifications in each successive edition; though it must be obvious that this method of keeping pace with the progress of science, has many disadvantages, and is much akin to the attempt to render an old tree young, by engrafting upon it fresh branches, which are always more likely to fail than to succeed. It must frequently happen, also, that the author may be unwilling or unable to make changes in his arrangement to the extent which is required, in order to keep pace with the progress

of discovery; and hence it is that notes and appendices are multiplied to the certain confusion of the student, and the injury of the work, in simplicity and perspicuity of arrangement. In this point of view we are bound to consider another very able work—"Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry," which, though different in arrangement, comes into close comparison with the work before us, both with respect to size and the class of readers for whom it is designed. Had Dr. Ure composed the Dictionary *ab initio*, we feel convinced that excellent as he has rendered it, he could have made it more worthy of approbation than it was possible to do with the Dictionary of Nicholson to work upon, in which it was requisite not only to have the whole of the old matter revised, that obsolete and refuted theories might be expunged, and more accurate and enlarged views inserted in their room, but to draw up a very great number of articles entirely new, of which the original Dictionary contained not even a hint. For the interest of chemistry, it is to be lamented that a man so able as Dr. Ure to do justice to the subject, was put upon the execution of this laborious and ungracious task. In all this Dr. Turner's work possesses most important advantages over its elder competitors, and the author has availed himself of them most amply; for it may be justly said to contain as complete a picture of the present state of chemistry in all its branches, as it was practicable to delineate within the bounds of a moderate volume.

To us, however, after a careful examination of his arrangement, and his method of treating the individual parts of his subject, there appears to be a considerable want of the simplicity requisite in a work intended for students beginning the science. For those who have already made some progress in chemical knowledge, the work is much more adapted, both as a book of study and of ready reference, upon the facts and principles which have been long established or recently discovered. For such purposes we could not desire a better instructor than Dr. Turner; but this is as far as we can go in our estimation of his merits, for as an initiatory work, or first book on chemistry, we do not think its plan judicious, and feel assured that it will wear a repulsive aspect to the greater number of young men, who may peruse it with such a notion of its character. It may be remarked, accordingly, that the high praise which the work has obtained, and, unquestionably, well merits, has come from chemists who are capable of judging of its comprehensiveness and accuracy, and from students who, having acquired, by means of lectures or more elementary books, a certain acquaintance with chemical facts and chemical language, find Dr. Turner an admirable guide in their further progress. The title, indeed, of "System," would, in our opinion, be much more appropriate than 'Elements.' We are aware that the author expressly says, the work is designed for 'persons who have attended, or *are attending*, Lectures on Chemistry;' but he must know well that the latter

class in particular require something more simple and attractive than they will find in his Elements. He begins, for example, with the usual *queue* of metaphysical generalities respecting matter, extension, impenetrability, mobility, &c., which he goes on to explain thus:—

'*Extension* is the property of occupying a certain portion of space. A substance is said to be *extended* when it possesses length, breadth, and thickness. By *impenetrability* is meant that no two portions of matter can occupy the same space at the same moment. Every thing that possesses extension and impenetrability is matter.'—p. 1.

Now we humbly submit, that though this manner of commencing a work on physical science can boast of the authority of the highest names, yet it is exceedingly repulsive, if not unintelligible, to young men commencing the study. Nay, he has not made the best, even of this plan, bad as we conceive it to be; for, in proceeding to explain the extreme divisibility of matter, he quotes Nicholson's Illustrations of the Extensibility of Gold, which is a *mechanical*, not a chemical example, and contents himself with saying, 'by chemical means, a still more minute division may be effected.' (p. 2). Now we may justly ask, why, in this case, Dr. Turner did not introduce a plain, easy, chemical experiment, rather than the inappropriate example from Nicholson? He tells us in his preface, that he wishes 'to make the student intimately acquainted with the theory, at the same time that he is acquiring a knowledge of the facts of chemistry, so that, by the establishment of fixed principles, the details may more easily be impressed on the memory, and excite an interest which they could not otherwise possess.'

With due deference to the professor of chemistry, we are clearly of opinion, that this is an attempt to lay the foundation of an edifice in the air, and build downwards. It is the details and facts which alone *can* be learned; in the first instance, whatever attempts may be erroneously made to give the theory and the general principles a priority, because of their presumed importance. Does Dr. Turner require to be told, that every *general* is made up of *particulars*? and, consequently, that facts and details must always form the only foundation for principles and theories? He might as well endeavour to teach a manufacturer to bleach a piece of Irish linen, or dye a piece of silk green, by telling him generally, that a chemical substance has various affinities with other chemical substances, as to impart any real knowledge of the science by teaching what he calls fixed principles, while he makes the facts and the details a subsequent and minor consideration. Such remarks, to some, may appear too minute and hypercritical, but when authors will disregard the first principles of logic, we must remind them that they are amenable to its laws.

The work is divided into four parts, treating, in succession, of im-

ponderable substances :—Inorganic Chemistry; Organic Chemistry; and Analytical Chemistry, with an Appendix, containing certain tables. On each of those divisions, we shall now make such remarks as were suggested on perusing them.

The sections on electricity and galvanism, have been, the author informs us, very materially altered; but it strikes us forcibly, that though well written and interesting, they have more the air of historical sketches than of an elementary didactic treatise. If Dr. Turner composes his lectures upon these subjects according to this plan, he cannot hope to make his pupils good chemical electricians or galvanists. We are much better pleased with his sections on caloric and light, though these again are too much like a dissertation, or a monograph. We select, as a favourable specimen of his manner, his remarks on the vapours of metals, earths, &c., supposed to be diffused in the atmosphere.

"It has accordingly been supposed, that the atmosphere contains, diffused through it, minute quantities of the vapours of all the bodies with which it is in contact; and this idea has been made the basis of a theory of the origin of meteorites. But this doctrine has been successfully combated by Mr. Farraday, in his Essay on the Existence of a Limit to Vaporization, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1826. The argument employed by Mr. Farraday, is founded on the principle by which Dr. Wollaston has accounted for the limited extent of the atmosphere. Since the volume of gaseous substances is dependent on the pressure to which they are subject, the air in the higher regions of the atmosphere must be much more rare than that in the lower, because the former sustains the pressure of a shorter atmospheric column than the latter; so that in ascending upwards from the earth, each successive stratum of air, being less compressed than the foregoing, is likewise more attenuated. Now it is found experimentally, that the elasticity or tension of any gaseous matter diminishes in the same ratio as its volume increases; and, accordingly, whenever the tenuity of a portion of air, owing to its distance from the earth's surface, or any other cause, is exceedingly great, its tension is exceedingly small. Reasoning on this principle, Dr. Wollaston conceives that at a certain altitude, probably at a distance of 40 or 50 miles from the surface of the earth, the rarefaction and consequent loss of elastic force is so extreme, that the mere gravity of the particles becomes equal to their elasticity, and thus puts a limit to their separation.

"What Dr. Wollaston suggests of aërial particles, Mr. Farraday supposes to occur in all substances; and this supposition is perfectly legitimate, because gaseous matter in general is subject to the same law of expansion, and is likewise under the influence of gravity. He infers that every kind of matter ceases to assume the elastic form whenever the gravitation of its particles is stronger than the elasticity of its vapour. The loss of tension necessary for effecting this object may be accomplished in two ways, either by extreme dilatation or by cold. For substances of great volatility, such as air and most gases, the former is necessary; because the degree of cold which we can command at the earth's surface diminishes their tension in a degree quite insufficient for the purpose. But the volatility of innumerable bodies is so small, that their vapour at com-

mon temperatives approximate nearly to the air at the limits of the atmosphere, and a small degree of cold may suffice for rendering its elasticity a force inferior to its apparent gravity. In that case the vapour would be entirely condensed. Mr. Faraday found that mercury, at a temperature varying from 60° to 80°, yields a small quantity of vapour, but in winter no trace of vapour could be detected. Hence it is inferred, that at the former temperature the elasticity of mercurial vapour is slightly superior to the gravity of its particles, and that in cold weather the latter power preponderates, and puts an entire check to the evaporation of mercury. The earths and metals, which are more fixed than mercury, have vapours of such feeble tension, that the highest natural temperature is unable to convert them into vapour. Another force which co-operates with gravity in overcoming elasticity, is the attraction of aggregation, or the attraction exerted by a solid or liquid, to the contiguous particles of the same substance in the gaseous form. This argument affords very sufficient grounds for believing that the vapours of earthy and metallic substances are never present in the atmosphere.'—p. 70.

The facts relating to the doctrine of definitive proportion and atomic theory, are stated, in the second part, with so much perspicuity, that but for the extent of the subject, we should have extracted the whole. We should have preferred arranging this section in a subsequent part of the volume, but as it stands, in some degree, isolated, the student has it in his option to pass it over, till he obtains a knowledge of the elementary facts requisite for understanding it. The subject is confessedly difficult, but Dr. Turner has stated it in so clear a manner, as to remove much of the mystery encountered by beginners in some other elementary works. We particularly admire his marked distinctions between the ascertained facts, and the more hypothetical portions of the subject; the usual confounding of which together, has led to much misconception and mistake. Dr. Turner indeed, justly remarks, that it is not uncommon for persons commencing the study of chemistry, to entertain a vague notion, that this department of the science comprehends something uncertain and hypothetical in its nature, and to be thus led to form an erroneous estimate of its importance. But in the sketch which he has given of the laws of combination, he has stated only the pure expression of fact, founded on experiment alone, which is not necessarily connected with any speculation, and may be kept wholly free from it. To this sketch, however, he has appended a brief account of the theory of Dalton, the theory of volumes by M. Gay-Lussac, and the theory of Berzeling.

In his chemistry of the metals, Dr. Turner has given, in general, a very complete statement of the established facts, as well as of the newer discoveries. In his account of the tests of arsenic, so important in questions of medical jurisprudence, he objects to those proposed by Mr. Hume, of Long Acre, consisting of the ammoniacal nitrate of silver, and the ammoniacal sulphate of copper, particularly the latter, which is of little service, he thinks, when the

arsenic is mixed with tea, porter, &c. He, therefore, prefers the test proposed by Dr. Christison of Edinburgh.

"When a current of sulphuretted hydrogen gas is conducted through a solution of arsenious acid, the fluid immediately acquires a yellow colour, and in a short time becomes turbid, owing to the formation of orpiment, or the yellow sulphuret of arsenic. The precipitate is at first partially suspended in the liquid; but as soon as the free sulphuretted hydrogen is expelled by boiling, it subsides perfectly, and may easily be collected on a filter. One condition, however, must be observed, in order to insure success, namely, that the liquid does not contain a free alkali; for the sulphuret of arsenic is dissolved with remarkable facility by pure potassa or ammonia. To avoid this source of fallacy, it is necessary to acidulate the solution with a little acetic or muriatic acid. Sulphuretted hydrogen likewise acts on arsenic in all vegetable and animal fluids, if previously boiled, filtered, and acidulated.

"But it does not necessarily follow, because sulphuretted hydrogen causes a yellow precipitate, that arsenic is present; for there are not less than four other substances, namely, selenium, cadmium, tin, and antimony, the sulphuret of which, judging from their colour alone, might be mistaken for orpiment. From these and all other substances whatever the sulphuret of arsenic may be thus distinguished: When heated with black flux, in the manner described for reducing the arsenic of lime, a metallic crust of an iron-grey colour externally, and crystalline on its inner surface, is deposited on the cool part of the tube; and by converting a portion of this crust into vapour, its alliaceous odour will instantly be perceived. Besides these circumstances, which alone are quite satisfactory, it is easy to procure additional evidence, by re-converting the metal into arsenious acid, so as to obtain it in the form of resplendant octohedral crystals. This is done by holding that part of the tube to which the arsenic adheres about three-fourths of an inch above a very small spirit lamp flame, so that the metal may be slowly sublimed. As it rises in vapours it combines with oxygen, and is deposited in crystals within the tube. The character of these crystals, with respect to volatility, lustre, transparency, and form, is so exceedingly well marked, that a practised eye may safely identify them, though their weight should not exceed the 100th part of a grain. This experiment does not succeed unless the tube be quite clean and dry.

"It hence appears, that of the various tests for arsenic, the only one which gives uniform results, and is applicable to every case, is sulphuretted hydrogen: all the rest may be dispensed with. For this great improvement in the mode of testing for arsenious acid, we are indebted to Dr. Christison. By this process he discovered the presence of arsenious acid when mixed with complex fluids, such as tea, porter, and the like, in the proportion of one-fourth of a grain to one ounce; and more recently, he has twice obtained so small a quantity as the 20th of a grain from the stomachs of people who had been poisoned with arsenic."—p. 471.

On some of the other subjects of metallic chemistry, connected with medicine, Dr. Turner is somewhat deficient. We find no mention, for example, of the compound salt, the chloride of gold and sodium, which has been prepared and employed on the Continent, particularly by M. Chrestien of Montpellier, and by M. M.

Fiquier and Javal. M. Fiquier prepares the chloride of gold and sodium, by dissolving four parts of gold in *aqua regia*, (nitro muriatic acid) evaporating the solution to dryness, pouring upon the product thirty-two parts of water plus one part of the chloride of sodium, and then concentrating the liquor to one half of its weight, namely, to sixteen parts, he obtains by cooling it, crystals composed of

Chloride of gold -	69	3
Chloride of sodium	14	1
Water - - - - -	16	6
	100	

M. Javal has made analogous observations upon the chloride of gold and potassium. These double salts are of a beautiful yellow colour, presenting the form of elongated quadrangular prisms. Their power of attracting humidity is less than that of the hydrochloric acid gas. (MAGENDIE *Formulaire pour la Preparation de Nouv. Méd. p.* 222, *5me. Ed.*)

We perceive in a recent number of the Medical Gazette, published by Longman and Co., that Dr. Granville re-claims the discovery of a test for Prussic acid, of which Dr. Turner, as Dr. Granville alleges, assumes the merit. So far as science is abstractedly concerned, it is of little moment to whom a useful discovery be ascribed; but it always lessons our confidence in a man of science when he is detected in an attempt to acquire fame by the unfair means of assuming what does not belong to him. The fairest way we think of settling the point, will be to let each speak for himself. Dr. Granville then, eight years ago, published the following processes, the result he says of many experiments.

"After collecting the blood contained in the ventricles of the heart, a portion of the contents of the stomach and of the superior intestines, together with a certain quantity of any fluid which may chance to be present within the cavity of the head, chest, or abdomen, and having agitated the mixture for some time in distilled water, and filtered the liquor, (taking care to keep the whole at a low temperature) proceed to the following experiments:—

"A. To a small quantity of the liquid add a few drops of solution of caustic potash in alcohol.

"B. To this a few drops of a solution of *sulphate of iron* must be added, when a cloudy and reddish precipitate, of the colour of burnt terra sienna will fall down.

"C. Some sulphuric acid is now introduced into the tube, when the colour of the precipitate will instantly change to that of a bluish green, which, by a permanent contact with the atmospheric air, becomes gradually of a beautiful blue, assuming at the same time, a pulverulent aspect. Or,

"A. Treat the filtered liquid with carbonate of potash.

"B. Add a solution of sulphate of iron, with a small quantity of alum; a precipitate, as in the former method, will fall down, which, if treated by——

"C, free sulphuric acid will also become blue and pulverulent. During the last experiment there is a disengagement of carbonic acid gas.

"The reader may satisfy himself of the correctness of these experiments by treating, according to either of the above methods, a small quantity of water, to which a single drop of Prussic acid has been previously added, when the same results will be obtained."—(*See an Historical and Practical Treatise on Hydrocyanic Acid, &c. &c. 2nd Edition*, 1828. By A. B. GRANVILLE, M. D. pp. 94—97.)

From the extract which we shall now make, it will be evident that Dr. Granville was too hasty in accusing Dr. Turner of claiming to himself the discovery of the sulphate of iron as a test; and also in asserting, that he does not give the mode of using it, or making the experiment.

'A test of far greater delicacy,' says Dr. Turner, *originally noticed by Scheele*, is the following. To the liquid supposed to contain hydrocyanic acid, add a solution of green vitriol [*sulphate of iron*], throw down the protoxide of iron by a slight excess of pure potash, and after exposure to the air for four or five minutes, acidulate with muriatic or sulphuric acid, so as to re-dissolve the precipitate. Prussian blue will then make its appearance if prussic acid had been originally present.'—p. 361.

In the third part of Dr. Turner's book, which treats of organic chemistry, we were particularly struck with the want of uniformity in the nomenclature of the recently discovered vegetable principles,—the more so, as we do not perceive that he has given any account of the obvious incongruity of the terminations which he has adopted. Of the two principles, for example, obtained from opium, he names the one *Morphia*, and the other *Narcotine*. Now if Dr. Turner proceeded upon the idea of writing *morphia* instead of *morphinë* or *morphim*, to render the termination uniform with ammonia, soda, potassa, &c., why do we find him afterwards writing *Conydalin* instead of *Corydalia*? and why does he add the final *e* in *Narcotine*, and leave it out in *Cathartin, Piperin, Rhubarbarin*, &c.? It is not of much importance perhaps, which of the terminations be adopted; but uniformity ought in such cases to be always strictly attended to. There can be no question, that in the case of the principles of Peruvian Bark, *Quinine* and *Cinchonine* have been more frequently used in scientific works, as well as in common parlance, than *Quina* and *Cinchonia*, and we have little doubt that the former will become established by custom in preference to the latter, in the same way as potass and potash are more commonly written than *potassa*. In the instance of *Brucia* instead of *Brucine*, we cannot avoid remarking, that it may be readily confounded with *Brucea*, the name of the plant from which it is derived; as may also *Cinchonia* with *Cinchona*. Dr. Turner remarks, that besides the vegetable alkalies which he has described, it has been rendered highly probable, that several other plants owe their activity to the presence of an alkali. Among

such plants he mentions common hemlock (*Conium maculatum*). Having just met with the process recently employed by M. Brandes, an eminent German chymist, for preparing *Conia*, or *Conia* from this plant, we shall here insert it as a supplement to Dr. Turner's account.

"The best method of obtaining this alkali, is to digest the fresh herb in alcohol during some days; afterwards evaporate the filtered alcoholic, agitating the residuum with water, and treating this mixture either with alumina, magnesia, or oxide of lead; the whole is to be evaporated to dryness, and the residuum obtained, treated with a mixture of alcohol and ether, which when again evaporated, leaves the conia. This substance, which was discovered, and also named by M. Peschier, possesses very marked alkaline properties. According to M. Giseke, the aqueous solution forms with the tincture of iodine an abundant reddish precipitate; it renders tincture of galls slightly brown, precipitates muriate of zinc, and nitrate of mercury of a dirty yellow; renders carbonate of potash and soda slightly turbid; gives a brown colour to muriate of platina; and produces a white precipitate with the nitrates of silver and barytes, the acetates of barytes and lead, muriate of lime, and lime water.

"Half a grain of conia is sufficient to kill a rabbit; the symptoms which occur resemble those produced by strychine."—*Neuman's Repertoire de Chemie.*

Among the tables in the appendix, we were disappointed in not finding either one of affinities or of specific gravities, though these would not have required above two or three additional pages, and are so very useful for consultation, both to students and those who are more advanced in the science.

We have thus given a very brief, but, we trust, a very impartial, account of Dr. Turner's work,—which with the exceptions above remarked, well deserves all the praise it has received from our contemporaries.

ART. VI.—*History of the Commonwealth of England, from its commencement, to the Restoration of Charles, II.* By William Godwin. Vol. IV. Oliver, Lord Protector. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

MR. GODWIN has now approached a period in his labours, in which he has to exert a species of talent possessed by only the first masters of historical composition. He has hitherto had to read facts, and examine their political tendencies, but he has now to investigate like a philosopher, the human character in its most remarkable and difficult peculiarities.

The period which preceded, and that which followed Cromwell's direct assumption of sovereign power, are made interesting both by the multitude of events they embrace, and by the many important political questions to which they gave birth. But when he obtained an established ascendancy over his bold, fanatical, and desperate partizans, when republican liberty clothed herself in

the purple of sovereignty, and the zealous puritan, the fifth-monarchy man, and the preacher of universal equality, bowed before her in her new guise and apparel; the tumult of the late great and fearful struggle was for a time silenced, and men saw but one object amid the ruin and devastation that had taken place. The throne of Cromwel, placed upon the grave of kings, was built of the materials with which those who really deserved the freedom of their country meant to raise a lasting temple of liberty. The nation saw it established without either the thinking part of the people, or the most fanatical among them, wishing to see it established, or regarding it as the legitimate offspring of their exertions. It was an object in every way calculated to attract the attention, not only of the people among whom it was placed, but of all other nations. Nothing could be more singular, than the sight of a country turned up from its very foundations by the sword of republicanism, and almost the next instant pacified under the sway of an absolute ruler. The event was remarkable, but the man who really effected the change was still more remarkable. Many characters might be delineated, all of which would fit well with a fabulous history of the protectoral government. A bold, determined man, might easily be supposed to have been able to seat himself on the throne; a cunning dissembler might have done the same by different means, or a character endowed with all the strong virtues of patriotism, may be imagined in this situation; yet when we come to look closer into the history of the times, we shall see, that neither the one nor the other would have succeeded in attaining the position secured by Cromwel.

The age of the Commonwealth was the one of all others in the English annals in which it was most difficult for a man to secure any permanently superior station. This may seem singular, when it is remembered how many there were who made themselves conspicuous, and obtained a rank to which neither their birth nor talents entitled them. But we should observe, at the same time, that to be employed by a few ruling minds, as the instruments of their desperate designs, is not to be made great; the same may be said with regard to the occasional authority which many of the lowest actors in periods of revolutions can hardly fail of obtaining. In that of which we are speaking, there were men whose ferocious spirits were of far more use in the work that was carried on, than high-minded talent, and they obtained their reward accordingly; but of these, or of the other actors in the scene, how few can be regarded as having obtained a situation in which they possessed any real power, or a tittle of influence in the ruling councils of the times! They obtained a titular rank in the Republic; they were made, perhaps, lieutenants, commanders, or counsellors, but they went no farther; they were as dependant as ever on their superiors; they were the creatures of accident, and the slightest effort made

by those few who had established their authority on a different basis would have at once destroyed them.

But there were several of the men thus kept in a state of real, though not apparent subjection, at this time, who with the power they succeeded in at first obtaining, would have secured to themselves a firm and permanent authority under different circumstances. When Cromwel fixed himself on the throne of the Stuarts, there were those obstacles to his success which few men, and none but those who possessed the most essential features in his character, could have overcome. It is this which makes his history so deeply interesting, which gives a far higher value to its details in the eyes of a philosophical reader, than to those which precede it, and which, at the same time, render it one of the most difficult portions of the historian's undertaking.

Oliver Cromwel was a religious zealot; he was, it is said by a great many, a most accomplished religious hypocrite. His elevation was, there is little doubt, owing, in a considerable degree, either to the real fervency, or the successful management with which this part of his character became displayed to the world. But it is easier to attribute hypocrisy or superstition to a man of Cromwel's character, than to prove that, situated as he was, it could materially influence his fortunes. If it be taken for granted that, by the display of his religious feeling, he was sure of permanent support, that he wanted to do nothing more than make long prayers, and affect extreme strictness, in order to establish himself as the leader of a party, the whole mystery is at once cleared up, and we have a full explanation of his history. But so far from its being the case, as is generally supposed, that the times of this extraordinary man were calculated to give probability to any schemes of ambition, founded on religious fanaticism or its counterfeit, they were the worst which could have been chosen. A single man rising in a country when every thing is in repose, when opinions are at rest, when peace or luxury have made men satisfied with the portion of truth they have enjoyed as their birth-right; a zealot or an accomplished impostor, appearing before the world at such a time will gain attention because he is alone, and the sight of such a man is a strange and novel spectacle.

But how different were the circumstances under which Cromwel had to act. He was not appearing before a people unaccustomed to characters filled with the deepest burning fire of enthusiasm, for the nation was, from the one extremity to the other, subdued and led by its all powerful influence. Cromwel, if sincere, was but one among a literal host of fanatics, the meanest soldier of which was probably his equal in the fervour and devotedness of his zeal. If a hypocrite, he had rivals in his associates, and an equal in every low and pettifogging retailer of the bombastic and canting pretensions to inspiration that might rise in his way. The Lord Protector's

zeal might be admired, and be necessary to his continued safety; but it was not any thing of the kind which could have raised him to the eminence he obtained. His fervour was equalled by thousands, and would have been equalled, however increased, to extravagance; his hypocrisy had an equal number of keen-sighted eyes to scrutinize it, and would have been his ruin had it not been in close union with qualities which could support it. A mixture of falsehood and sincerity was not better adapted to secure success, for half measures, in such times, would have made him the enemy and the victim of every little cabal and sect.

It was not, therefore, the religious qualities which Cromwel possessed, or pretended to possess, which exalted him above his fellows, in the great struggles of republicanism against monarchy; nor was it his soldier-like courage, nor his brave and skilful generalship, to which his success could be with more truth attributed. In the ranks of the army, which had been assembled to decide the contest, there were, it is probable more, in every sense of the word, truly brave men, than could have been found in any army brought together in modern times. Inspired with an enthusiasm of a religious kind, which has seldom or never been equalled; they had all that fierce and desperate self-devotion which such feelings usually inspire. They were supported in all they suffered by hopes, desires, and aspirations, that were not of this world, and therefore made them feel above it; they were directed in a belief which not only supported them in suffering, but urged them to dare the most open danger, and pursue their object through every difficulty and peril. But there was another principle present in the minds of the Commonwealth soldiers. They were not only led by a zeal which, though ardent, was perhaps fully equalled by that which led the myriads who perished in the crusades; they were carried forward and directed by motives which steadied the motions of religious zeal, which gave the constancy and determination of plain common sense to the highest flights of fanaticism, and coupled the visionary objects of their mistaken and erring ideas on matters of doctrinal opinions with those which, being obtained, were to make them a free and prosperous people. They were, in short, at one and the same time, fiery zealots and sober-minded men of business, soldiers of Christ and of Mammon, in the most unshaken fealty to both. There were some, doubtless, whose enthusiasm for the one or the other was pure and unmixed; but the general spirit of the army was a compound of principles contrary in their nature, and only existing and kept together by the impetus given to all feelings and motives by the excited character of the age.

In an army like this, it required something more than bravery to make an individual distinguished; it required more than generalship, in the ordinary sense of the term, to raise him to the rank of a commander. Cromwel, though possessing both the one and the other, in a very high degree, was still only on a level with several

of his associates, who, had his elevation depended on such qualifications, were as likely to overstep him as not. Nor it was by none of those powers which are observable to every eye, that the great Republican chief, the regalized president of a Commonwealth, kept all his compeers beneath him. He possessed qualities of this kind, which, taken separately and brought into favourable action, would have at any time made him respectable, and even conspicuous; but they offer no sufficient reason to explain why Oliver Cromwel, a plain obtrusive man till he began his career, should have had such a mighty power over the destinies of his country. They are the points which a common observer will take as all the guides necessary to find the solution; but the more careful reasoner will soon discover that they save but a very little time in the investigation, and will speedily turn to a closer observance of the character of this man, than would have been requisite had his fortunes been so entirely the result of the policy which zeal, or hypocrisy, or prudence enables a man to execute. The character of Cromwel, therefore, is to be studied as one of no ordinary interest, and at the same time as requiring more philosophical acumen to delineate it, than falls to the lot of many writers of the present day. But Cromwel is the grand spirit of Mr. Godwin's present volume. He is still the historian of the Commonwealth, but of the Commonwealth represented, governed, and subdued by Cromwel. It is to this delineation, therefore, of the character of his hero we shall principally direct our attention. The following contains several intimations of the principal features which he thinks discoverable in the Protector's disposition and general character :—

'A circumstance, not mentioned in the close of the preceding volume, it seems proper to introduce in this place. Barbone's, or the little Parliament, was brought to a conclusion on Monday, the twelfth of December, and on the Friday following Cromwel was installed in the office of lord protector. The ceremony took place at one o'clock in Westminster Hall; and, the persons who had a part assigned in it being assembled, Lambert, the ostensible leader in the transaction, came forward to announce the dissolution of the parliament, and that a plan for the future government of the commonwealth had been prepared by the council of the army, and sanctioned by the principal officers of state. The articles of the Government were then read; Cromwel was invited to accept the appointment of chief magistrate, and took the oath of office accordingly.

'How this plan was arranged, at what time the idea was first started, and how long it was in digesting and reducing into form, we have no means of discovering. The circumstance we have now to relate, is, that, when the instrument of the Government was first submitted to Cromwel in private, the title appropriated to the chief magistrate in the first article, was that of king. To this he objected. There is no reason to suppose that it was not sufficiently in conformity with both his judgment and inclination. Perhaps he wished, that, if ever the title were conferred upon him, it should be offered from a more unques-

tionable authority. Perhaps he thought the minds of the people were not so well prepared for such an assumption, nor his own partisans so thoroughly reconciled to it, as hereafter they might be. The instrument conferred on him the office of chief magistrate for life, and declared that, on his decease, the election of a successor should be in the council. This took away one of the principal jewels of the crown, and ran counter to what was undoubtedly the darling hope of the general, to establish in his family a new race of kings. It complied, therefore, with the secret wish of his soul in semblance only, while it denied the substance. Finally the title of protector was fixed on, as being that which in the practice of the English constitution had usually been employed, when from minority or any other cause, the king was prevented from exercising those functions, which in the ordinary course of things were assigned him.

'The person and disposition of Cromwel are well described, yet not without a leaning to panegyric, and a tinge of religious fanaticism, in a letter written by Maidstone, the steward of his household, about a year and a half after his decease. "His body was well compact and strong, his stature under six feet (I believe, about two inches), his head so shaped, as you might see in it a storehouse and shop both, of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; but the flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed, with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to himself (God), of which there was a large proportion. A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay, than his was. I do believe, if his story were impartially transmitted, and the unprejudiced world well possessed with it, she would add him to her nine worthies, and make up that number a *decemviri*. He lived and died in comfortable communion with God, as judicious persons near him well observed. He was that Mordecai, 'that sought the welfare of his people, and spake peace to his seed:' yet were his temptations such, as it appeared frequently that he, that hath grace enough for many men, may have too little for himself; the treasure he had being but in an earthen vessel, and that equally defiled with original sin as any other man's nature is."

'Perhaps the only portrait of Cromwel, that presents to us an image of his mind, is the miniature by Cooper, of which there is a good print in the early copies of Kimber's Life of the Protector, published in 1724. The eye is steady, vigilant, resolute, pregnant with observation. The lips are compressed and firm, yet visibly adapted to convey emotion and feeling. The brow is large, and indicative of a capacious spirit. Authority is in every feature, without assumption, without affectation; and there is a grave and composed air over the whole, that speaks the early religious habits of his mind. There is somewhat in the aspect that impresses awe on the beholder, at the same time that we are unable to assign to ourselves a reason, why we should be afraid. We observe power, but nothing that bespeaks a tendency to the improper use of it. We observe superiority, not imperious, but unalterable and calm. There is no improbability in the supposition, that Milton, in describing the person of our first parent, had that of Cromwel in his recollection.

"In his looks divine
The image of his glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Whence true authority in men—
His fair, large front, and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung,
Clustering, yet not beneath his shoulders broad."

Vol. iv. pp. 8—12.

Mr. Godwin has put reflections into the mouth of Cromwel which tend to evolve one of the most interesting mysteries in the situation of his mind, at the period of his being appointed Lord Protector. To be a king is a dazzling possibility to any mind short of the highest degree of philosophical independence. Cromwel had made few approaches towards any such height of mental steadfastness. His religion, in the situation he had obtained, was nullified, when it spoke to him of lowliness and content, by the supposed call of public duty, and his previous struggle amid men of the most violent dispositions, and with every exciting circumstance of public life, was ill calculated to prepare him for any temptation of ambition which it might be his duty to resist.

There can be very little doubt, therefore, that when he had the crown so near his grasp, his mind was agitated with the most contrary passions. We cannot help noticing, that though he ardently desired the title and recognized authority of a king, he was not forgetful, at the same time, of the rank he actually possessed as chief of the Republic. The reflections which passed through his mind, it ought to be remembered, while thinking on this subject, were not those of an ordinary usurper. In his case it was not to pass from a private station or an inferior rank, to the supreme one in the state, but to change one name for another, while he still but remained the first man in the nation, and without any addition to his influence but that which was to be the consequence of illusions he had before professed to abominate. In this point of view he had much to deter him from accepting the title of king, could it have been safely obtained. As it was he was the chosen head of a people who acknowledged *him* their supreme ruler; he was as much Lord Protector as the unfortunate Charles had been King of England; but had he received the title of king, had he assumed the ensigns and vestments of royalty, he would have merged the title which recognized him as head of the Republic in that of usurper, and instead of being the chief of a revolutionized country, which, while it continued in its new state, acknowledged his legal authority, he would have been the mimic of a king, whose royalty was no longer regarded as royalty, and where, the moment it should be again so regarded, his authority would cease, and his title be declared a falsehood and imposture. It is not unlikely that some such consideration

as this had an influence on the mind of Cromwel, before he resolved to make no continued effort to obtain the restoration of monarchy in favour of himself. That he would have pursued the scheme of changing the protectorate into a kingdom, had there been no other cause for pausing in the attempt than the resistance of the officers, we are inclined to think more than possible; but there were considerations in his mind, of which that above mentioned might be one, sufficient to decide him when even a palpable obstacle like this was in the way; and there is no reason to suppose that the whole train of religious reflection, which he professed was passing through his mind during the agitating trial, was the mere invention of hypocrisy. Mr. Godwin has detailed the conclusion of the affair in his best manner.

'Two men appeared particularly opposite to the designs of Cromwel in this instance, Fleetwood and Desborough. Lambert seems to have hung back, and to have persisted in a sort of sullen silence. Cromwel decided that he could do without him. The other two had married, one of them the daughter of the protector, the other his sister. On Tuesday, the fifth of May, the protector having appointed the committee to attend him the day following respecting the petition and advice, now in its perfect state, he invited himself to dine at Desborough's, and took Fleetwood along with him, being determined to try all his powers of insinuation to bring them off from their opposition to his wishes. He failed. At length we are told he broke away from them abruptly, telling them that they were a couple of scrupulous fellows, and that nothing could be made of them.

'Somewhat mortified of course at his want of success, he went away from them with an unaltered determination. He received the committee at Whitehall; and appointed to meet the parliament in solemn form the next morning in the Painted Chamber.

'The appointment had scarcely been made, when Cromwel accidentally encountered Desborough in St. James's Park, and frankly informed him of what he had done, and what he intended to do. Desborough instantly avowed his determination to have no concern with the government under that title. Fleetwood and Lambert came to the same conclusion. Desborough presently went home, and found colonel Pride waiting for him. Desborough told the other of the fatal resolution of the protector, and that he would the next morning openly declare his acceptance of the crown. That he shall not, rejoined Pride. But how is it in your power to hinder it? said Desborough. We will get a petition drawn, replied the other; it shall be signed by such officers as are of our opinion, and presented to the parliament. Both of them immediately repaired to Owen, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and persuaded him to draw the petition.

'This one step entirely changed the face of the business. It is thus in human affairs, that often in the most momentous questions the wise man bends to the fool. From time to time the concerns of nations are directed by the beck of ignorance, brute impulse, and prejudice. No man who holds the rudder of a state can do the thing he pleases and thinks best, but must yield to the current and the breeze. Cromwel had exhausted his politics upon this cardinal question. He had tried all his powers of in-

sinuation. He had thought himself secure of success, and at any rate had resolved to persevere to the last. Desborough was certainly not the rude and ignorant man that blind party-rage has described him: but what comparison was there between him and the first statesman of the age? Fleetwood, though not destitute of military talents, shewed himself, on the eve of the Restoration, the weakest of mankind. Lambert, when thus brought to the test, was also weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

'Yet to these men Cromwel was obliged to yield in the point nearest his heart. The measure adopted was of no temporising sort. The majority of the army had been from the first adverse to his ambition. But, left to themselves, they would not have known how to counteract it. They would have been won over to the purpose of their commander. What they stood in need of, was men of station and name to lead them on, and give voice and expression to their sentiments. The petition against Cromwel's assuming the title of king, broke the charm at once. The more vulgar republicans saw that they had men to direct them, who having once declared their resolution, might be relied on to go through with the affair. Lambert and Fleetwood and Desborough and Pride were at this crisis the entire army. Cromwel, no less prudent than daring, saw at once what it was necessary for him to do.

'Early in the morning of the seventh, for he had appointed the house to meet him in the Painted Chamber at eleven in the forenoon, Cromwel sent to require that the proposed meeting might be put off, and that the former committee would attend him at Whitehall. It appears that he did not receive them at that time, that he apologised for having kept them in waiting, and desired that they would attend him again the next day. Ludlow says that, while they were still expecting the Protector, he passed through the room into which they had been shewn, for the purpose of examining a Barbary horse that had been brought to him.

'On Friday the committee came again; and Cromwel then signified his pleasure that the house would repair without further delay to the Banqueting House in Whitehall, where he would give them the meeting.

'Thus did this great man, torn by conflicting passions, trifle to the last. The consequence was, that the petition, proposed by Pride, and drawn by Owen, was actually presented at the bar of the house. Cromwel, informed of what was going on, sent for Fleetwood, to whom he expressed his surprise that the thing had been suffered to proceed so far, as his intention to decline the crown was perfectly known, and it had been at all times his resolution not to accept it without the concurrence of the army. Fleetwood, who desired nothing better, hastened from Whitehall to the parliament, and standing up in his place, observed, that it was in the highest degree improper for the house to engage in this or other business, when the protector was waiting to receive them, pursuant to the message he had sent. Impelled by this suggestion, the parliament immediately rose, and, with the speaker at their head, proceeded to Whitehall.

'Here Cromwel addressed them, with many apologies for the trouble he had given them and the committee, and confessing that he ought sooner to have put an end to the business. He admitted that it was undeniably true, that no private judgment ought to weigh against that of the parliament; but he affirmed that, nevertheless, in matters of conscience, where

every man was to give an account to God for his actions, it was his duty to engage in no proceeding which he felt to be beset with doubts, and where he could not satisfy his mind as to its propriety and rectitude. Thus circumstanced, he had weighed the proposition they had submitted to him with the greatest attention of which he was capable, and with much anxiety, and had finally come to this conclusion, which must be his answer to the suggestion of the parliament, that he could not undertake the government with the title of king.'—pp. 366—371.

Cromwel was, therefore, not to be a king, and if ambition, to be successful, must wear a crown before it cease in its career, he lost the only object which could repay him for his toils, if those toils were undertaken with no other aim than private aggrandizement. But there were other principles at work, besides ambition, in the mind of this remarkable man. His government, carried on by a system of policy which proved its supporter to know the art of ruling better, perhaps, than any of the then reigning monarchs of Europe, presented, in many of its operations, proofs of a sincerity of patriotism and of wishes to produce the greatest sum of social happiness, which no one can resist. The history, therefore, of his reign, for so it must be called, is fraught with instruction. Cromwel, though frequently evincing a desire to promote the good of the nation, was not guided by any decided principles of action in the difficult situation in which he stood. The contest in which he had been himself engaged, was one which could only be defended on principles of the purest liberty, both with regard to civil and religious matters. But how did Cromwel act in cases that demanded the exercise of toleration? In some, with an enlightened spirit which shews him to have far outstripped his contemporaries in the ideas of justice; and in others, as if he had only obscure glimpses of the reciprocal duties of men professing the same religion, but differing about some of the particulars which reason cannot at once present in the full light which makes all objects appear the same to all eyes. There was, in fact, throughout both his life and character, a continual contest between opposite principles and circumstances; it is with astonishment, therefore, that we find him establishing the reputation of his government so widely in other countries, that England has scarcely ever had more influence than she then had among foreign nations.

But just settled on an entirely new basis, it might have been expected that any, even an inferior power, might have easily thrown the new Republic into irrecoverable confusion and ruin. But to what could its firmness and security be attributed but to the singular capacity of the man who had obtained the chief place in her councils? Cromwel, by the methods which he successfully followed in regard to foreign relations, not only secured the respect of other countries for his own, but so identified himself in the ideas of strangers with the tutelary angel of

England, that there is no doubt at one time that his reputation was of a higher, we may say, perhaps, of a more kingly kind, than it was in his own land. Nothing could better show the true character of Cromwel than this. A man of a different kind would have found the reverse the case. Without the talents of the Protector, and placed in his situation, he would have been idolized at home before he had made even his name known abroad. But Cromwel's mind was cast into a mould that made him a politician in the highest meaning of the term, and when he obtained the government of his country, there could be found very few diplomatists for whom he was not a fair and equal match.

Considered in these different lights, this remarkable man is undoubtedly one of the most conspicuous objects which the universal chart of history can present. He lived in times when religious enthusiasm was carried to its greatest height; he was an actor amid many others, in one of the most memorable political struggles that any nation ever witnessed, and by the exertion of his personal qualities, he raised himself to the first station in his country, when all men were in activity, all impelled forward by the principles which he professed to be his guide, and all secretly or openly courting the object of which he alone gained possession. But the character of Cromwell was of a kind that interests us too much to let us rest content with observing it under the forms of its mere public exhibition, and Mr. Godwin has very properly presented it in its different degrees of development. The following is a valuable and interesting passage in this volume of the History of the Commonwealth.

'The character of Cromwel has been little understood. No wonder. The man who has many enemies, will be sure to be greatly misrepresented. And no man had ever so many enemies in the compass of one island composed of forty little counties, as Cromwel had. The Restoration speedily followed upon his decease. And it behoved the adherents of the house of Stuart to blacken, by all imaginable means, the memory of the Protector, that they might thus spread a sort of borrowed lustre, the result of the darker shades of the picture, upon Charles the Second.

'Cromwel was a man most sincere in his religion, and singularly devoted to the cause of good morals. It is thus that Milton speaks of him. "If thou," says he, "the patron of our liberty, and its tutelar divinity,—if he, of whom we have held that no mortal was ever more just, more saint-like, and unspotted, should undermine our freedom, which he had so lately built up, this would prove not only deadly and destructive to his own fame, but to the entire and universal cause of religion and virtue."

'The beginning of Cromwel's public life was answerable to this character. He says of himself, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, they never were beaten, but beat the enemy continually." Milton expands this circumstance in his beautiful language. "He was a soldier, thoroughly accomplished in the art of self-knowledge, and his first successes were against the internal enemies of human virtue, vain hopes, fears,

aspirings, and ambition. His first triumphs were over himself; and he was thus enabled, from the day that he beheld an enemy in the field, to exhibit the endowments of a veteran. Such was the temper and discipline of his mind, that all the good and the valiant were irresistibly drawn to his camp, not merely as the best school of martial science, but also of piety and religion; and those who joined it were necessarily rendered such by his example. In his empire over the minds of his followers he was surpassed neither by Epaminondas, nor Cyrus, nor any of the most vaunted generals of antiquity. Thus he formed to himself an army of men, who were no sooner under his command, than they became the patterns of order, obedient to his slightest suggestions, popular and beloved by their fellow-citizens, and to the enemy not more terrible in the field, than welcome in their quarters. In the towns and villages where they sojourned in no way offensive or rapacious, abstaining from violence, wine, intemperance, and impiety, so that suddenly the inhabitants, rejoicing in their disappointment, regarded them not as enemies, but as guests and protectors, a terror to the disorderly, a safe-guard to the good, and by precept and example, the teachers of all piety and virtue." Milton concludes, "As long as you, Cromwel, are preserved to us, he must want reliance on the Providence of God, who fears for the prosperity and happiness of the English nation, you being so evidently the object of divine favour and protection."

'Remarkably coincident with the above picture, is what is related of him in 1654 on the authority of George Fox, the founder of the quakers. Fox, being brought into his presence, "expatiated with that zest and unction upon true religion, and a holy and disinterested zeal for its cause, with which he was so remarkably endowed; and the protector, who had been accustomed deeply to interest himself in such discourses, was caught by his eloquence. He pressed his hand, and said, Come again to my house; if thou and I were together but one hour in every day, we should be nearer to each other."'—pp. 587—590.

In addition to these testimonies in favour of Cromwel, the author produces a variety of facts to prove his extreme anxiety for the moral and religious improvement of the people; his earnest and constant endeavours to reform the law, and the administration of justice; and, above all, the uniform clemency which shone forth as one of the most conspicuous features in his character.

'Reviewing all these qualities and dispositions in the lord protector of England, we should be almost disposed to place him in the number of the few excellent princes that have swayed a sceptre, were it not for the gross and unauthorised manner in which he climbed to this eminence, by forcibly dispersing the remains of the Long Parliament, that parliament by which he had originally been intrusted with the command, and then promulgating a constitution, called the Government of the Commonwealth, which originated singly in the council of military officers. To this we must add, that he became the chief magistrate solely through his apostacy, and by basely deceiving and deserting the illustrious band of patriots, with whom he had till that time been associated in the cause of liberty.

'With the admirable dispositions above enumerated, Cromwel committed the grossest faults, left behind him a memory which few were disposed to cherish; and all his projects, and his plans for a permanent settlement of the people of England under a system of rational liberty, and a dynasty of kings sprung from his own issue, were buried in the same grave with their author.

'How happened this? It was not from the want of talents and the most liberal intentions. But he was not free. He governed a people that was hostile to him. His reign therefore was a reign of experiments. He perpetually did the thing he desired not to do, and was driven from one inconsistent and undesirable mode of proceeding to another, as the necessity of the situation in which he was placed impelled him.

'The nucleus of all the difficulties which Cromwel's administration had to struggle with, is comprehended in the assertion of Whitlocke, confirmed by every page of this history, that the calling a "truly free parliament, was the ready way for the king's restoration." This consideration heightened the prejudices of all against him, and gave new vigour to the hatred of the royalist, the man of rank, the episcopalian, the fanatic, and the leveller.'—pp. 596—598.

Mr. Godwin has done much towards giving a correct outline of the Protector's portrait; but he has done little more. He has not entered closely enough into that mystery of mysteries—the heart for instance, to lay open the secret principle of Cromwel's character and conduct. It was not, we said at the beginning of this article, owing to his possessing any one quality of religious zeal, political wisdom, or physical courage in a remarkable degree, that made him what he was, or enabled him to rise to the first situation in the kingdom. The qualities of this kind which he possessed were common to many in the age in which he lived. There was another and higher principle of character in Cromwel's mind, which, though it neither saved him from falling into the vices of dissimulation, nor materially influenced him in the direct pursuit of victory, yet gave a force to his mind, and a weight to his character, which afford us the true explanation of his outrunning his associates, and obtaining such a mighty command over the most active and contentious of the people. This principle was an enthusiasm, not of religion, not of a new-learnt patriotism, or an artificial excitement, but an enthusiasm of nature, a passionateness of soul that would never have burst forth from its thick veil but for some extraordinary event, and which though acted upon by every variety of circumstance, remained in the depths of the bosom as strong and fervent as ever. If the character of Cromwel be attentively studied, this will inevitably be found the truth. The qualities he possessed in common with the other conspicuous men of his time, would not have made him so singular a character as he was even considered to be by his contemporaries; but whatever he had in common with his associates, whether it was natural courage, the superinduced devotedness of zeal, or the aspirations of ambition, it was set in motion by a deeper seated principle of thought, and

when it became mixed up with all the lighter and more worldly sentiments of which ambition is the surest teacher, a character was formed as singular for its inconsistencies as for its power, and almost setting calculation at defiance by the complication of low, worldly weaknesses, with a certain nobleness of will occasionally breaking through the opposing cloud of temporary passion. Hence in Cromwel, the melancholy and almost gloom which seemed frequently to oppress his spirits; the fervour with which he laid hold of any great design, the struggles which he manifested on every important occasion, where a decision was to be made between his ambition and religion; the strength and steadiness with which he ascended the various steps which led to the throne; the reverted regards he fixed on the past times of his pure faith and devotion, and the painful anxiety that rose in his mind respecting the doctrines which had once formed the employment of his spirit to examine and contemplate—all these were signs of a something existing in Cromwel's heart that was to be found in few others: they were signs of a nature fruitful in thought and passion—of a nature that would have better developed itself in solitude than at court, and have wrought more good by operating in conjunction and sympathy with men of pure religion, than in subduing and governing the world.

It holds true with regard to Cromwel, as it has done with respect to many other conspicuous characters, that they have shown as much of their nature in the hour of death, as in a far longer period during their past lives. The narrative of Cromwel's death is highly interesting, as it shows him reverting in much earnestness to all the feelings which had once held the principal control in his heart. We cannot listen without the most lively interest, to the question which it is said he asked one of his chaplains, as to the doctrine of grace; or to the exclamation he uttered on being told that a person once in a state of grace could not fall back into the condition of a reprobate. "Then I am safe," said he, "for I am sure I was once in a state of grace." A short time before he expired, he was heard praying, "Lord, I am a poor foolish creature: this people would fain have me live; they think it will be best for them, and that it will redound much to thy glory. All the stir is about this. Others would fain have me die. Lord, pardon them, and pardon thy foolish people; forgive their sins, and do not forsake them, but love, and bless, and give them rest; and bring them to a consistency; and give me rest for Jesus Christ's sake, to whom, with thyself and the Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory."

There is, as Mr. Godwin rightly observes, important evidence in the opinions which Cromwel thus expressed when dying, to prove that he had remained from first to last fixed in the belief which he always outwardly professed to follow. With respect to Cromwel's political errors they are thus summed up:—

'The worst and most unjustifiable things that Cromwel did in his protectorate probably were the frequent imprisonments without reason assigned, that he authorised from political motives. When Harrison and others were repeatedly put in durance for a week or a month, and then dismissed without any thing further being done respecting them, it seems not unjust to conclude that this proceeding was by no means necessary, and that it afforded proof of some deficiency in Cromwel for holding the reins of a civil government. In enumerating the good qualities of the protector, we spoke of the short imprisonments he inflicted upon both republicans and royalists, as instances of his clemency. But they may also be considered in another point of view. They are the indications and the sallies of an arbitrary temper. Cromwel was drunk with the philtre of his power. The impulses of his mind were quick and impatient; and he decided to cut the Gordian knot of difficulties, being destitute of the moderation required to unloose it. The protector did not check himself in proceedings of this kind, when the question was of individuals against whom there existed a presumptive case. But it may be doubted whether he ever suffered an undue precipitation to interfere, in the cardinal questions upon which the safety of the state was suspended.

'A great part of his proceedings, as has appeared in the progress of our narrative, even when they bore most the hue of an arbitrary character, were such as it was impossible for him to omit, without striking a blow at the very root of political power which now guided the helm of the state. The dissolution of the two parliaments of 1654 and 1656, has appeared to be of this sort. His conduct in the law-suit of Cony, and respecting the resignation of three of his judges, Rolle, Newdigate, and Thorpe, could not have been other than it was, without an immediate dissolution of the government.

'Sometimes, however, his measures bore an arbitrary stamp, at the contemplation of which a cool judgment and an impartial mind feels itself called on to pause. The extraordinary proviso in the Government of the Commonwealth, that the protector and council should have power to raise money for the public defence, and to promulgate laws and ordinances which should be of force till the parliament might otherwise direct, was, perhaps, under all the circumstances of the then state of England, unavoidable. But the institution of the major-generals, and the decimation of the income of the royalists, were proceedings that we shall find it more difficult fully to vindicate. The capricious exclusion of one hundred of the representatives of the people at the meeting of the parliament of 1656, was perhaps the most violent and astounding of all the acts of Cromwel. It may be, that each of these acts was necessary to prevent the immediate dissolution of the government; and a necessity of this kind is the strongest of all arguments; but such a necessity the contemplative politician and the historian can scarcely at any time fully perceive; and the measures must therefore always remain impressed with at least a very equivocal character.'—pp. 599—601.

The present volume of Mr. Godwin's work, though occasionally deficient in that philosophical delineation of character, which we conceive the subject called for, is nevertheless distinguished by many historical excellences, and is free from those peculiar opinions which have offended the readers of some previous portions of the

work. The frequent mention of religion, which the nature of Cromwel's character made necessary, has not tempted the author to employ either argument or sarcasm, and a considerable candour is evinced in speaking of those most likely to have provoked such an attack. To us, the volume we are noticing appears the best in the work, the freest from the most customary faults of the author, and written, and apparently marked by the most unlimited desire to declare the whole truth. To a reader, not inclined to compare one passage with another, there will be some difficulty in reconciling Mr. Godwin's statements in different parts of the volume, and, with all the efforts he may use, we are afraid there will still remain some appearance of inconsistency. At one time we read 'Cromwel was a man of great virtues, sincere in his religion, fervent in his patriotism, and earnestly devoted to the best interests of his country;' and, at another we find, 'Cromwel was clearly hitherto, one of the most *flagrant usurpers* whose proceedings are to be traced in history.' Now, though we doubt not Mr. Godwin has no difficulty in reconciling these impressions himself, nor should we be utterly at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; yet there is something extremely jarring in meeting with such parallel passages as these, and many others of the same kind, for we are quite sure, and we believe Cromwel thought so himself, that a flagrant usurper, and a man of great virtues, a sincere patriot, (and in another place) a severe moralist and sincere Christian, can never be one and the same thing, either in Europe or Asia, in the seventeenth, or in the nineteenth century.

ART. VII.—1. *Marriage in High Life;* a Novel. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1828.

2. *The Trials of Life.* By the Author of "De Lisle." 3 vols. London: Bull. 1828.

3. *At Home.* A Novel. By the Author of the "English Fashionables Abroad." 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1828.

4. *Life in India; or, the English at Calcutta.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

5. *Detraction Displayed.* By Amelia Opie. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1828.

OUR pile of Novels is still far from being exhausted. The first on our list, though not belonging to the highest class of fictitious literature, must be a great favourite with every body who possesses even a moderate share of sensibility. It is one of those publications which we would get simply bound, and placed in the most accessible part of our library, in order that we might again and again renew the remembrance of the scenes which it represents, and throb with the feelings which it calls forth from the very depths of the heart. It is evidently the production of a woman who has loved; who has known the passion in its warmest, its

wildest intensity. She acknowledges in the world of the emotions, no medium between enchantment and despair. Indifference chills her to such a degree, that her soul shivers to the blast; the mere promise of sympathy, its faintest spark, kindles her to a flame. Her work will hardly be understood by the common mass of readers, though even they can hardly fail to be interested in the story; but those only who have experienced the bitterness of unrequited affection, or lived in the paradise which mutual tenderness creates, can bestow on this tale of a fashionable marriage, all the admiration which it deserves.

The heroine, Emmeline, the daughter of Mr. Benson, a wealthy city banker, is formed after the author's own heart. She is brought up by a kind and old-fashioned mother—old-fashioned for the purity and domestic habits of her life—with simplicity and care. She is the only delight of her parents. They seek for nothing at home beyond the light of her sunny eyes, and the innocence of her smooth rosy cheek. From childhood she had been promised to the only son of Lord Arlingford, who was accustomed, when they met, to call her his little wife. This was the wish of others. Lord Arlingford's fortune was ruined, his estates all deeply encumbered. Mr. Benson had more money than he well knew what to do with, and he was ambitious of a title for his daughter. The union was mutually convenient, and a regular bargain was made. It could not, however, be executed until both the children were of a proper age. The young Lord Fitzhenry, after going through the usual routine of education, of course must spend some time on the Continent. He remained there six years; the greater part of his time in the fascinating climate of Italy, where he forgot his engagements, and became the victim of Lady Florence Mostyn, the young and passionate wife of an elderly baronet. She exercised over him the full empire of vice, and retained him the more jealously in her chains, when she knew that he was plighted to another.

Circumstances pressed; his father represented the state of his property, and urged upon him the only measure that could extricate it from destruction. Lord Fitzhenry returned to England, followed by Lady Florence; and gave a reluctant consent to the celebration of his marriage. The nuptials were fixed, and such was the dominion of passion over him, that the hour appointed for the ceremony saw him still lingering with his paramour; he broke away at length, though late, became the husband of Emmeline, and the "happy pair" set out for Arlingford Hall. His conduct during the journey was cold and constrained, and soon after their arrival he told his wife by letter, that she might wear all the advantages which his rank bestowed, but that he had nothing else to offer her, as every feeling of his heart belonged to another, to whom he was bound by "every tie of affection and honour."

Much of the character of Emmeline developes itself in the

meekness with which she sustains this first shock, and in the resignation with which she endeavours to conceal the cruel condition imposed on her. She had not indeed as yet loved Fitzhenry, for she had not lately seen much of him; but she had a susceptible heart, and was resolved, if she had been permitted, to bestow it upon him to whom her hand had been given. But this commencement of her wedded life seemed to forbid any thing of that kind, and to shut out even hope itself. Nevertheless, she determined on the part which she was to assume. Resentment she never thought of; reproaches she would never use; perfect civility and all the attentions that she would be suffered to shew to her husband, she would cheerfully yield. So well in time did she perform her new character, that the world observed no difference between Lord and Lady Fitzhenry, and any other married pair in the fashionable circles. They were seldom seen to speak to each other; in the country their house was always so crowded with company, that all their time appeared to be taken up by their guests; and in town they never met, except by chance at a route, or at the opera. All this time they lived under the same roof, but their apartments having been separate from the beginning, no inconvenience happened to the fashionable husband in this respect.

An under-current of beauty runs, however, through all this part of the story. Lord Fitzhenry is described as a very fine young man. His manners are of the first order of elegance, and being impressed with that deference for the female sex, which is peculiarly prevalent among the gentlemen of foreign countries, and is graceful wherever it is seen, Emmeline looks upon her husband every day with less and less indifference. Often when she sees him mounted on a spirited animal, does her eye watch his manly person and bearing, proud that even by the reputation of the world he is the arbiter of her destinies. In the saloon no part of his polished demeanour escapes her affectionate vigilance, and though his icy coldness never for a moment relaxes towards her, yet it has not the power to check the growing ardour of her attachment.

The picture of such a wife, placed under such circumstances, is not one that often finds an original in nature—at least not in the nature of English society; for the law of fashion would enable the lady to bestow her heart elsewhere, without any apprehension of the consequences, and the law of divorce, which commits such havoc amongst us, would soon lend its aid to sanction her transgressions. It is a picture, therefore, for the delineation and colouring of which the most skilful hand, and the most delicate taste were required. The slightest exaggeration would spoil its whole effect, if not convert it into a caricature. With what sucess our author has accomplished her difficult task, in this respect, every reader will, of course, judge for himself. In our opinion it is without a fault. The following little trait will give a notion of the

whole portrait. It is just necessary to premise that Emmeline had never been in her husband's chamber. A Lady Saville and a Miss Danvers, a wild flirt, who had been staying at Arlingford Hall, would see the whole house one day, when they had nothing better to amuse them:—

'"Well, where do we proceed to next?" said Lady Saville, going out into the gallery. "What room is this?" pointing to Ernest's.

'"Oh! that is Lord Fitzhenry's," answered Emmeline hastily; "we had better not go there."

'"Why not?" enquired Lady Saville.

'"He may be engaged with business," replied Emmeline, conscious she was colouring.

'"Engaged? why you know he is out hunting twenty miles off; but at any rate, we may knock, and demand admission." And she knocked at the door. No sound was to be heard, and she turned the lock." "Why, I really believe, Lady Fitzhenry," continued she, "you are afraid of going in, for fear of meeting all my worthy cousin's former *cheres amies* hanging round the room on pegs, like Blue-beard's wives."

'At this sally Miss Danvers laughed violently. "I am dying to go in. Dear Lady Saville, pray, pray open the door; I am sure we shall find something odd."

'Emmeline could think of no further reason to give for not entering; and, in truth, felt rather glad of the opportunity so forced upon her to visit that room where Fitzhenry had passed, and still passed, so many hours of his life. A person's apartment is certainly the next best thing to their society, and even ranks in the gratification of our feelings before a letter; we seem to be admitted into all their occupations, even into their very thoughts. Then the little things belonging to them scattered about identify them so much to us. Every one must have experienced this when going into the room that has been inhabited by some dear friend immediately after their departure; the pens they have used still lying wet on the table, the books they had been reading—a glove or handkerchief forgotten. How strongly do such trifles sometimes affect us, and give us a deceitful feeling of their presence!

'Lady Saville had opened the door into Fitzhenry's room, and Emmeline had gone in with the rest, when luckily, after Miss Selina had expressed her astonishment at Lord Fitzhenry's sleeping in the little couch bed, and had inquired of Lady Saville whether it was not very droll—a book of French caricatures attracted and fixed the attention of the whole party, and Emmeline was thus left at liberty to look at every thing in the room, and indulge in her own reflections.

'*There* was the table at which he wrote, the chair on which he sat, and she placed herself in it. On the table, among a confusion of parliamentary papers, pamphlets, bills, &c. was a volume of Petrarch, lying open, as if lately read, and by it the cover of a letter recently torn open. It was directed to Fitzhenry, and in a woman's hand. On the seal, were the words "*Tout ou rien.*" Words that said volumes to poor Emmeline's heart. She tried to make out the post-mark, but it was so blotted over that she could only decypher the date, which convinced her it had been that very day received! With a sort of shudder she threw it down again,

and getting up from her seat, her eye was attracted by two drawings that hung over the chimney-piece—they were evidently views in Italy and Greece. In both these, were the same two figures: below one of the drawings, these lines from Lord Byron were written:

' " Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes;
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Anthonies.

' " Though fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled,
I cannot lose a world for thee
But would not lose thee for a world." '

' Beneath the other drawing was a Greek inscription. They were slight sketches, and the figures were small; one of them had an air of Fitzhenry, not to be mistaken by her, who knew his every look and gesture. The other was a female figure. Emmeline's eyes were rivetted on the drawings; she could not doubt who and what they represented; some days of peculiar enjoyment—some tender moments were thus recalled—and poor Emmeline's spirit groaned within her.

' On the mantle-piece lay Fitzhenry's pencil-case, pocket-book, and several of those sort of trifles that seem so intimately connected with the person to whom they belong. Emmeline had a gratification in taking them in her hand, and examining them minutely: at last, she found a small turquoise brooch, which she had often observed in his neck-handkerchief; it had apparently been originally meant for a woman's ornament. Emmeline had on one almost exactly similar. The temptation to exchange them was too strong to be resisted. With trembling fingers she undid her own pin; but again carefully examined Fitzhenry's, for fear of his detecting the exchange. At the back of his, in small letters, she saw "Firenze," but they were almost worn away; her courage, however, nearly failed her, although she thought she might contrive to scratch something on her own brooch to resemble the inscription; but, just at that minute, Lady Saville, who had finished her book of caricatures, and looked at every thing in the room, coming up, proposed their proceeding to the rest of the house. Emmeline almost started with the embarrassment of guilt: she had no time for further doubt; she hastily threw down on the marble slab her own brooch, and carried off her husband's.

' Almost terrified at what she had done, when they met in the drawing-room before dinner, she looked anxiously at Fitzhenry's handkerchief, and, when he turned towards the light, she had the satisfaction to see her own pin placed as usual, and, consequently, that he had not discovered her robbery.

' To those who may be inclined to think the feelings of Emmeline on such a trifle exaggerated, we have only to say, that, proving themselves never to have been *in love*, we can no more attempt to speak to their feelings than to describe colours to a person born blind.

' Delighted and elated with her prize, poor Emmeline's spirits rose above their now usual state; and when, after dinner, Lady Saville declared she wanted exercise to get rid of a head-ache, and proposed dancing, Emmeline readily forwarded her wish, and offered her services

as musician. Every one willingly acquiesced, and they soon made up a quadrille. Fitzhenry and Mr. Pelham were the only two who did not join in the dance, but continued standing over the fire, seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. When the quadrille was ended, Emmeline played a waltz; this was still less to be resisted, and the whole party immediately swung round the room.'—vol. i. pp. 179—188.

The Pelham who is here introduced to the reader is a *diplomate* much attached to Fitzhenry. He saw at a glance how matters stood between him and his lady. The fair author manifestly intended to represent this person as a man of sincerity, honour, and good sense; but although he seems to possess these and other valuable accomplishments, he certainly leaves no favourable impression on the mind. He anxiously endeavours to induce Fitzhenry to treat his wife with proper attention and regard, and to give up Lady Florence. By the interest which he takes in her situation, he gains a great ascendancy over Emmeline herself; he attends her to the opera, and places himself in situations with her which nothing but close relationship could warrant. Scandal seizes on the circumstances, and she is "paragraphed" accordingly in the newspapers. Pelham succeeds in weaning his friend from Lady Florence, and in convincing him of the virtues and attachment of his wife; Fitzhenry, however, has by this time nearly sunk under the effects of a rapid consumption. The attentions of Emmeline during his illness at Paris, are touchingly pourtrayed. The repentance of her husband, the new and pure affection which springs within him for his wife, and imperceptibly displaces in his heart the turbulent passion which had hitherto engrossed and defiled it, are charmingly described. But more fascinating than all these is, the modest yet enthusiastic love of Emmeline, which now glows with unchecked ardour, and pours itself out in every mode of endearment. Pelham was present at one of these scenes, and a deep tint upon his cheek betrayed the effect which the interest he felt in the welfare of Emmeline had left upon his mind.

Fitzhenry returns to Arlingford, where after lingering awhile he died. The funeral was splendid. If there had not been another line in the volume to indicate the character of his father, it would have been sufficiently disclosed in the manner in which this last ceremony was performed. The horses which drew the hearse had been taught their paces, for the occasion, under the directions of Lord Arlingford! What a contrast with the conduct of Emmeline! Before the vault was closed, she insisted upon being brought thither; she seemed a lifeless figure, threw herself on the coffin, and could with difficulty be removed from it. Yet the book closes with an intimation that a second marriage—with Pelham—was not altogether out of the range of possibility. In strict poetic justice, this perhaps would have been quite right; nevertheless, the impression which it produces is not exactly the

sort of one with which we should wish to lay down a story, so affecting as that of which we have just given this faint and inadequate sketch.

The language is never strained or ambitious. It is throughout terse, simple, and delicate, such as might be expected from a well-educated person, who had seen more of the fashionable world and less of nature, than her heart and her dispositions fitted her to witness.

'The Trials of Life' commence in a manner by no means favourable to our ideas of the writer's skill in prepossessing the reader. We are thrown at once upon scenes violently coloured; characters are described without giving us time to see them delineated by action, and there are even some absurdities so glaring, that they would disfigure a work by a writer far inferior to the author of 'De Lisle.' The three volumes contain two tales, the one entitled 'Lord Amesfort's Family,' the other 'Alicia.' Of the former we shall endeavour to give the reader some idea. Of the characters introduced, it would be difficult to say which is the hero. We suppose, however, that the author intended Adolphus to engage the principal share of the reader's interest. This elaborately-painted youth is the son of Mrs. Montresor, and being committed by her to the care of the Earl of Amesfort, becomes acquainted, while staying in his house, with a young nobleman, equally accomplished, and described by the writer in equally glowing terms.

United in a friendship as warm as it was sudden, these young men arrive in London, where, it is said, they each become more intimately acquainted with the other's character, but more attached and devoted. One evening, however, Lord De Calmer, while at the opera, falls enthusiastically in love with some lady whom nobody knows, and with whom he is unable to obtain any conversation, though fortune brings her again almost miraculously in his way. But what is his astonishment when, the day after, on two visitors being announced to his friend, he discovers his inamorata to be no other than the sister of Adolphus Montresor. There is little art in the relation of all these incidents, and there is a certain touch of vulgarity in some of them, that does not increase our inclination to pardon the want of ingenuity which the writer has shown. The style does not improve when the progress of the story next introduces us to what is technically called a Waltzing Ball. Here the heroine, Emily Montresor, is made most innocently to stare, in great wonderment, at the folly of people who can see any impropriety in young, half-dressed females, exhibiting like professional performers, with this difference, that the latter are licentious as actors, the former in their own proper characters. To increase, also, the bad taste of this incident, the writer could contrive no method of bringing Emily to the ball, but by making her entreat the nobleman in love with her, to use his exertions to procure her an invitation.

The consequence, however, of the ball, is the discovery of a mutual passion, equally strong and ardent on either side. But young Montresor, doubting the constancy of his friend, forbids his making any further approaches to his sister, and the former is obliged to defer his declaration to a future period. In the mean time, however, Adolphus himself goes to visit his patron, the Earl of Amesfort. This nobleman is described as melancholy, reserved, and haughty, but, at the same time, as evincing many occasional signs of tenderness and affection. His lady is a very paragon of beauty, blue-eyed, and luxuriantly gentle, but she attracts little attention from her husband, who regards her on all occasions with a very marked indifference. This was clearly perceived by his lordship's protege from the first moment of his introduction to Amesfort Castle, and when he saw the gloomy and stern brow of the Earl bent on the lovely form of his lady, the young and romantic visitor could not but sigh with the deepest feeling at the evils of such an unfitting union of beauty with melancholy and bad humour. Besides this cause for such a sensation in the breast of Adolphus, there was another very powerful one—Lady Amesfort played the harp, and he the flute, with most delicious pathos, and it produced a communion of sentiment, which ended in a mutual and violent passion. For some time the growing flame is smothered by every prudent consideration, and it is not permitted to syllable a name. But at length the lady sprains her ancle; no one is by at the time but Adolphus, and she is obliged to throw herself into his arms to be carried to a sofa. The reader had been scarcely prepared for the whole of this scene, and when a companion of the Countess, a Miss Albany, looks sternly at Adolphus, and mutters some words of caution and evil omen, he has some little difficulty in at once deciding what either the lover or the author means. But the enigma is soon explained by the entrance of the husband, who, not losing his calmness, asked if he should not tie on the bandage round his wife's ancle? This is the *denouément* of the story, and we shall give a part of the passage.

'"Shall I do that?" said he kindly; "you have, probably, not put on so many bandages as I have."

'Lady Amesfort involuntarily shrunk back, and Adolphus started with a look to which alarm and confusion lent the appearance of hostility.

'"Are you sorry for mamma?" said the child, looking with infantine wonder at his father. Isabella felt the reproach more keenly than the parents, whose thoughts were directed elsewhere.

'"You are in your father's way, my dear," said Montresor, in a tone which, by strong effort, was steady; and, taking the boy in his arms, he withdrew to the window. As he pressed the child to his heart, he continued to gaze on its mother; but his countenance did not now betray the agitation and tenderness which marked it but a moment before. His feelings had taken another turn: it was no longer the being he loved, and she only, that occupied his harassed mind; it was guilt, and misery, and headstrong passion, and keen remorse. It was as if at that moment, the

first in which he had ever seen the Earl bestow one thought on his wife, some new idea had flashed upon him, some dreadful secret had been revealed. The veil in which so carefully he had wrapped his inmost feelings, concealing them even from himself, was rent, and in this first overwhelming moment he had no power to think; he could only feel—feel like some lofty tree that the whirlwind has uprooted, but which, even in its fall, preserves a fearful consciousness of what it has been, and what it is! Isabella watched him with painful anxiety: it was some relief to her uneasiness to see composure restored to the Countess; her face was pale, but placid; and her manner, though depressed, lost none of its wonted courteousness, when she addressed her husband.

'Miss Albany, accustomed from her infancy to direct her quick discernment on her own feelings, as well as on those of others, did not suppose it possible so little to know one's self, as to recover serenity without the internal consciousness that all was right. "There is but one victim here," thought she; "unrequited love withers of itself; all will yet be well." While these flattering hopes enabled her to draw her breath more freely, the young Countess was busied accounting to herself for the momentary embarrassment which the Earl's unexpected presence had caused her. "I see him so seldom," thought she; "I was so like an intruder in his room!"'—vol. i. pp. 143—145.

Few of our readers, we think, will disagree with us in considering that this is in the very worst style of the worst class of novels. There is neither nature, good sense, nor meaning in it, and we can hardly suppose that the simplest boarding-school girl could be persuaded into thinking it pathetic or touching. But to proceed.

Soon after the scene just described, Adolphus Montresor, duly warned and instructed by Miss Albany, on the danger of his situation, determines upon leaving both his patron's house and wife undisturbed, and he prepares for a journey accordingly. Proceeding, however, to the carriage, he has to pass a favourite bower, and there to his dismay, he finds the Countess enjoying the solitary retreat with her friend Miss Albany. He would have avoided them, but the lady faints, and we are again regaled with the picture of the hero hauling her away in his arms to place her in safety upon her horse. Having been absent for some time with his mother in Wales, he returned to London, where he became dangerously ill; and after falling into a delirium, has the delight of finding himself on his recovery, watched and attended by the Countess herself. He was removed by her to her husband's castle, and Miss Albany, who it seems was a most strange personage, immediately wrote to inform his lordship of all that was going on. He hastened home, and to the horror of the lovers appeared before them when they thought him far absent in Scotland. The scene which follows affords perhaps the most interesting passage in the work, and is given with some degree of dramatic force. It must be premised, that the carriage which was to convey the Countess and her lover away, had been ordered to be in readiness in an hour, but the order has been scarcely given, when

'The Earl himself, unannounced, entered the apartment, where the last directions for the departure were giving and executing. Adolphus was writing with his back to the door, and did not look up till the Countess shrieked. He turned round, and grew pale on beholding his guardian. This, however, was not the time to shrink; and walking steadily across the room, he said, "I am sorry to be the person, my Lord, to explain all this confusion; but, whatever may be your opinion of me, I rely on your delicacy for not detaining Lady Amesfort, when she voluntarily relinquishes your name and protection."

'"You are right, Sir," said the Earl, with an energy of voice and manner, of which he seemed incapable: "I shall not detain Lady Amesfort in my house; but I shall see that she does not leave it with you.—Follow me, Aurelia—nay, instantly." The Countess recoiled as her husband approached; and throwing herself into Montresor's arms, clung to him in terror.

'"If you would take her from me," he cried fiercely, "you must first take my life."

'Horror and anguish, amounting to madness, were depicted on the powerful features of Lord Amesfort. "Rash boy," he cried, "will nothing unfasten your guilty hold? I would have spared you," he continued, with a sudden burst of tenderness, "for you are dear to me—Heaven knows how dear!—but you will rush headlong on.—Adolphus! believe me—I speak not idle words,—guilt is an undying poison that will corrupt every pleasure."

'"I believe you," said Adolphus, with desperate steadiness; "but the die is cast."

'"Then hear me!" loudly exclaimed the Earl. "I do not throw the thunderbolt; it is you who bring it on your own head. It is no common infamy in which you are about to plunge. It is your father's wife you would seduce!"

'Montresor reel'd back; his distending eye-balls seemed ready to start out of his head; his white lips quivered, and his teeth ground against each other. He gasped for breath—then going close up to the Earl, he said, in a tone of horrible stillness, "Monster! was it your hand that poured out the phial of wrath on the head of my mother? Did you curse me with life, that I might grow up a blacker wretch than there are words to name me? Have you set the seal of disgrace upon us, and enveloped us all, the innocent with the guilty, in one mighty ruin? Is it for this your nephew has broken the heart of your daughter? Is it for this . . ." Montresor could not articulate another word, but he continued to gaze on his father: and the wild fixed glare of his eye showed the chaos of an unsettling mind. The Earl felt the danger to his reason of suffering him to dwell upon these accumulated images of horror, and gently taking his hand, he pointed to Lady Amesfort. She had fainted, and lay still, pale, and deathlike. The effect was instantaneous on her lover. He uttered a cry so wild, so piercing, that his father shuddered, in doubt if it was not the note of madness. Adolphus flung himself on the floor beside her. He watched the ghastly hue vanish from her face; he listened to the long labouring sigh with which she returned to the consciousness of woe; and bending over her, he said quietly, "Poor unfortunate! she lives!"

'He arose, and moved towards the door. As he passed his father, he

paused. Lord Amesfort half veiled his face with his hand; but his attitude denoted such hopeless overpowering anguish, that Adolphus for a moment mourned only for his father.

"'There is enough of guilt and misery,' he said, in a stifled voice, 'but there might have been more. The world would call your wife unsullied, for it is our hearts only that have sinned.'

Lord Amesfort felt that he sought to console, not to appease him; and bowing his head, he replied, 'It is well for you, my son; for me there is nothing well.' The bruised heart of Adolphus gave one bound of filial affection—but he thought of his mother, and it was checked.'—vol. i. pp. 278—281.

The catastrophe of this affair was not a deadly one to any of the parties concerned, for it is said before the conclusion of the tale, that the Countess learnt to love her husband almost as well as she had loved his son.

But while this affair terminates thus quietly, and gives a lesson of most stoical philosophy to married lords, which we hardly consider very edifying; the other characters of the piece are preparing for the display of more sombre feelings. The Lord de Calmer, whose character is not very clearly described, becomes on a sudden entirely neglectful of Adolphus' sister, the cause being in fact the discovery of her illegitimacy. For a long time her brother and the family are in astonishment at this conduct on the part of the lover, but it is at length explained, and Adolphus travels about in despair and indignation, de Calmer takes to drinking, and the unfortunate forsaken sinks into a consumption. The events of the story now hasten to a conclusion. Lady Amesfort, after having undergone a regimen of husbandly care, becomes a decidedly good wife, and the vagrant de Calmer, touched with penitence and regret, determines on returning to his first love, and making atonement for his faithlessness. He hastens into Wales, flies to his mistress, clasps her to his arms, finds her no longer a blooming cheerful girl, but reduced to a skeleton. Hope and despair for a long time struggle together, and the best part of the story is the account given of the anxious and melancholy period there passed by the unfortunate lovers. The broken-hearted girl at length dies, and is soon followed by her mother. Lord de Calmer is intrusted by the latter with some papers, which in the true spirit of romance, he reads while sitting by her grave. He learns by them, that Mrs. Montresor was early seduced by the Earl of Amesfort, who was her cousin, and that she had willingly continued his mistress, when she might have been his wife. The story concludes by Lord de Calmer marrying one of the sisters of his late betrothed, and Adolphus Montresor, his friendly Mentor Miss Isabella Albany.

We need not stop to make any observation on the abundant absurdities which this tale presents. It is confusion from beginning to end; the incidents are not dependant the one upon the

other, and they are in the main such as a young barrister would be glad to make his first oration upon, but too prurient for the sentimentality of any novelist to make them palatable. We have been the more particular in our notice of this piece, because it is one of a large class, which of all other kind of novels will be always the most generally read, and which might be made highly interesting, and even useful, were it kept open to the detail of other principles and circumstances, than those which concern nothing but adultery or seduction. We can find no possible excuse for the writer of this tale, whether young or old, male or female, for thus employing talents which deserve a more healthy occupation.

'English Fashionables at Home,' is another novel so exactly similar in form, stature, and feature, to the fashionables of every other kind, that our readers will not require a much longer description of its character. Let them imagine themselves doomed to spend a certain time every day in hearing affected women, and not over-sensible lords, talk in their very worst style of affectation, and they will have a tolerably correct idea of the pleasure they may derive from the perusal of 'Fashionables at Home.' Let us take a specimen of the *animated* dialogue with which three-fourths of the work is filled.

'Lady Tralee was lounging in a large chair, reading the last new novel: Miss Fitzosborne was attempting to copy a bad landscape; Jenny was writing letters; Mrs. Smith hemming a muslin frill; and Betsy loitering about from one to the other, occasionally thrusting herself sideways upon one of her sister's chairs, and at other times drumming her fingers on the table, in time to a *sauteuse* she was humming out of tune.

'"Upon my word, Maria, that fore-ground looks for all the world like spinach and eggs," observed Betsy.

'"Spinach and eggs! and for all the world too! What a vulgar phrase. You will never be *distinguée*," responded Maria.

'"Distinguished from you and Jenny, at all events, I hope; la—ra—la—la—la—la—la—" &c. continuing her *sauteuse*.

'"You distract my attention," said Lady Tralee. "I desire, Betsy, you will go and practise your music."

'"Faith, and that I will."

'The look of horror from her sisters, and of indignation from her mamma, was lost upon the young lady. She crept round to the back of Mrs. Smith's chair, and climbing up on it, unceremoniously laid her two hands on her head, and turning it half round, impressed a very affectionate kiss on the pallid cheek, at the same time whispering in her ear—"I think now I have paid them off for you; they'll never talk of your brogue after mine." She then resumed the eternal *sauteuse*, and danced out of the room.

'Jenny's letters were finished, and she had time to devote to her present as well as absent friends. "I have been thinking, Maria, what dresses we shall wear to-day. What say you?"

'"I mean to go all in white. I am not in high colour to-day," answered Maria, casting a look at the mirror, which of course stood behind a white marble console, at the end of the room.

'"Then, I think, I'll wear my blue *crêpe lisse*. You know the last time we were dressed alike, that disagreeable Mrs. Mitchell asked us if we bought our silks by the piece." '—vol. ii. pp. 15—17.

We cannot for the life of us discover, how either character, manners, or any thing else, can be learnt from such sad trash as this. Novelists should remember, that it is not all kinds of conversation, or every scene, either in fashionable or vulgar life, that may display their characteristics. It requires, indeed, a much finer touch than the greater part of such writers would make us believe, to lift up the veil that is every where spread over the gay world. Even where external manners only are to be described, it must be done with a pen over which a more than ordinary degree of good sense has control.

We are now come to 'Life in India,' a novel, which for the most part is nothing more than a familiar picture of British habits and manners in a new frame work of oriental decoration. The characters are all British, and indeed seem to be as little affected in their natures by a translation to Calcutta, as people in real life are understood to be changed by migration at all. Again, there is an almost culpable monotony in the selection of them, for they are principally derived from one particular class, and that an exceedingly limited one too, as to diversity of pursuit and disposition; we mean the officers and their families who are engaged in the military service of the East India Company. Neither in the chief story, nor the incidents, is there any thing to be discovered beyond the common place histories of which, under so many disguises, the Minerva press has been the prolific parent. Fathers and sons in this novel, are just as reciprocally amiable as they are described to be at home: and the unfailing business of the tender passion is carried on with all the temperance of "an affair of the heart" in Leadenhall Street, and apparently without being in the slightest degree affected by the high pressure quality of an Indian climate. To those, however, who are interested in obtaining a distinct and impressive view of the mode of life, with all its pleasant as well as its almost intolerable contingencies, which a connection with the military service of the East India Service entails on many of our English families, this book, evidently the composition of an observing and intelligent actor in the scene which he describes, will afford sufficient to gratify their curiosity. The preliminary memoir, descriptive of a voyage to the East Indies, will be found, we believe, to convey a tolerably accurate notion of the general circumstances which are likely to be met with by those condemned to undertake that adventurous enterprize. So that to the attractions of a pleasing narrative, this part of the work will be found to unite the advantages of useful instruction.

The third volume opens an entirely new scene, by transferring us from the society of our countrymen at Calcutta, to the northern provinces of Hindostan, there to witness a series of novel and

peculiar vicissitudes. That part of the country had, by the depredations of the tribes of plunderers which had long infested it, been made an object of constant vigilance to the government: but now a new circumstance arose to stimulate its activity to more determined efforts at punishment. An enormous act of plunder had been perpetrated: the Company were the sufferers: the government took resolute measures for the purpose of detecting the delinquents; and it called on all the native princes to lend their cooperation for that object. The plunderers, with a celebrated outlaw, O Meer Sing at their head, had withdrawn into the province of Oude, where they found shelter amongst the refractory Zeemindars of the king of that territory. Thither a military detachment was sent in pursuit of the robbers. The whole of this volume is nearly taken up with recounting the adventures of this perilous pursuit: not only are we allowed to observe the movements of the military expedition minutely, but we are indulged with the opportunity of inspecting the whole operations of the fugitives to evade their enemy. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the mutual circumstances of both these parties give rise to a train of most exciting events. The character of O Meer Sing belongs to the old notorious stock of splendid villains, that have been drawn and quartered so many thousand times in the melo-drama: he would make a very fair average Christmas horror, and may be safely recommended to the minor boards. The course of the pursuit brings us in contact very frequently with communities of the natives; and the opportunity thus afforded for developing traits of manners, customs and character, is used for the purpose of conveying very agreeable information of that nature. The style is unambitious, but clear and methodical: in the volume just alluded to, it occasionally rises to considerable force.

The name of Mrs. Opie claims our most respectful attention to any performance to which it may be appended. Her 'Detraction Displayed' is so purely of a didatic nature, that we know not if we are not guilty of violating the laws of classification by comprehending it in the present article. It consists, in plain language, homely, neatly expressed, practically directed, but expanded to a larger form than a professed sermon is for many reasons susceptible of, against the sin of detraction. A great stir in consequence has been produced at the tea tables: the virgin worshippers of Bohea have become alarmed: a general rally of partizans has been deemed necessary at the head quarters of scandal. To disarm the indignation of opposition, Mrs. Opie, in the mildest accents of conciliation, observes at the outset, 'I beg leave to add, that in writing this book, I have been influenced by the wish to effect *my own reformation*, as well as that of others.' How far this dexterous concession will operate, is left to the liberality of the tender delinquents to whom it is addressed. Mrs. Opie then proceeds to fathom, which she does with her usual display of the knowledge of human

nature, the origin of this troublesome peccadillo. We think, however, that when she traces it to 'general and particular competition,' she misapprehends an effect for a cause; the passion which produces competition being the real origin of the vice which she is describing. However, the illustrations which she gives of the effects of the competition, comprehending as they do cases of rivalry between party-giving ladies—rivalry in dress and style of living, &c., are very curious and pointed: and the result of her remarks upon the necessity of avoiding occasions, apparently innocent in themselves, of interrupting connubial happiness, deserves the most serious reflection. Mrs. Opie next pursues with great ability and knowledge of the world, the circuit which the sin of detraction makes through society: she considers it in all its consequences, and detects it in all its disguises. The work, however, contrary to the reader's suspicion, we presume, is not that serious unattractive lesson of self-government, which preserves the leaves of printed sermons so long in their unsullied purity amongst respectable families. The thread of the discourse, if we may so call it, is variously relieved by a lively style, by numerous anecdotes and references, which will amply compensate the trouble of a perusal to those, upon whom the moral unfortunately might be wasted.

ART. VIII.—*Letters from the West: containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the First Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States.* By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. pp. 385. London: Colburn. 1828.

THESE letters, we are told in the preface, were commenced so long ago as the year 1820. We suspect that they were concluded not long after that period, which we may call a remote one, for a book of travels in America. A few years, however, would make no great difference with us, in a work chiefly occupied with the Western States of that continent, which are very far from being sufficiently known at our side of the Atlantic. Thirty years since they were, for the greater part, covered with prairies and forests, and tenanted only by wild animals. They are now nearly all cleared and cultivated, their rivers are crowded with steam-boats, towns and hamlets are increasing throughout their whole extent, and the toils of commerce and of agricultural industry, have not only changed the face of the country, but have even mitigated, if not altogether neutralized, the effects of a pestilential climate. In 1794, beasts of prey prowled about these regions without alarm for their safety. In 1810, the state of Ohio numbered a population of nearly two hundred and thirty-one thousand souls. In 1815 that population was more than doubled. Kentucky was explored and planted somewhat earlier, but even in that state, the change from savage to civilized life has been wrought with miraculous rapidity. In

short, within the memory of living witnesses, the shores of the Mississippi have been converted into gardens; colleges, factories, and farms abound where but lately it was dangerous to a traveller to make his appearance; and all the signs of animation and enterprize are multiplied in regions where, but a few years ago, nothing was heard save the voices of the lower animals of the creation, and the rushing of the flood or the tempest.

We have had almost enough of those States of America which are near the Atlantic—we say *almost* enough, because we apprehend that Captain Basil Hall will be able to throw a new light upon them, and induce us, by the originality of his observations, the accuracy of his knowledge, and the beauty of his composition, to feel a new interest in a subject apparently exhausted. But with respect to the Western States, our information is as yet very imperfect. We therefore opened this work with the ardour of a traveller who is entering a country wholly new to him, and though we found in it but a few scenes calculated to repay our curiosity, yet the attraction of novelty deluded us from page to page, in search of something better, until we arrived at the conclusion. We cannot say that we were altogether disappointed, yet we were not on the whole much pleased with our judicial guide.

By the way, it betokens no trivial difference between the "notions" of the Americans and those of Englishmen, descended though they be from a common stock, that a book of travels should be written and published among the former by a *judge!* We cannot, for a moment, conceive the idea of Judge Bayley, for instance, taking a trip to Ireland, and then writing and giving to the public an account of his tour. Had he done such a thing, the whole bench would be up in arms against him, and sure we are that his charges to juries would scarcely be listened to with common decorum. But an occurrence of this description makes no impression in America, where the judge of to-day is the soldier or the shopkeeper of to-morrow, and the Term Reports are put by for the newest novel or review.

In fact, it appears that these Letters were originally written for a periodical magazine called the Portfolio, published at Philadelphia. Whether the author was a judge at that period, or not, we are without information. That he was not then, at least, much of a judge in matters of literature, his composition affords abundant evidence. It is for ever upon stilts. Common topics are treated in a pompous, grandiloquent style, which altogether robs them of their fair proportions, and of their natural effect. Traces of ability may be discovered now and then, and though, of course, the national vanity of the republican breaks out in every page, we cannot but admire, though we have no reason whatever to envy, the bold and independent tone in which he treats matters of public interest on all occasions. Perhaps the most disagreeable feature in his book is the air of puerile levity which pervades it. Our

judge is a man of gallantry; if he cannot enjoy the felicity of conversing with a pair of starry eyes, he consoles himself with dreaming about them, until his rapture becomes quite ludicrous. But with all his imperfections about him, let us glean from his pages whatever of novelty they contain.

Our author commences his tour at Pittsburgh, formerly the *ultima Thule* of travellers, but now the vestibule through which they approach the great states of the West. It is favourably situated at the head of the Ohio, and the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. The scenery around the town is charming. A circle of hills encloses it, from various points of which the three rivers just mentioned may be seen winding through the country.

'The city lay beneath me, enveloped in smoke—the clang of hammers resounded from its numerous manufactories—the rattling of carriages and the hum of men were heard from its streets—churches, courts, hotels, and markets, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of busy life were presented in one panoramic view. Behind me were all the silent soft attractions of rural sweetness—the ground rising gradually for a considerable distance, and exhibiting country seats, surrounded with cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards. On either hand were the rivers, one dashing over beds of rock, the other sluggishly meandering among the hills; while the lofty eminences beyond them, covered with timber, displayed a rich foliage, decked and shadowed with every tint of the rainbow. Below the town, the Ohio is seen, receiving her tributary streams, and bearing off to the west, burthened with rich freights. The towns of Allegheny on the right hand, and Birmingham on the left—the noble bridges that lead to the city in opposite directions—the arsenal, and the little village of Laurenceville, in the rear, added variety to the scene.'—pp. 22, 23.

The smoke of Leeds or Manchester is a pure atmosphere, compared with the masses of soot sent forth by the Pittsburgh coal. Even the snow that falls there is said to be tinged with it! The principal manufactures of this town consist of iron and glass ware. It is the principal place of deposit for goods destined for the western country. It is, moreover, a port of entry, a distinction which seems to have occasionally puzzled the Italian custom-house officers, if we are to believe an anecdote related by Mr. Clay, on the floor of Congress:—

'"To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, (he said) he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built, and cleared out at Pittsburgh for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the custom-house officer, who would not credit them, and said to him, "Sir, your papers are forged; there is not such a port as Pittsburgh in the world; your vessel must be confiscated." The trembling captain laid before the officer the map of the United States—directed him to the gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him a thousand miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another thousand up to Pittsburgh. "There, Sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out." The astonished officer, before he had

seen the map, would as readily have believed that this vessel had been navigated from the moon."—pp. 36, 37.

Descending the Ohio in a keel boat, our learned judge visited Wheeling, the future rival of Pittsburgh; and Marietta, beautifully situated at the mouth of the Muskingum river. The French gave to the Ohio the title of *La Belle rivière*. 'Its current is always graceful, and its shore every where romantic.' There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is, in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference. The author here gets upon his Pegasus, and not content with comparing the scenery of the Ohio to the features of a beautiful woman, whose attractions arise rather from gracefulness than variety, he sings, rather than writes, in the following strain:—

'The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, swept onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them, are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad, among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation.'—pp. 82, 83.

The author, on passing Blannerhasset's island, takes occasion to allude to the conspiracy of Burr, which was supposed to have been principally concocted there. This is one of the few mysteries which are to be found in American history. It made a great noise at the time, but in its consequences was most insignificant. Colonel Burr was distinguished for his talents and attainments. His manners were polished, his address insinuating, his eloquence graceful and seductive. He was a candidate for the presidential chair with Jefferson, and lost his election only by a single vote. He was the rival of Hamilton, whom he killed in a duel. After this unfortunate catastrophe, he resigned his public employments,

and became restless, as some supposed from remorse of conscience; as others imagined from the impulses of a wild ambition. He collected together a number of men, provided them with arms and munitions of war, but was arrested in his career before he was enabled to carry his designs, whatever they were, into execution. It was thought by some persons that he meant to invade Mexico, to declare it independent of Spain, and place himself upon the throne. Others, with more probability, believed that his great object was to separate the western states of America from the Union. He found an enthusiastic adherent in Mr. Blannerhasset, an Irish gentleman of fortune, who gave his name to the island in question. Blannerhasset was devoted to science. He had retired to this island in the Ohio that he might be far away from the world, and employ all his time in intellectual and agricultural pursuits. He was fond of chemistry, and a passionate lover of music. He had the good fortune to be married to a lovely and accomplished woman, who presented him with several children. No expense was spared by him in improving and beautifying his island residence. His intimacy with Burr involved him in the confederacy of which that person was the chieftain; the island was the great scene of their operations; here the men were assembled and their arms concealed; and here, ultimately, they were arrested or dispersed, and the leaders overwhelmed in ruin.

The importunate inquisitiveness of the Americans, has often been railed at by European travellers. We think it, therefore, no more than an act of justice, to allow our author to defend his countrymen from this imputation.

'With regard to the want of affability alleged by foreigners, I can say, with sincerity, that I have travelled from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, and from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mississippi, without observing it. I have never proposed a civil question to an American without receiving a civil answer; and I have seldom entered his dwelling without partaking of its hospitality. I have more than once, in consequence of accidents to which all travellers are liable, been thrown upon the kindness of strangers; yet never did I know my countrymen deny the sacred claims of a stranger in distress. At their taverns, or their private houses, a man of decent appearance and civil deportment will always be kindly and respectfully received. So long as he behaves like a gentleman, he will receive the treatment due to his character; his privacy will not be interrupted, his feelings hurt, or his peace disturbed. Whatever he asks for in a civil manner, will be furnished him, if possible; but if it cannot be procured, he must take what he can get without complaining; for the moment he abuses the country, complains of his fare, or attempts in any manner to coerce or criminate those around him, he excites a spirit which it is much more easy to arouse than to allay.'—pp. 113, 114.

We ourselves have often fallen into the general fashion of abusing the Americans, on account of their national vanity. We ought, however, to have reflected, that Englishmen are quite as open to

ridicule upon this point as any nation under Heaven. Our learned tourist is somewhat severe upon us on this point; nevertheless it is but justice to hear him.

'If a foreigner, in passing through our country, grasps at every occasion to make invidious comparisons, sneering at its population, manners, and institutions, and extolling those of his own native land, nothing is said of *national vanity*. When it was determined in England to tear the "striped bunting" from the mast-heads of our "fir-built frigates," and to "sweep the Yankee cock-boats from the ocean," no *national vanity* was displayed at all: when the Edinburgh Review tells us that England is the bulwark of religion, the arbiter of the fates of kingdoms, the last refuge of freedom, there is no *national vanity* in the business—not a spice. But if a plain backwoodsman ventures to praise his own country, because he finds all his wants supplied, and his rights defended, while he is not pestered with tax-gatherers and excisemen, is not devoured by fox-hunting priests, pensioners, and paupers, sees no dragoons galloping about his cottage, and is allowed to vote for whom he pleases to represent him—all of which he has good reason to believe is ordered differently in another country—this is a "*disgusting display* of *national vanity*." If he ventures to exhibit a shattered limb, or a breast covered with scars, and to tell that he received these honourable marks in defence of his native land, on an occasion when the "*best troops in the world*" fled before the valour of undisciplined freemen, led by a Jackson or a Brown, this is *very disgusting*.

'The fact is, that English travellers, and English people in general, who come among us, forget that the rest of the world are not as credulous and *gullible* as themselves; and are continually attempting to impose fictions upon us, which we refuse to credit. They seem not to be aware, that we are a reading people, and would convince us that they are a wise, valiant, and virtuous people, beloved and respected by all the world, while we are an ignorant, idle set of boobies, for whom nobody cares a farthing. They tell us how happy and *comfortable* every body is in England, and what a poor, forlorn, forsaken, miserable set we are, who have had the misfortune to be born in *a new country*, and never saw a king, a lord, or a hangman. One of them told me that he had never heard of the battle of New Orleans, until he came to America several years after it was fought, and that the British nation had hardly ever heard of the war with America. Now, when we refuse to credit these things, and flatly deny them, as we often do, we are set down as a conceited, vain people, who presume to think for ourselves, and to believe that we know something, when a prating renegade or a venal reviewer shall pronounce us fools. John Bull forgets that his own vanity is a source of merriment with the rest of the world.'—pp. 120—122.

We willingly subjoin the character which the author gives of the hospitality of his countrymen.

'During my jaunt, I have entered freely the meanest habitations, and conversed familiarly with the most indigent of the people: but never have I received a rude nor an indecorous reply. When I approached the door of the rudest hut, I was invited to enter, a seat was handed me, and if

the family was eating, I was pressed to partake of their meal. However homely their fare might be, they neither seemed ashamed to offer nor unwilling to share it. At the little cabins along the river, we paid reasonable prices for bread, butter, milk, and other articles, which we purchased; but they seldom charged for what we ate in their houses; and when I penetrated a little farther into the country, among the respectable farmers, they seemed offended at being offered money for what we procured from them.

'Returning from one of these excursions, I was overtaken by the night, and found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river, which being choked with logs and brush, could not be crossed by swimming. Observing a house on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half naked, ill-looking fellow came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river with some trouble, ferried me over, and I followed him to his habitation, near to which our boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the meanest kind, consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which contained a family of seven or eight souls, and every thing seemed to designate him as a new and unthrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water, to which he good humouredly replied, that he "never took money for helping a traveller on his way." "Then let me pay you for your milk." "I never sell milk" "But," said I, urging him, "I would rather pay you, I have money enough." "Well," said he, "I have milk enough, so we're even; I have as good a right to give you milk, as you have to give me money."'—pp. 123, 124.

It is a curious inconsistency in the character of the Americans, that although their country, their institutions, and even their habits are all new, and though that novelty and their expected future grandeur of their nation form their principal boast and pride, yet there are no people on earth who are more attached than they to the symbols and associations of antiquity. This weakness, if such it ought to be called, is remarkably apparent in the names which they have bestowed on several of their new towns—names which contrast so strangely with the Indian barbaric nomenclature of their rivers. Thus we have at the mouth of the Great Hockhocking river the town of Troy, and at the distance of twenty-five miles on the banks of the same classic stream, we enter the gates of Athens. We may pass from thence to Rome, to Carthage, and even to Jerusalem, without any great trouble or delay; if we have any predilection for Russian names, we may gratify it by a visit to Petersburgh, or Siberia, or Kamtschatka; if we desire to renew our affection for Austria, a short journey will take us to Vienna; and without making a voyage to India, we may enjoy all the beauties of Calcutta and New Hindostan. Here also we may find a Goshen, without making a pilgrimage to Palestine!

Another characteristic of the Americans, which however may be more easily accounted for than that just noticed, is their facility of locomotion. They seldom appear to have local attachments; at

least those amongst them who have not acquired fortunes, or to whose interests it is not essential to remain in a particular district, think nothing of moving away hundreds of thousands of miles. Of this emigrant disposition, which most probably will not cease until the whole continent shall be peopled, our author relates a striking instance:—

"Just below the village of Guyandat, (what a classic name!) we overtook one of those rude skiffs which frequently convey emigrants to the west. This was a small flat-bottomed boat, of the simplest construction, about twelve feet long, with high sides and a roof. As I was looking out for a friend, who in a moment of whim, had embarked by himself, a few days before me, in a "frail tenement" like the one in sight, I took our small boat and rowed towards it, but was not a little surprised on approaching it, to discover, instead of a young gentleman, a grey-headed man, and as grey a headed woman, tugging deliberately at the oars. This primitive couple looked as if they might have been *pulling together* down the stream of life for half a century, without having been tired of each other's company; for while their oars preserved a regular cadence, they were chatting sociably together, and they smiled as they invited me into their skiff. I confess I was astonished; for, much as I had seen of the carelessness with which my countrymen undertake toilsome journies, and the alacrity with which they change their habitations, I was not prepared to behold without surprise old age and enterprise travelling together: and when I learned that this ancient couple were seeking a new home, I anticipated a tale of banishment and sorrow. The days of their pilgrimage had not been *few and evil*. Neither of them could have seen fewer than sixty years, and both were withered, wrinkled, and apparently decrepit; but they were sprightly and social, and spoke of clearing *new lands* in the wilderness, with a confidence which evinced nothing of the feebleness or indecision of old age. In answer to my inquiries, as to the reasons which had suggested a change of residence, the old man observed, in a careless, off-hand sort of way, "Why, Sir, our boys are all married, and gone off, and bustling about for themselves; and our neighbours, a good many of 'em's gone *out back*, and so the old woman and me felt *sort o' lonesome*, and thought *we'd* go too, and try *our* luck."

"But, my friend, it's rather late in the day for you to become a wanderer."

"Tut, man," said he, "better late than never—*there's luck in leisure*, as the saying is—and may be the old woman and me'll have as good luck as any of them." —pp. 138—140.

Judge Hall excuses himself, after quitting Cincinnati, from saying any thing about that town, as his whole time had been taken up while there in paying his addresses to a young lady, a companion of his *dancing* days! We suppose we must accept his apology, particularly as his worship seems to have made up his mind on the subject. 'I would not,' he adds, in the pride of his chivalry, 'give one "merry glance of mountain maid," for the plaudits of the literary world. You will remind me, I dare say, of posterity; but, in the language of a merry neighbour of mine, I

reply, "Hang posterity! what did posterity ever do for me?" So I shall write when I please, and court the girls when I can.' Here is a specimen of American judicial gallantry! In another letter he exclaims—'I have always had a wonderful predilection for handsome faces, and I do verily believe that if my breast were darkened by the heaviest sorrows, the rays of beauty would still strike to its inmost recesses, and there would still be a something to refract the beams.' We do not happen to know whether there is an Hon. Mrs. Judge Hall in existence; but if there be, we recommend her to look a little after his worship.

Of the extent of our learned author's acquaintance with law, we have no means of furnishing an opinion; this, however, we can plainly see, that his knowledge of modern languages must be very limited indeed, since he appears to have been unable to discover the origin of the word *chute*, a name which the Indians apply to the falls of the Ohio. 'It may puzzle you,' he says, 'as much as it has puzzled me; but it is the very identical word used by most of the writers on this subject. Whether it be a Greek, an Indian, or a Kentucky phrase, I cannot inform you. I have sought its derivation in all the languages with which I am conversant, without effect.' We suspect that 'all the languages' with which his honour is conversant, are limited to that in which he writes, for the best guess he makes at the derivation of this hard word is, that it must come from *shoot*, because 'it is applied to channels through which a boat may be said to *shoot* with the swiftness of an arrow!' Our judge would be a capital commentator on Homer. Before he commences his critical labours, however, he will excuse us, we hope, for recommending him to look into his French Dictionary. The descent of a boat through one of these *chutes* would be, we apprehend, a more formidable affair than a search after the derivation of their name.

'As you approach the head of the rapids, the mighty stream rolls on in a smooth unbroken sheet, increasing in velocity as you advance. The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger: the pilot, stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a *momentum* greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters: and the sight of waves dashing, and foaming, and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel—"takes the *Chute*"—and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck, but in a few moments she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters.'—pp. 185, 186.

Below the falls of the Ohio, the face of the country differs essentially from that of the regions above them. It is flat, the soil deep, black and fertile. Here and there are seen small ranges

of hills; the river bottoms exhibit appearances of annual inundations, and the cane, of which cattle are so fond, abounds, or rather did abound, for by this time we suppose it is all destroyed. In these rich bottoms flourish peccans, catalpas, and sycamores, and extensive groves of cotton-wood. This tree is large and extremely tall, resembling in foliage and general appearance the Lombardy poplar. The peccan is like the hickory, to which it is supposed to be related; it yields fine rich nuts, of which large quantities are every year exported. The catalpa is remarkable for its gracefulness and the beauty of its flowers. Grape vines, with stems of considerable thickness, are sometimes seen climbing up the branches of the loftiest trees; and upon the top of all is perceived, occasionally, the misletoe. This plant grows naturally upon the ground; but the berry which contains the seed is so viscous, that it adheres to the feet of birds, who take it from tree to tree, and thus form an aerial plantation of their own. Deer, turkeys, paroquets, and wild cats enliven the scene.

As a singular proof of the close connection which subsists between mechanical and moral improvement, we may mention the happy reformation which has taken place, not only in the vicinity of Shawnee, but along the whole of the banks of the Ohio. That town, which occupies a beautiful level plain on the western bank of the Ohio, stands at a distance of about one thousand miles from Pittsburgh, and eleven hundred from New Orleans, by water. As recently as the year 1808, there was not a house on this plain. It was only laid out in town lots, by an act of Congress, in 1814, and even now it has no more than one hundred houses, of which the greater number are of frame or log. Being subject, from the lowness of its situation, to annual inundation, and infested with a race of musquitoes the most venomous, perhaps, in the world, Shawnee was, for some years, rather a post for banditti, than a settlement for emigrants. Before the establishment of steamboats on the Ohio, its commerce, which was even then very extensive, was chiefly carried on by means of barges, which required many hands to navigate them.

'Each barge carried from thirty to forty boatmen, and a number of these boats frequently sailed in company. The arrival of such a squadron at a small town was the certain forerunner of riot. The boatmen, proverbially lawless and dissolute, were often more numerous than the citizens, and indulged, without restraint, in every species of debauchery, outrage, and mischief. Wherever vice exists will be found many to abet, and to take advantage of its excesses; and these towns were filled with the wretched ministers of crime. Sometimes, the citizens, roused to indignation, attempted to enforce the laws; but the attempt was regarded as a declaration of war, which arrayed the offenders and their allies in hostility; the inhabitants were obliged to unite in the defence of each other, and the contest usually terminated in the success of that party which had least to lose, and were most prodigal of life and careless of consequences.'—p. 229.

These bargemen were in truth the despots and the terror of the river. It was as much as his life was worth for a stranger to venture among them, unless he was well armed and well attended. Scenes of the most shocking character constantly occurred; and had it not been for the steam-boats, no effectual steps could ever be taken to repress those disorders, until the increased population of the towns might be enabled to afford a police strong enough to contend with the bargemen. But the steam-boats put them to flight at once.

'The substitution of machinery for manual labour, occasioned a vast diminution in the number of men required for the river navigation. A steam-boat, with the same crew as a barge, will carry ten times the burthen, and perform her voyage in a fifth part of the time required by the latter. The bargemen infested the whole country, by stopping frequently, and often spending their nights on shore; while the steam-boats pass rapidly from one large port to another, making no halt but to receive or discharge merchandize, at intermediate places. The commanders of steam-boats are men of character; property to an immense amount is intrusted to their care; their responsibility is great; and they are careful of their own deportment, and of the conduct of those under their control. The number of boatmen is therefore not only greatly reduced, in proportion to the amount of trade, but a sort of discipline is introduced among them.'—pp. 230, 231.

Here is irrefragable evidence of the moral as well as the physical triumphs of machinery.

Shawnee town seems to have been the limit of our author's tour. Whether he remained any time there, or made his escape speedily from the musquitoes, his book saith not. The remainder of his volume is taken up with sketches which he might have written if he had never quitted his fireside. Among these is the story of Daniel Boon, one of the earliest emigrants to the Back Woods—a story, however, in which we discover nothing very romantic, beyond the difficulties described by Robinson Crusoe. We do not much approve of the author's taste in introducing into his work, most unnecessarily, the history of those remorseless and systematic murderers, the Harpes. It is one of those tales of terror which ought to have been left among the mouldering records of the time to which it refers. The hints upon emigration will suggest many useful reflections to adventurers who are disposed to try their fortunes in the unsettled regions of the New World; and from the letter on popular superstitions, the philosophical reader may collect, that superstition is not the peculiar offspring of any climate, or of any religion; but that it enters essentially into the nature and feelings of the mass of mankind, and will always exist even among the most civilized communities, in a more or less prominent form, as long as the *present* shall give rise to hopes or fears, and the *future* be involved in uncertainty.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs de Vidocq, Chef de la Police de Sureté, jusqu'en 1827.* 2 vols. Paris: Tenon. 1828.

In mankind can be made the subject of a science taught by books, the present day ought to be particularly productive in the knowledge of the human character in all its diversities and ramifications. From the highest species of poetry at present known in the country, down to the least intellectual branches of our literature, the same effort is made to deify self. Auto-biographies are the most frequent prescriptions for the gratification of this prevalent vanity of the age, and both in this country and in France, works of the kind have been published which are only inferior in merit to the common sense and good taste of those who purchase them.

The Memoirs of Vidocq give the history of a man whose life has certainly been of the most adventurous description; but there is a difference even in works of this kind, and while the character and actions of the bold buccaneer, or desperate bandit, compel the mind into a certain kind of respect, it turns with disgust from the view of characters which have been chiefly distinguished by vices, which no cunning and no adventure can ever make any thing but disgusting. The hero of the present history was the son of a baker of Arras, and as he tells us, without any expression of shame, was a thief from his earliest youth. First the sous, and then the francs contained in his father's till, fell a prey to his skilful fingers, and when this resource was cut off, he proceeded to take bread, coffee, sugar, and whatever else might be converted into money. As often as he was discovered he found some means or other to appease the anger of his parents; but there was villain written on his very heart, for neither the kindness of his mother, nor the misery of his father, had any effect in bettering his disposition. At last he took his final farewell, and began that course of adventure on which his reputation is about to be founded. He proceeded immediately in search of a vessel, in which he intended to embark for America, but found to his consternation that he had not sufficient to pay for his voyage. Falling into company with some thieves, he lost the only sum he possessed, and was obliged to forego the thoughts of quitting France. He next became acquainted with the proprietor of a menagerie, but whose service he was obliged to quit, after having been put to the torturing tuition of a posture-master. After a few other incidents which weakened his desire of wandering, he returned home, where, however, he remained but a short time, and he again set forth in quest of fortune. After having wandered through several parts of the Netherlands, he came to Lille, where he became acquainted with a singular character, who frequented the coffee-house where he spent the greater part of his time. This person was, as he reported himself to be, a travelling physician, skilled in all the branches of surgery and physic, from the simple

operation of cropping the ears and tails of dogs, to the treatment of the most complicated diseases. "I have cured," said he, "a whole squadron of dragoon horses, which the veterinary surgeon had declared hopeless." The following is the narrative our hero has given of his acquaintance with the man who offered to receive him as a sort of apprentice, or pupil :—

"I was exact at the place of meeting. My companion, who was already there, seeing my bundle carried by a porter, said that I had no need of taking it, as we should be absent not more than three days, and should make the journey on foot. Hearing this, I sent my luggage back to the inn, and we began our walk at a rapid pace, having, as my guide said, to get five leagues before noon. We arrived by that hour at a solitary farm, where he was received with open arms, and addressed to my astonishment by the name of Caron, I having always as yet heard him called Christian. After a few words had been exchanged, the master of the house went into his chamber, and soon after returned, bringing with him two or three bags of crowns, which he spread upon the table. My patron took them up, examined them one after the other with an attention which appeared to be affected, put a hundred and fifty on one side, and counted a like sum out to the farmer. I could not at all understand this, for the business was carried on in a dialect with which I was almost entirely unacquainted; I was therefore very astonished when, having left the farm, to which Christian said he should soon return, the latter gave me three crowns, and said that I ought to partake in the benefit; I could not comprehend what he meant by this benefit, and I told him so. "That's the secret," said he, "but you shall know it by and by, if I be satisfied with you." I remarked to him that he might be well assured of my discretion, since I knew nothing except his changing some money. He replied, that was precisely what I must take care not to mention; I promised to do so, and took the money without knowing what was to follow.

"For four days we continued to make similar excursions to various farms, and every day I received two or three crowns. Christian, who continued to be called Caron, was well known in this part of Brabant, but only as a physician, for during all the time he was carrying on the business of exchange, a conversation was continually kept up respecting the maladies of men or animals. I discovered, moreover, that he had the reputation of some skill in magic.

"A proposition which he made me, on the moment we entered the village of Werwicque, seemed about to initiate me in the mysteries of his magic. "May I depend on you," said he to me, stopping suddenly; "without doubt," said I to him, "but I must know what I am to do."

"Hear and observe."

"He then took from a kind of pouch four sealed packets done up like drugs, and seeming to contain some specific. He said to me, "You see those four farms situated at some distance from each other, you must go and endeavour to penetrate into them through the back premises, and take care that no one see you. You will gain the stable, or the outhouse, and cast into the manger the powder contained in each packet; above all, take care that you are not seen; I will take charge of the rest."

"I made several objections to this proposition: I might be surprized on entering the premises, might be stopped, and have a thousand embarrassing

questions put to me. I gave him, in short, a positive refusal, notwithstanding the prospect of the crowns; nor could all the eloquence of Christian break my resolution. I told him I would quit him that instant unless he would tell me his real condition, and explain the mystery respecting the money, which appeared to me so violently suspicious. This declaration was a little embarrassing, and as it will be seen he would willingly have avoided it by a partial show of confidence.

'For my country, said he, I have none. My brother, who was hung last year at Temeswar, was one of a band of Bohemians who ravaged the frontiers of Hungary, and I first saw the light in a village on the Carpathian mountains; I say Bohemians, that you may understand me, but we call ourselves *Romanitchels*. We use a language which we are forbidden to teach any one whatever; we are also forbidden to travel singly, and are generally found in bands of fifteen or twenty. We have for a long time traversed France, to tell fortunes and exercise witchcraft, but the trade is spoiled there. The peasantry are become too knowing; we are cast on Flanders, where the people are less experienced, and the many different kinds of money afford an excellent opportunity to exercise our industry. For myself, I was sent to Brussels on particular business, which I have accomplished, and shall rejoin the troop at the fair of Malines. You must decide whether you will accompany me. You can be useful, but let us have no more trifling.'—vol. i. p. 101.

Vidocq confesses that he was a little startled by this strange reply of his mysterious companion, but he would have by no means merited the adventurous character he had obtained, had he neglected seizing the opportunity of increasing his knowledge and experience thus afforded him. His curiosity was not long in obtaining the victory over the few suggestions which prudence still presented, and without knowing to what the adventure would lead, he accompanied his friend Christian to Malines. The description of their arrival is given in a lively manner.

"After having traversed the town, we stopped in the faubourg de Louvain, at a house of the most miserable appearance; the filthy walls were everywhere crumbling into ruin, and the broken windows were stuffed full of rags and paper; it was midnight, and I had time to make my observations by the light of the moon: nearly half an hour passed before one of the most horrible old women I had ever seen, opened the door. We were then introduced into a large room, where thirty individuals of both sexes smoked and drank together without distinction. They wore under their blue cloaks embellished with red borders, light blue vests ornamented with silver buttons, which are generally worn by the Andelusian muleteers. The vestments of the women were all of showy colours, and though it was an hour of pleasure, many very fierce countenances were to be seen in the party. The monotonous sound of the tambourine mingling with the howlings of two dogs tied to the foot of the table, accompanied some wild songs which might have been taken for a funeral chant; the smoke of the tobacco and the wood fire which filled this den, scarcely permitted me to perceive in the midst of the scene a woman, who, ornamented with a gaudy turban, was performing a savage and lascivious dance."

Our hero, Vidocq, felt little gratification on finding himself

introduced to such an assembly, but having the advantage of habits not over scrupulous, he brought himself to suffer the infliction of eating a hearty supper in company with his fierce companions, and of drinking so plentifully of their Geneva, that he was soon obliged to seek his apartment, which was ruder still than the banqueting hall, but

'As soon as the day begun, the whole party commenced the preparations of the toilette. Changed both in dress and appearance, I should have with difficulty recognized my companions of the former evening. The men clad in rich Holland frocks, had girdles like those worn by the market-people of Poissy. The women were covered with jewels of gold and silver, and wore the costume of Zealanders. The children even, who had before been covered with rags, were now handsomely dressed, and appeared to have changed their countenances. The whole party soon left the house, and took different directions, in order not to arrive in the market-place where the country people were now assembling at the same time. Christian seeing me following him, put some crowns into my hand, and told me I might pursue my own pleasure till the evening.'

Vidocq, however, having no way of amusing himself, and having formed an acquaintance with some old officer, whom he met at an inn, followed Christian to the fair, where he was not a little surprised to find him and his associates busily employed in conveying purses out of other men's pockets into their own. His curiosity being influenced by this discovery, he pressed his companion to give him the information respecting their true character, and he was told in return that they came principally from Moldavia; that their name is different in different countries; that they are the *Ziguiners* of Germany, the *Gypsies* of England, the *Zingari* of Italy, the *Gatinos* of Spain, and the *Bohemians* of France and Belgium. 'They wander,' continued he, 'through all Europe, exercising sometimes the most abject and at others the most dangerous employments. They crop dogs, tell fortunes, mend pots and pans, and play the most abominable music at tavern doors, speculate in rabbit-skins, and change the pieces of foreign money which are refused in ordinary circulation. They sell specifics against the diseases of animals, find their way into stables, and mix drugs with the animals' foods, which make them ill, and then present themselves before the unfortunate owners, who gratefully receive their proffered assistance in curing the sick beasts. This is not all; they inquire if the farmer have not coin of this or that date, and offer to change them for new. Interested with the proposal, he brings out his money, and is more than once made the dupe of his designing advisers.'

The consequence of the discovery which our hero had thus made was a determination to separate himself immediately from a race of people so far below him, in what, we suppose, he considered his professional respectability. He was not long before he found other adventures equally interesting to him, and equally adapted to

amuse the class of readers for whom he seems to have written his book. But full of adventure as is his auto-biography, there is a frequent sameness, both in matter and manner, and we are cloyed with the continuation of details, which, though numerous, are not various.

After the adventure above alluded to, Vidocq again falls in love, but whether to verify the proverb or not, this passion, like his former ones, terminated in a manner by no means agreeable to the unfortunate lover. Piqued by finding his mistress one evening, when his return was unexpected, supping *tête-a-tête* with a stranger, and being transported beyond restraint, he fell like a lion upon his rival, wounded him, and was thrown into prison by the authorities of the district. Closely confined in a dungeon, his inventive genius was set at work to contrive the means of escape. Again and again did his project succeed; sometimes in the disguise of an inspector, sometimes assisted by the connivance of his fellow prisoners, and at others by the main exertion of his strength and agility, he escaped the vigilance of his keepers; but, as if prison discipline was a sport to him, he was so careless about completing his deliverance, that he generally remained wandering about the town or its suburbs till he was re-taken.

Vidocq's adventures in prison, and his escapes from it, form the principal subject of his memoirs, and for such a subject it is as amusingly treated as the reader could wish. Having at last made his effectual escape from Lille, he became connected with smugglers, and according to his account might have succeeded very well in his new career, but he could not resist the desire of revisiting his mistress; he ventured again into Lille, and while drinking in a coffee-house was recognized by the police, and again carried in triumph to his dungeon. His genius, however, for escape was not lessened, and the following is an account of one of his attempts in company with some fellow prisoners, after he had been transferred to a prison in the department of the Donai.

"I was informed," said he, "that a plot had been for fifteen days on foot to effect an escape, which was to be made through a hole which they had formed in the floor of the dungeon, and which was on a level with the river Scarpe, which bathes the walls of the prison. I at first considered the enterprize as extremely hazardous; there was a wall of five feet thick, which it was necessary to pierce without exciting the suspicions of the goaler. This first obstacle, however, was eluded by our casting every handful of rubbish or cement through our grated window into the river. My companion, Desfosseux, had discovered a means of lightening us of our irons, and we worked in consequence with less fatigue and difficulty. One of the company was always at work in the hole, which was already sufficient to receive a man. We believed our work was nearly at an end, when we were all of a sudden disconcerted to find that the foundations, which we believed made of ordinary stones,

were composed of large blocks of granite. This circumstance compelled us to enlarge our subterranean gallery, and for a week we worked at it without remission. In order to account for the absence of the one who was wanted at the works when the gaoler made his rounds, we took care to dress a straw figure in his clothes, and to place it in the attitude of a person sleeping. After fifty-five days, and as many nights, of continued labour, we arrived at the end of the work; we had but to remove one stone, and we should be on the banks of the river. One night we decided that we would make the final attempt; every thing appeared to favour us; the gaoler had made his rounds earlier than usual, and a thick fog made us sure that the sentinel would not perceive us; the stone having been loosened, yielded at once to our efforts and fell, but at the same instant the water gushed in through the chasm thus left. We had badly calculated our distances, and the hole we had made being some feet below the bed of the river, was filled in a few minutes. We at first thought of plunging through the opening, but the rapidity of the current was too violent, and we were obliged to call for help, or remain immersed all the night. The jailor and turnkeys, roused by our cries, immediately came and discovered our situation with no little astonishment. The whole plot was out, and we were each put into a separate dungeon."—vol. i. pp. 163—165.

The Desfosseux mentioned in this passage, is a conspicuous character in the history of M. Vidocq, and really was a grand man among malefactors; the volumes of the Newgate Calendar will hardly afford the description of a more desperate or more ingenious villain. Our hero, after having undergone a trial, founded on accusations, the origin of which was founded on some unfortunate mistake, but which it would afford little amusement to detail, was sentenced to the galleys, and was thrown for a time into the prison of Bicêtre. On his progress with other culprits towards the sea-port where he was about to suffer the punishment to which he had been condemned, he met with a variety of adventures, consisting of escapes and other things of the same kind. But we must pass on to another part of his memoirs, contenting ourselves with observing that, by the exercise of his usual energy and skill, he succeeded in effecting his escape from the galleys; and in the course of a short period occupied various situations, and underwent as many difficulties and perils as the most ardent lover of adventure could desire, till he at last found himself again apprehended, and in the prison of the Bicêtre. Another escape follows. He goes to sea; enters the marines; becomes a corporal; and is again put into prison on the charge of old offences, and here has no other consolation than the singular and unexpected one of being visited by his wife, who came to give him the information that she had divorced herself during his absence, and married.

Soon after, however, being at Paris, and associating himself with a man who, unknown to him, was a manufacturer of base coin, he is himself taken up on suspicion of being his accomplice, as well

as on the charge of having escaped from the galleys. He is committed again, therefore, to the Bicêtre; but while there, he determined upon writing to one of the ministers of police, to offer the employment of his talents in favour of the cause of justice. After some hesitation on the part of the minister, he was accepted, and he accordingly took upon himself the office of making discoveries among the inhabitants of the different prisons.

In the narrative which follows this change in the situation of M. Vidocq, there are some amusing passages, but they cannot be read without an occasional feeling of surprise, and even disgust, that a man so initiated in all the arts of depravity by the former circumstances of his life, should have at last failed in the only good quality which is sometimes found remaining in the lowest characters—that of not betraying their former companions.

We shall now give an anecdote, taken from this part of the memoirs, and present M. Vidocq as exercising his skill, not in escaping from the galleys or the dungeon himself, but as penetrating into the plots and counterplots of the most terrible thieves and assassins that France produced. Two of these were men who had been formerly well known to him; their names were Saint Germain and Boudin. Meeting with Vidocq by accident in Paris, they began to compare notes, and the meeting ended with a promise of mutual assistance. The first thing proposed by Saint Germain was the assassination of two old men, who lodged in the same house with Boudin. Vidocq immediately carried the information to M. Henry, his protector, whose character, as pourtrayed in this work, is highly estimable. The secret agent was instructed to pay as much attention to the prevention of crime as to the discovery of its perpetrators. The scheme, however, of the assassination, was laid aside for a more profitable one—the robbery of a rich banker, at the corner of the street D'Enghien and the street Hauteville. Some suspicion, it appears, was indulged by the robbers respecting Vidocq's situation; but he succeeded in lulling their suspicions, and he was initiated in the whole secret of the plot. To prevent, however, the possibility of any treachery, Saint Germain carried the party, consisting of those already named, and a hackney-coachman, to his own lodgings, where he kept them in close durance till the hour should arrive for the execution of the project. This was an unfortunate contrivance for Vidocq, as it appeared to cut off all chances of his being able to obtain the assistance of the police, and he was left to the exercise of that wit which had so often proved his protection in circumstances of equal difficulty.

"It was agreed," says he, "that we should proceed to Saint Germain's lodgings, at the entrance of the street Saint Antoine, whither a fiacre conducted us. We immediately shut ourselves into his chamber, where we proposed spending the intermediate hours; confined within four walls, face to face with the brigands. I knew not what Saint to invoke, or

what pretext I could invent as a reason for leaving the house, as Saint Germain would have instantly suspected me, and dashed my brains out without hesitation. What could I do? I resigned myself to the event, whatever it might be, and appeared to enter with ardour into the preparations which now commenced. Some pistols were brought and laid upon the table, examined, and re-charged; Saint Germain observing a pair unfit for service, he laid them on one side, and said, 'While you decide on the manner of attack, I'll go out and change these prids de cochou.' He was about to depart, when I exclaimed, 'No, according to our agreement no one must quit this place alone.' 'Tis well!' said he, 'I desire that every one should keep faithful to his engagements; come with me. But what shall we do with these gentlemen? we'll double lock them in,' which was accordingly done. I accompanied Saint Germain, we bought ball, powder, and flints; the bad pistols were exchanged for others, and we returned. On entering the room, I saw preparations which horrified me, the calm Boudin, sharpening two table knives on a whetstone, was frightful."

"In the mean time the hours flew on, and the last was arrived without any expedient of safety having presented itself to me; I yawned, stretched myself, pretended weariness, and passing into a chamber next to that in which we were sitting, I threw myself on a bed, as if to seek repose. The others soon shewed an equal degree of weariness, and a proposition I made of sending for some excellent Burgundy which I had at home, was received with delight. Saint Germain sent his porter to acquaint my Annette with my wishes, and it having been decided, that though she should herself bring it, she should be kept totally ignorant of our plot. I threw myself a second time on the bed, and secretly traced these lines with a pencil; 'When you go from hence, immediately disguise yourself, keep a close watch on us, above all avoid being observed; take care to pick up whatever I shall let fall.' Although very short, the instruction was sufficient, as she had before received similar ones. After having dined, Saint Germain proposed that we should go and examine the scene of our enterprise; having done this, he observed to me that we must buy some crape; we proceeded in consequence to the Palais-Royale to obtain it, and whilst he went into a shop, I went, under the pretext of urgent want, into a *cabinet d' aisance*, where I had time to write all the instructions which were necessary for the guidance of the police; Annette, who followed us thus closely, was in sight when I rejoined Germain, I let the paper fall and abandoned myself to my fate."

"Notwithstanding these precautions, I suffered great anxiety; I might not obtain the assistance of the police, the crime might be committed, and I not able to prevent it, might be punished as an accomplice. I was in this state of agitation when St. Germain desired me to accompany Debeune, whose cabriolet, destined to receive the sacks of gold and silver, was to be stationed at a corner of the street. When this man asked me about the place of rendezvous, I know not what good genius suggested to me the idea of saving the unfortunate wretch, whom I found to have fallen into the snare rather from misfortune than depravity, I therefore appointed him a post at quite a different point to that mentioned, and I rejoined Saint Germain and Boudin, at the angle of the Boulevard Saint Denis. The hour of eleven was now sounding; we took a glass in the faubourg, and

directed our steps towards the banker's; Boudin and his accomplice walked with pipes in their mouths, and their perfect tranquillity was terrible. At last, we came to the foot of the pillar which was to serve us for a ladder. At this instant, Saint Germain demanded my pistols, and I immediately suspected that I was discovered, but he only changed the charges, and directly returned them; having performed the same operation on those of Boudin, he set the example of climbing the pillar, and both without discontinuing their smoking leaped at once into the garden. It was necessary that I should follow them, and when I arrived trembling at the top of the wall, all my apprehensions returned. The police, has it had time to prepare, thought I, but without being able to answer, I determined at any rate to risk my life rather than suffer the crime to be committed. St. Germain, in the mean time, impatient at my delay, called out to me to descend, but he had hardly finished the words, when all at once a body of men rushed from an ambuscade, and the robbers, overpowered by numbers, were effectually secured.'—vol. ii. pp. 319---325.

Vidocq, by feigning himself mortally wounded in the struggle, continued to possess his secret influence in the discovery of crime and its perpetrators. His activity, his invention, and boldness, were certainly admirable, and there is an occasional shrinking from the odium to which his situation made him liable, that in some measure softens the disgust with which a long tissue of deceit and falsehood is regarded, for whatever purpose it be composed. He was certainly, in some points, an unfortunate man, for he had to suffer for crimes of which he was not guilty; but with all his self complacency, M. Vidocq has given us sufficient information to make us regard him less as a persecuted hero, than a most questionable member of society.

ART. X.—*Elements of Physiology.* By J. Fred. Blumenbach, M.D., F.R.S. Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen; translated from the Latin of the fourth and last Edition. By John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.C.Ph. Physician to, and Lecturer on the Practice of Medicine in, St. Thomas's Hospital. 8vo. pp. 582. London: Longman and Co. 1828.

HAD this been a mere re-publication of a work so well known and deservedly esteemed as Dr. Elliotson's translation of Blumenbach's Physiology, it would not have required our notice; but the present edition has received such important additions, both from the venerable author and his intelligent translator, that we deem it our duty to call attention to the improvements. In the text, which is written in a very compressed, sententious manner, there are no additions, and only a few alterations; but the references to the best books and papers, for more extended information on every branch of the subject, are increased from the author's extensive reading. With respect to those references, we may remark, that Blumenbach has given very few to works recently published. We do not find,

for instance, a single reference to Magendie, nor even to Mr. Charles Bell, not to mention a host of modern names, not quite so popular perhaps, but many of them requiring notice in a work pretending to be Elements of Physiology. The omission of any notice of the great discovery of Mr. Charles Bell, of the two classes of nerves—those of motion and those of sensation—we hold to be extremely careless, if not culpable, in Professor Blumenbach; and we could particularize many similar omissions, though none so glaring and reprehensible as this.

Dr. Elliotson, however, has most amply redeemed the deficient character of the original work, in so far as the recent progress of physiology is concerned, though he has allowed his strong partiality for the wild, vague, and improbable theory of Gall to distort, in many instances, his views of the discoveries, or the conclusions of others. Where this theory is not implicated Dr. E. is, in general, sound, rational, and judicious, and exhibits extensive information, both practical and derived from considerable reading. Even as an advocate for Phrenology, however, our translator is not so blindly wedded to the system as the greater number of its disciples; and we think we can trace some dislike to the celebrated author of the school—Dr. Spurzheim, whose name is very sparingly mentioned: Gall is the great master to whose authority he uniformly refers, and he speaks rather slightingly of Spurzheim, as well as of the Edinburgh phrenologists (p. 48, note *n*). We think that Blumenbach showed his good sense in omitting all mention of it. Indeed, it must have long ago sunk into oblivion, had it not been written into notice by its opponents.

Dr. Elliotson is not quite a believer, but has his doubts respecting another absurdity of German origin—we mean *Animal Magnetism*, which, improbable as it is, has found several disciples here; and, if we are not misinformed, one professor of the art—who, some years ago, printed for (we believe) private distribution, a goodly quarto upon the subject of his own performances—a work which we recollect turning over with utter astonishment at the nonsense it contained. It is said, Dr. Elliotson informs us, with respect to this piece of human folly, that by certain processes, such as passing the points of the fingers at a short distance from a person, in a direction from the face down the arms, trunk, and legs, with a degree of energy, the state of somnambulism or ecstasis may actually be induced. It is then termed *magnetic*, and the whole phenomena, *animal magnetism*. The patient becomes insensible to all around, but has the inward senses augmented, as in common ecstasis,—may sing well for the first time in his life, or talk so unguardedly as to disclose secrets. The external senses become so impenetrable, that a pistol fired close to the ear is not heard, nor melted wax dropped on the body felt, nor ammonia applied to the mouth or nostrils perceived, although the gentlest word of the operator, or magnetiser, is heard and answered. What

is no less remarkable is, that water thus treated by him is found to have acquired a feruginous taste. The person magnetised experiences a delightful feeling of ease and lightness; the body grows warmer, and perspires freely, though sometimes anxiety, palpitation, slight convulsions, and wandering pains take place. On the first attempt these occur generally without somnambulism, and it is only after many trials (and sometimes they continue fruitless) that such a state is induced. On coming out of the somnambulism, the person is unconscious of all that has occurred; but when thrown into it again, recollects the whole, and converses on it. The magnetiser can put an end to this state at pleasure. Now some of this, Dr. Elliotson, with the utmost *naiveté*, says, is very probable, and the testimonies in favour of it supported by the probability are too respectable to be doubted!

Nor are these, wondrous as they seem, the only effects produced; for the patient can often be so highly magnetised, as to perceive objects of sight by the touch, and to read a book by the epigastrium; nay more, to discover a person in the next room, though a wall intervene, and stranger still, to see the interior structure of his own body, and describe the seat and appearance of a diseased organ, and point out the remedy! Our readers will scarcely give credit, we think, to the fact, that all this farrago is gravely inserted in a book of science, by a learned and shrewd English physician, who merely remarks, that "Having never seen the magnetic phenomena, I have no right to pronounce judgment; but before I believe these wonders, I must see them;" and again, "as collusion is very easy, I must examine this point also, before I believe."—page 292.

To those who may feel any inclination to follow Dr. Elliotson in his proposed investigation, we recommend the perusal of a note in "Russell's Tour in Germany" (vol. i. p. 142, 3d. ed.) in which, after accusing the Germans of being easily captivated with delusions from Van Helmont down to Gall and Spurzheim, he tells us that animal magnetism, though gravely lectured upon by a medical professor in a university of reputation, is a deceit of a very serious complexion, and has led to certain scenes of domestic misery and dishonour, which are likely to prove much more effectual in restraining its progress, than periods of invective or volumes of argument. Among other instances, a very melancholy one occurred a few years ago at Berlin, in which Dr. W——, the great apostle of the doctrine, and a professor in the university, had a charge judicially preferred against him for a crime perpetrated under the pretence of magnetising. The unfortunate victim was a young lady of respectable family, and it was clearly proved that what was to become the living witness of her seduction, had met with foul play. Mr. Russell, who details the pretended magnetiser's practices at considerable length, very justly remarks, that a miscreant such as Dr. W—— seems to have been, could find little difficulty in abusing the mental imbecility which must always ac-

company such voluptuous fanaticism and the sensual irritation, without which the visionary science has not even a fact.

With these exceptions, we can scarcely compliment Dr. Elliotson too highly on his notes. We were particularly interested in the one, in which he has given many curious details respecting the varieties of the human race. He quotes Volney's remarkable assertion, that the Mamelukes of Egypt had no permanent descendants, their children all perishing in the first or second generation, and that the plants of Europe are equally unable to continue their species there. The Doctor entertaining doubts of Volney's accuracy, applied to J. J. Crompton, Esq. an intelligent friend of his, who had been in Egypt, who thus writes, "From various inquiries which I made in Egypt, I consider Volney to be perfectly correct. The persons whom I asked had never read his work, and till I asked them, had never given their attention to the subject; yet still they could not bring one instance to their recollection, of the children of two whites born in the country ever coming to maturity. I was also told that children begotten by Europeans out of natives (a circumstance which however rarely happens, owing to the Copts and Arabs being very particular on that subject,) entirely lose their appearance of European origin the third generation. The physiognomy of the Copts is very striking; I never remember seeing the least European mixture, and this would be visible if they had made alliance with the Turks, who are as different in the form of face as can well be imagined—the Turks have Roman noses; the Georgians, Grecian; the Mamelukes, both; but the Copts are *snubs*.

"I was told at Damietta, that an Italian family had flourished amazingly; afterwards I heard that the mother was a Maltese, which, if true, more strongly corroborates the fact, as the Maltese are supposed to be of Arabian origin: they speak a kind of jargon so like Arabic, as to make themselves understood by the natives on their arrival in Egypt."

ART. XI.—1. *The Anniversary; or Poetry and Prose for* 1829. Edited by Allan Cunningham. Crown 8vo. pp. 320. *Eighteen Plates, with two Presentation Vignettes.* London: John Sharpe.

2. *The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 394. *Twelve Plates, with an Inscription Plate and a Vignette.* For 1829. London: Westley and Davis; and Wightman and Co.

3. *The Juvenile Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth Day Present, for the Year* 1829. Edited by Mrs. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 239. London: N. Hailes; Westley and Davis; and R. Jennings.

4. *The Juvenile Keepsake for* 1829. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. 12mo. pp. 224. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE had thought that, in point of embellishment, nothing could

have exceeded the "Keepsake" of last year. The 'Anniversary,' however, of which a copy now lies before us, is much superior to that publication in every respect. It has no fewer than seventeen engravings, any one of which would have made the fortune of a volume, ten or twelve years ago. The print, for instance, representing Sir Walter Scott, seated in his study at Abbotsford, would of itself be literally worth the price which is paid for the whole work. Then there are 'Psyche,' 'Morning,' the 'Little Gleaner,' 'Pick-a-back,' 'Newstead Abbey,' and 'The Young Cottagers,' which may be said to be quite equal to that print in merit of execution, though not, perhaps, altogether so interesting in the subject. Even these it is in truth hardly fair to distinguish from the remainder, as there is not a bad, or even a mediocre illustration in the whole collection. Besides the embellishments, which may be said to form the subject matter of the volume, there is a beautiful vignette title page, designed by C. Stanfield, with singular felicity of taste, and engraved by W. P. Smith with the most perfect skill. A small Grecian temple is seen, towards which a group of worshippers are ascending. A river gleams beyond them, and in the back ground is an undulating hill. This little scene forms a vista through a portico, in front of which are disposed, with an air of apparent negligence, a variety of small pictures in frames, in which most of the subjects of the illustrations are represented in miniature. We cannot afford similar praise to the two presentation plates. They have too much the character of an enigma about them. Besides, one would have been quite sufficient for the purposes for which they are intended.

The literary contents of the volume, we regret to say, are by no means equal in value to the engravings. They bear a general puritanic impression, which is peculiarly disagreeable in a publication of this description. We do not use the epithet 'puritanic' in an invidious sense, as far as religion is concerned; we refer only to the phraseology, which literary persons belonging to that sect are too much in the habit of using on all occasions. A poem, in their view, has no value, unless it be devoted to the praise of the Covenanters, and a novel is to be abominated unless it be the outward cloak for a sermon. To this narrow mode of thinking it is, we presume, that we are indebted for the Rev. Edward Irving's tale of the Times of the Martyrs, and the Cameronian Preacher's tale. We do not at all enter into the question whether, historically or theologically speaking, the phrases, 'persecuted saints and martyrs,—'a christian man,'—'the battles of the Kirk,'—'co-presbyter's and fast brethren,'—'by daring like Uzziah,'—'preaching the gospel of the grace of God,'—'Christ's royal office,'—'the good cause of Christ and his Church,'—'Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in,'—'hiding places from the wrath of man,'—and a great many others which we might enumerate, be strictly justifiable or not. That is not the question in

a matter of this kind, where the object is to produce a beautiful work of art, of which all the parts shall be in unison. Mr. Irving may be as enthusiastic as he pleases when he is in the pulpit, or engaged in controversial or other theological writings. But if he be ambitious to see his name figure in an Annual, and desires to contribute to the amusement, or even to the instruction of the world at large, which is certainly not a very puritanical one, he must tell his story, or mould his verses in the sterling language of the day.

Besides this striking characteristic of the Anniversary, which stands too prominently forward not to be noticed and censured, we must observe that, in a mere literary point of view, the compositions which form its bulk are decidedly of a secondary order. Several are too long; the subjects are very rarely well chosen; and the whole are put together in a manner which betrays Mr. Cunningham's inexperience as an editor. We give him this hint in the spirit of kindness, as we not only respect that gentleman for his character, but also for his talents. Indeed, even if we had had no previous knowledge of him, the kind expressions which many of his most distinguished contributors address to him personally, would be so many letters of recommendation in his favour.

Such being our general opinion of the merits and demerits of this first volume of 'The Anniversary,' the reader may imagine that we shall not detain him with many selections from its pages. There are a few pieces, however, which stand sufficiently forward to be distinguished from the mass of mediocrity by which they are surrounded. Among these we must claim a place for the following Hymn to the Virgin. It is translated by Mr. Lockhart, from the Spanish.

'Of all my ways,
Be thy sweet grace the goal;
Of all my days
Thine, Lady, the control:
I fain would raise
Life, prayer, and praise
To Thee. Oh! cleanse my soul.

'Great faith is mine
In Thee, Lady, in Thee;
For love benign,
Still fills these eyes for me:
While thus they shine,
I'll ne'er repine,
Whate'er my woes may be.

'Star of the sea,
Fountain and spring of light,
That set'st us free,
From all the fears of night:
I misery,
I call on Thee,
Look down from heaven's height.'—*Anniversary*, p. 61.

The only prose paper which we find capable of being compressed within our limits, is an essay on the Female Beauty of the Three Kingdoms. The subject is an attractive one, and is handled with some taste by the writer. We should, however, have passed it over, if we had not been pre-disposed to encourage a sprinkling of articles of this nature—we mean short and neatly written essays on popular subjects—in the class of publications now under review. We are fatigued—and so the public will soon also be—with an endless repetition of tales by the same authors. A few pieces upon the plan of the Spectator or Tatler, would serve to relieve the lighter portions of these volumes. We may observe, *en passant*, that the last sentence but one in the first paragraph of the following extract is ungrammatical.

'It has been said by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affections, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like Genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass; but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect: it is not in loveliness of face, for there nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it in the depth of their feelings, nor in the sincerity of their affection that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

'The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of persons, and mind, and heart, which insures to man the greater portion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of inspiration; these are his words:—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me!"

'This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvass, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The Poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood,

would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aerial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the material wear and tear of the world, and would never survive the betrothing. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. It was the intention of nature that they should be the mothers of warriors and poets, and philosophers, and historians, of men of sense and science; and she formed them for the task. Look at them as they move along. If art, with its scale and its compasses, and its external chaunt of "the beau ideal—the beau ideal," had peopled the world, we would have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with lay figures and beings "beautiful exceedingly;" but loveless, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

'I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decisions of true love, I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research; look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There, a man very plain is linked to a woman very lovely; a creature as silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man to a very little woman; a very portly lady to a man short, slender, and attenuated; the brown weds the black, and the white, the golden; personal deformities are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty, than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?" is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say, which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest star of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendour, and a third, the lily for its purity; and they are all right.

'We know not indeed, by our natural theory of female loveliness, which of the nations has the most beautiful women, because we know not which of them is the happiest. Wherever there is most bosom tranquillity, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and an affectionate wife! and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband, who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and the image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us

as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that Englishwoman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly, and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindliness of her heart, throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight; a creation more honourable to nature and more beneficial to man, and, in itself, infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye and vex the heart.' —*The Anniversary*, pp. 201—205.

Although we have objected to the puritanical style which pervades the 'Anniversary,' we do not mean to insinuate any dislike of the true Doric dialect, as it has been called, of Scotland. It would, however, be perhaps as well, if in every instance the current language of England were to prevail in the literature of the Annuals. They are altogether a novelty in our republic of letters, and they should, as far as possible, bear the impress of the time which has produced them. In order to prove to our Scottish friends, however, that we are not unfriendly to their peculiar diction, we shall insert a little ballad by Mr. John Mayne, which we find near the end of the volume.

'He's what they ca' a bonny lad,
That I loo best of ony;
But, O! what makes my heart fu' glad,
He's better far than bonny!
I met him first at Moffatt Wells,
Where a' the Nithsdale gentry,
In summer time amuse themsels,
And make a joyous entry!

'At gloaming, down, by yon burnside,
The last time that I saw him,
He vowed that I should be his bride,
Whatever might befa' him:
But war, that scourge of young delight,
Has torn him frae my bosom,
And I am dowie, day and night,
For fear that I should loose him!

'What though there's lairds in Annandale,
At kirk and market booing;

And mair than ane, in Nith's sweet vale,
That fain would come a wooing?
Fareweel to them and their green braes,
Where crystal streams are gliding;
For my poor heart, far, far frae these,
Is wi' my love abiding!'

The Anniversary, p. 317.

From one of the newest we must now pass to one of the oldest, and most pleasing of all the Annuals—the Amulet. At its commencement, this publication was rather too religiously inclined. It has shaken off its sermonizing air altogether, and though still not the sprightliest, is likely to hold its place as one of the most readable and popular of its class. The frontispiece is an engraving from a print of that Gipsey Flower Girl of Murillo, which has been exposed in all the print-shop windows for the last half-dozen years. Yet we never pass it without stopping to gaze upon that beautiful face, and endeavouring to discover the hidden charm which spreads over the whole picture such a magnetic power of attraction. Even here we look upon it again and again, and may do so for the next twenty years, without being ever tired of that beguiling face and figure. There is almost a rival to it in 'The Rose of Castle Howard,' an exquisite picture by Jackson, capitally engraved by Portbury. These, and 'The Fisherman leaving Home,' the 'Wandering Minstrels of Italy,' and the 'Kitten discovered,' are decidedly the best embellishments in the volume.

We might fill the remainder of this number of our review very agreeably with extracts from the 'Amulet;' the subjects which compose it are well selected, and for the most part treated with considerable ability. We must, however, endeavour to do justice to all parties by limiting ourselves to three or four pieces; and we must confess that to these we found some difficulty in giving a preference, considering the many other delightful contributions with which the volume abounds. Mrs. Hemans must, as she generally deserves to do, lead the way. She thus clothes in her own pure and fascinating language, the invitation which the angel guardians are supposed to be perpetually whispering into the ear of mortals:—

'Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway;
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

'Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove,
Through the celestial air!

'Come to the bright and blest!
And crowned for ever!—'midst the shining band,

Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
' Thy spirit shall find rest!'

' Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back, once more
Shall take its wearied one.

' In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home voices blend in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft!

' Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

' In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace;
And, oh! bright victory—death by love no place,
Come, Spirit, to thy God!'—*The Amulet*, pp. 1, 2.

Who has not seen and admired those brief descriptive mottoes, which the chaste and classic pen of Mr. T. K. Hervey has been lately in the habit of supplying for Engelmann's lithographic prints? In this difficult task Mr. Hervey stands unrivalled. He embodies in two or three lines the expression of the whole picture, and at the same time turns his inscription into a little gem of poetry. In this style, though more than usually expanded, he has produced the following stanza. The subject is ' Morning Dreams; a picture of a girl on a couch, newly awakened, and in a reclining attitude ':—

' She has been dreaming! and her thoughts are still,
On their far journey, in the land of dreams!
The forms we call—but may not chase—at will,
And soft, low voices—sweet as distant streams,
Heard in the night-hush,—linger round her heart!
Oh! dark-eyed dreamer! must thy spirit sail
Into the years when dreams of joy depart
With each bright morning—like the nightingale!
When hope is only for the slumbering hours,
A thing on which the waker thinks—and weeps!
And pleasant fancies—like night-blowing flowers,—
Give out their perfume, *but* while memory sleeps!
—Thine is the precious privilege of youth,
That paints all visions in the hues of truth!'
The Amulet, p. 34.

We do not remember to have met in English literature before, the name of Mr. Frederic Muller. In Germany the name is well known and highly respected; but we have no idea of the individual to whom Mr. Hall is indebted for the following exquisite verses on the stars:—

'Oh! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland-dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
Proclaim the hour of prayer!

'Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!
Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn!

'And the midnight, too, all still and lone!
Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne!
In your silver silence throughout the hour,
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep!

'Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time!

'Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole!
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land,—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!

'But, hark! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray!
Oh! ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight!—Farewell!'

Amulet, pp. 71, 72.

Our next extract is rather longer than we could have wished. But the paper is excellently written, and will well repay the trouble of perusal. The author is the Rev. Robert Hall:—

'It has been observed, that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius; for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination, and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher, and the ardour of

the poet; still their departments are very wide of each other, and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in any high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; the philosopher purposes merely to instruct, and thereby thinks it enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seems best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, he surveys in one particular view; every form and image under which he presents it to the fancy, are descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavour to seek out the remoter causes and principles, which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colours that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his descriptions more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for though the light of reason dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy to separate and distinguish. The one resembles a skilful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particulars of its make; the other a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of the inward structure, under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every fact ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity. But works of imagination never exert a more powerful influence, than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious; the evils we but imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution; they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and by presenting no limits, the imagination easily conceives them boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit thrown off in the effervescence of the agitated feeling: but the utmost calmness and composure is essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry; whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry is of much earlier date than any other production of the human mind; as in the individual, the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

'Something similar to this seems to characterize that genius, which distinguishes the different periods of society. The most admired poems have been the offspring of uncultivated ages. Pure poetry consists of the descriptions of nature, and the display of the passions; to each of which, a rude state of society is better adapted than one more polished. They who live in that early period in which art has not alleviated the calamities of life, are forced to feel their dependence upon nature. Her appearances are ever open to their view, and therefore strongly imprinted on their fancy. They shrink at the approach of a storm, and mark with anxious attention every variation of the sky. The change of seasons, cloud or sunshine, serenity and tempest, are to them real sources of sorrow and of joy; and we need not, therefore, wonder, they should describe with energy what they feel with so much force. But it is one chief advantage of civilization, that, by enabling us in some measure to control nature, we become less subject to its influence. It opens many new sources of enjoyment. In this situation the gay and the cheerful can always mingle in company, whilst the diffusion of knowledge opens to the studious a new world, over which the whirlwind and the blast can exert no influence. The face of nature gradually retires from view, and those who attempt to describe it, often content themselves with copying from books, whereby their descriptions want the freshness and glow of original observation, like the image of an object reflected through various mediums, each of which varies somewhat of its form, and lessens its splendour. The poetry of uncivilized nations has, therefore, often excelled the productions of a more refined people, in elevation and pathos. Accustomed to survey nature only in her general form, and grander movements, their descriptions cannot fail of carrying with them an air of greatness and sublimity. They paint scenes which every one has felt, and which, therefore, need only to be presented to awaken a similar feeling again. For awhile, they delight us with the vastness of their conceptions; but the want of various embellishments, and the frequent occurrence of the same images, soon fatigue the attention, and their poetry may be compared to the world of waters, which fill us with amazement, but upon which we gaze for awhile, and then turn away our eyes. It is the advantage of enlightened nations, that their superior knowledge enables them to supply greater variety, and to render poetry more copious. They allure with an agreeable succession of images. They do not weary with uniformity, or over-power us with the continuance of any one exertion; but, by perpetually shifting the scene, they keep us in a constant hurry of delight.

'I cannot help observing, that poetical genius seems capable of much greater variety than talents for philosophising. The power of thinking and reasoning is a simple energy, which exerts itself in all men nearly in the same manner; indeed, the chief varieties that have been observed in it may be traced to two—a capacity of abstract and mathematical reasoning, and a talent for collecting facts, and making observations: these qualities of mind, blended in various proportions, will for the most part account for any peculiarities attending men's mode of thinking. But the ingredients that constitute a poet are far more various and complicated. A poet is in a high degree under the influence of the imagination and passions, principles of mind very various and extensive. Whatever is

complicated is capable of much greater variety, and will be extremely more diversified in its form than that which is more simple. In this case, every ingredient is a source of variety; and by being mingled in the composition in a greater or less degree, may give an original cast to the whole.

'To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task.

'We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects; this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterwards freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent, which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

'Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy, which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead another of a cheerful complexion, to delight, by presenting images of splendour and gaiety, and by inspiring gladness and joy.' To these and other similar causes, may be traced that boundless variety which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like traversing the different regions of the earth; some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat; in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colours to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there a Rousseau, who hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence that delightful succession of emotions which is felt in the bosoms of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age, before knowledge was much advanced: he would derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and to the full influence of that variety of passions which is common to all: his conceptions therefore are distinguished by their simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of his genius.

'No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire; but in point of sublimity, he cannot be compared to Milton. I rather think the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings; whether they elevate the fancy, or only fire the passions.

'The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervour of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivalled degree; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. The perusal of Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions; the other amazes with the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire.

'The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory; Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive; he shows more acuteness in his reflections, and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper tincture of the human passions, is by far the most vehement and picturesque. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature; he still connects his descriptions with human passions; and though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of Paradise Lost. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds—we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer the eye—he fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.'—*The Amulet*, pp. 294—303.

Of the first class of Annuals, only "The Keepsake," and "The Bijou," now remain to be noticed. As it would be inconvenient to extend the present article to a much greater length, we must keep both these works for our next number, particularly as the remaining portion of our space must be given to the two minor Annuals, whose titles stand at the head of this article.

The 'Juvenile Forget me Not,' and the 'Juvenile Keepsake,' are both well deserving of the most extensive patronage. The former we should present to a girl eight or nine years of age, and the latter to a boy of ten or eleven. They are both very delightful in their way. Mrs. Hall has succeeded, we think, in producing a little volume, suited in every way to the capacity of those whose gratification and improvement she had in view. The poetical and

prose compositions are generally written in a style of clearness and simplicity, and the engravings by which her volume is embellished, are most appropriately selected. We would particularly refer to the print of the Princess Victoria (which, however, is not well engraved), to the 'Northumbrian piper,' and, above all the rest, to 'Murillo's pet lamb.' The expression of the face of the docile little animal is quite seducing; so also are the lines that accompany it, which have been written, by Mr. Charles Swain, and which we here subjoin.

'My pretty one—my pretty one—
I would not part with thee,
For all the beauties of the land,
Or treasures of the sea:
Thine eye is brighter than a star,
Thy fleece like driven snow;
Thy voice—oh! sweeter than the sound
Of rivers as they flow.

'My pretty one—my pretty one—
I've sought through field and wood
For honey-flowers and tender grass,
And clover, for thy food:
I've some, like gold and silver cups,
All filled with dews for wine;
Come, show thou'rt thankful, and this feast,
My favourite, shall be thine.

'No other little boy, I'm sure,
Would love thee half so dear;
Would strive to know what best thou likest,
And seek it far and near:
Would bring thee water from the fount,
Clear, beautiful, and deep;
Or make at night a bed so soft
For thee, sweet lamb, to sleep!

'Besides, thou knowest, 'twas I that saved
Thine innocent young life;
The butcher-boy had tied thee down—
Had raised his cruel knife!—
I wept!—my dear, my good mamma,
Could not behold me cry;
So for her fond, her grateful boy,
Thee, beauteous lamb, did buy!

'Then, come and love me very well,
And when thy dinner's o'er,
We'll dance and play along the green,
Or by the bright sea shore:
Now kiss me—kiss me prettily,—
For very kind I am,
And proud of thee, my beautiful,
My own dear little lamb!'—*The Juvenile Forget me Not.*

Mr. Roscoe, the able editor of the 'Juvenile Keepsake,' informs us in his preface, that he intended his volume rather for 'children of middle, than either of smaller or of larger growth.' To this view he has kept steadily in all the pieces which he has inserted. They are all such as a well grown boy would take an interest in, and none of them are beyond his capacity. The work is very neatly printed, in a small but very clear type. It has eight engravings, sufficiently well executed for a volume not intended to be costly. We think that Mr. Roscoe might have been more happy in the choice of the subjects of his embellishments, and probably next year he will endeavour to add one or two to the number, as well as to make a selection which would be more likely to catch the fancy of young readers.

We fear that the few extracts which we can afford to make, will exhibit the general merits of this work but very inadequately. The stories in prose are as good in their way as any thing that is to be found in the best of the larger annuals. The poetry is very unequal; but even in this respect the 'Juvenile Keepsake' might be favourably compared wih its elders. Let us take as an example—Miss Emily Taylor's description of a 'Mother's Love.'

'HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.'

'Hast thou talk'd with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

'Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee, for herself, hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

'Hast thou gone with the traveller thought afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

'There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

'And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the loss they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

'There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.'

Juvenile Keepsake, pp. 25, 26.

The comparison would not be injured by adding to the above the following little song :—

'In this changing world where our best joys flee,
If thy friends should fail, or thy hopes grow cold;
Oh, then, in that hour remember me,
Come, and I'll give thee "the smile of old!"

'While friends are around thee, and life is gay,
I dare not ask for one thought from thee;
But if chance or unkindness should sadden thy way,
Oh, then in that hour remember me!

'And bring me thy pain, thy sorrow, thy care,
My word shall still "sweet welcome" be,
In every sigh and tear I will share;
Oh, then in that hour remember me!'

Juvenile Keepsake, p. 59.

It would be difficult to conjecture why the title of 'May Morning Sports' is affixed to a beautiful print in which several children are represented as amusing themselves with wearing their mother's hat and cap. There is nothing peculiar to a May Morning which impels to such tricks as these. But assuming the title to be justifiable, we should think that no person will entertain any doubt about the beauty and tenderness of the verses which the Rev. Henry Stebbing has appended to it :—

'The odorous gales are free,
And voices of young mirth,
Like childhood's in its glee,
Are dancing round the earth;
And vale and plain seem glad to lie
Beneath so blue and clear a sky.

'The blushing clouds are hung
Like wreaths on the blue air,
As if the dews were flung
On brighter roses there;
And morn with ruby urn of light,
Hath watered every mountain height.

'It is a glorious sight to see,
Earth, air, and waters blent,
As if their bright felicity
Were one sweet element;
A joy, that hath eternal springs,
Breathed o'er the universe of things.

'And spirits are upon the wing,
That live in the sweet air,
Linking each fair imagining
To forms almost as fair;
And making all things breathe of love,
Of Him who smiles and reigns above.

'Whate'er is pure—whate'er is bright—
Is chorister of May;
Whate'er can bring or feel delight,
Belongs to her sweet day:
And fair and gentle is the choir,
Her happy gales and sounds inspire.

'Happy as birds in grove and shade,
And beautiful as flowers,
A little joyous group hath made
A feast for the young hours;
A feast of smiles, and thoughts that rise
Like a sweet incense to the skies.

'It is because their hearts are glad,
There's brightness on their brow;
'Tis that no crime hath made them sad,
Their hearts so freely glow;
And gay as their attire may be,
'Tis gay but while they're pure and free.

'While gazing on that happy throng,
Who would not bless the day,
When his own heart was still as strong
In hope and peace as they?
Feeling no ill, and fearing none,
That bliss not needing to be won!

'Who would not, whatsoe'er his years,
Or hope, or lot hath been,
The pathway long and sown with tears,
Or always smooth and green—
Who would not, though the wish be vain,
Wish for his young free heart again?

'Tis hard to teach the bird his song,
Whose note has once been lost—
To raise the flowers o'er which the long
And chilling blast hath cross'd;
Even bind the stem—re-wake the lay,
The song is faint, the bloom, decay.

'O, when the heart is past its youth,
'Tis harder still to bring
Back to its fount the joy of truth,
The glory of its spring;
But keep it pure from hour to hour,
It has no blight like bird or flower.'

Juvenile Keepsake, pp. 60—62.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing our surprize at the number of new Annuals which have started during the present year. The competition cannot but be useful to the public; but we apprehend it will not be equally so to all the publishers, for it is almost impossible that an adequate sale can be found for each of the works of this description which have lately issued from the press.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Extracts from the Italian Prose Writers, for the Use of Students in the London University.* 12mo. pp. 558. London: Taylor; 1828.

THE success of the modern universities must depend entirely upon their practical and popular usefulness. Were the promotion of abstruse learning, of mathematics, logic, or the erudition of Greece and Rome, the present object of interest with the public, Cambridge and Oxford, after having revised their laws, and made a few changes in their systems, would answer completely the design in contemplation. But though literature has become popular, the higher departments of learning neither have, nor ever will become so; and if institutions be formed for popular purposes, and to embrace in their more liberal systems the instruction of the many, they must pay a proportionate attention to the branches of knowledge most necessary in the business and actions of common life. With a laudable consideration of this essential feature in their design, the projectors of the London University have, it appears, from their prospectuses, paid great attention to the department of modern languages. We have not an opportunity of deciding whether or not their choice of professors has been equally judicious in the other cases, but from the known literary character of Mr. Panizzi, from his great attainments, and extensive acquaintance with every thing regarding the literature of his native country, there is every proof that no one more fitted to do credit to the new institution could have been placed in the Italian professor's chair.

The little work which is here presented to the public, and which is to form a class-book for the élèves of the London University, is a very judicious and amusing selection of pieces from productions little known to the generality of Italian students. It has been Mr. Panizzi's object to give such passages as are likely to prove interesting to an English reader, and assist in removing some of the many errors which the Professor alleges exist in this country concerning the real state of his... Independent, however, of this, the little acquaintance with Italian prose which is generally possessed, renders it a desirable object with students in that language to possess a work which may lead to a knowledge of its prose, as well as poetical capabilities.

The selection embraces extracts from every author known among the Italian classics, and some of them are exceedingly curious and entertaining. Among these, we noted especially two or three letters of Tasso's, Bentivoglio's Character of our Queen Elizabeth, Cellini's Narrative of a Journey in France, through Switzerland, and some most interesting passages from Machiavelli.

ART. XIII.—*The Chronological Guide. Part I. Accompanied with a Chart.* 12mo. London: Baker and Fletcher. 1828.

THIS is one of the neatest, and, for its extent, one of the most comprehensive and convenient chronological compendiums we have seen, and especially well deserving, we think, of the patronage of teachers. Even

a schoolboy who is tolerably conversant with the annals of the principal nations of the world taken individually, will often, if he has been taught in the usual way, have but a very confused notion of General History. 'Children,' as the present compiler remarks in a very judicious preface, 'naturally take it for granted that events happened in the order in which they read of them; very few think enough to discover their relation in point of time; if they read, for example, as they do in Rollin, the Carthaginian history long before the Macedonian, it is most probable they will never find out that the victories of Alexander were at least sixty years prior to the first Punic war; or if they do discover facts of that obvious kind, it will still be difficult for them to go back, and again to proceed with the historian, without so far losing the connection of events as to render it impossible for them, without a great deal more study and attention than they are usually found to give, to obtain a clear and orderly view of the whole.' The chart by which this little volume is accompanied is intended to assist the young scholar in forming those more correct and comprehensive views which it is so desirable he should possess. It has certainly the merit of clearness in a degree superior to many of its predecessors. The explanatory volume contains nearly every thing that is necessary for an elementary knowledge of chronology; presenting, besides, an ample collection of facts, a short introduction on the fundamental principles of the science, a series of historical sketches of the different countries whose chronology is delineated in the chart, an account of the method of reducing the several epochs to each other, a complete list of questions adapted to the table, and an appendix illustrative of the various offices, weights, measures, &c. alluded to in ancient history. The part of the work before us comes down only to the destruction of the Western Empire—but we hope the attempt will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce the author to give us, as soon as possible, its promised continuation.

ART. XIV.—*Historic Survey of German Poetry, interspersed with various translations.* By W. Taylor, of Norwich. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 506. London: Treuttel and Würtz. 1828.

THE present volume is principally composed of a number of articles on the works of the German Poets, which the author had contributed some years ago to this *Review* and the *Monthly Magazine*. It does not profess, therefore, to present us with a complete History of German Poetry—although the separate disquisition of which it consists have been woven into a continuous composition by the interspersion of a few connective paragraphs, so that it may now claim the character of at least a regular and unbroken sketch of that interesting subject. The work is to consist, when finished, of three volumes, of which only the first has yet appeared, which brings down the annals of German Poetry to the publication of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. Mr. Taylor's labours on this occasion have at least the great recommendation of supplying what has hitherto been a desideratum in our literature, and presenting us with a guide to the study of the subject, the attraction of which is growing among us every day, although till now the English public have had no means of forming their own judgment as to its extent and importance. The attempt is therefore at all events an

exceedingly praiseworthy one, were it only on account of its subjects; but its execution, we have no hesitation in adding, is also such as well merits encouragement. The author is evidently both very extensively conversant with the facts of his subject, and quite capable of illustrating them with spirit and originality. Without professing to agree with all the opinions advanced in the volume, we willingly aknowledged that they are advocated in general with very considerable skill and plausibility. The style is disfigured, we observe, by a number of affectations—originating apparently in an anxiety to infuse something of a German spirit into our English tongue—which we should be pleased to see avoided by the learned author in the progress of his work. His innovations, we apprehend, are not likely to be generally adopted. His poetry, we are glad to perceive, is much freer from these objectionable peculiarites than his prose—and is upon the whole, indeed, very creditable to his ingenuity and taste.

ART. XV.—*Tales of the Affections: being Sketches from Real Life.* By Mrs. Caddick. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 199. London: Longman and Co. 1828.

THE tales of this modest volume, four in number, are prettily told; but the style is their chief merit—there being, except in the 'Broken Vow', nothing very striking nor extraordinary in the incidents, and little of plot or involution to excite or keep alive the interest. The 'Mountain Stream,' for example, contains the story of two boys, who were drowned by the overflowing of a brook after a thunder-storm, on the declivity of Ingleborough, the monarch of the Yorkshire mountains. Only a few pages, however, are devoted to the boys and the catastrophe which befel them, the rest is taken up with a sentimental essay on the waning of youthful pleasures in after life, and a poetical prose description of the mountain and the stream.

'Of the waters, particularly of the streams which originate in the hill side, the shepherds speak, like Miss Mitford, as 'if they were things of life.' One of the largest of them occupies, at its source, no wider a space than a peasant girl may cover with her straw hat; but it flows on in unpretending tranquillity, until it is augmented, by other springs, into a tolerably wide brook. Its bed then becomes rough and stony, being scattered over with large masses of rock, which the tempests of ages have in succession hurled into it from the heights above. In ordinary times, the stream winds playfully round these obstacles; but when storms have swelled it to ten times its usual size, it dashes over them with inconceivable fury, or falls from one to the other, in long lines of silvery whiteness, which, if they are met by the wind that plays round the middle of the hill, are caught up by it and scattered far and wide, until they assume the appearance of a mist.' —p. 122.

The 'Broken Vow' is related with great feeling, and resembles not a little the story of the Surgeon's Daughter, in the first series of the Chronicles of the Canongate. We doubt not that both have originated in the same real history, though moulded into varied forms by Sir Walter, and by Mrs. Caddick of Manchester.

ART. XVI.—*Sydney's Letter to the King; and other Correspondence, connected with the reported exclusion of Lord Byron's Monument from Westminster Abbey.* 12mo. pp. 56. London: Cawthorn. 1828.

'SIRE,—THE hand of Death has laid its sceptre on the Poet's head!

'His laurelled brows are trailed along the dust, like Hector's corse, insulted, *not* dishonoured. A mighty aspirant appears before Your Majesty, and appeals to your benevolence and justice. The remains of Genius, cry out, Sire—from the tomb. A voice is in its ashes, which invokes Your Majesty to spare the *living* and protect the *dead*!"

* * * * * *

'The chains of Superstition are unloosed:—The empire of Idolatry is at an end; and forth has rushed one universal and Angelic shout, proclaiming loud:—"*Peace upon earth—Grace and good will to men!*"

'But there are Household deities which still survive, and find a temple and a shrine in the breast of every faithful Englishman. Among the holiest and the first of these are "*Civil and Religious Liberty.*"

'Between these deities we place *your* Royal bust, the tutelary genius and the guard of both.'—p. 8.,

Such is the opening of this farrago of prose run mad—and it is quite enough, we think, to prevent our readers from falling into a paroxysm of surprise, when we tell them that the author, page 33, zealously argues from internal evidence, that the lines beginning

"Within this awful volume lies."

Are Lord Byron's, though they are well known to be by Sir Walter Scott, and occur in the Monastery, vol. ii. So much for the knowledge of Byron's 'peculiar style and genius" possessed by this letter-writer, who is not in the least abashed at confessing his blunder in a postcript to the reader.

ART. XVII.—*The First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry; as applied to Medicine and the Arts, including the recent Discoveries and Doctrines of the Science.* By J. S. Forsyth, Surgeon, &c. Author of the New London Medical and Surgical Dictionary, &c. &c. &c. &c. With plates. 12mo. pp. 326. London: Sustenance and Stretch. 1828.

MR. FORSYTH, it would appear, is desirous of exemplifying in his own person the prophetic saying of King Solomon, that "of making many books there is no end:" whether he finds the context of this celebrated verse hold good or not, we have no means of ascertaining; but there is almost no subject into which he has not dipt his pen—History, Antiquities, Arts, Sciences, (including Fencing and Magic,) and a whole library of Medical, Surgical, and Pharmaceutical publications, with occasional pamphlets, provincial and metropolitan, exhibiting a singular vein of sarcasm, vituperation, and rejoinder, sometimes dramatic, sometimes rhetorical, and sometimes nondescript.

The 'First Lines of Chemistry' is a fair specimen of his tact and experience in his profession. It contains an extensive series of facts and experiments, condensed into very moderate compass. One thing strikes us as remarkable: after commencing, according to the very worst form of the

catechetical style, he suddenly abandons it, and only resumes it again in an occasional page as he proceeds:—

'*Question.*—With what properties are material substances endowed?

'*Answer.*—Material substances are endowed with two kinds of properties—namely, physical and chemical, &c.'—p. 1.

Now we are entitled to ask, in our turn, what good purpose is gained by this oscillatory, pendulum style of bandying words between a pupil and his instructor, for whom, we presume it to be intended? If there be any of our readers who retain a partiality for a manner which has of late been rapidly and deservedly becoming obsolescent, we have only to refer them for a comparison to the opening of the work before us, and that of the "Conversations on Chemistry," by Mrs. Marcet. We are convinced that such a comparison can lead but to one opinion—viz. the immense superiority of the latter over the former, both for communicating knowledge, exciting interest, and, consequently, of improving the memory, and still more, the judgment of the pupil. In the question and answer style partially adopted by Mr. Forsyth, the pupil is made a mere recollecting machine; in the conversation method, he is made to pause and think at every step. But if Mr. Forsyth was convinced of the utility of the method, why not carry it uniformly through his book?

The best portion of Mr. Forsyth's work are his Select Experiments, his Tables, and his Glossary of Chemical Terms, all of which are exceedingly useful to beginners; and though we would recommend the Conversations in preference to the First Lines, for obtaining an introductory knowledge of the science, yet the young chemist will find Mr. Forsyth an exceedingly useful guide upon many points altogether omitted or deficient in that and some other elementary works.

ART. XVIII.—*Sketches in verse, from the Historical Books of the Old Testament.* By J. Brettell. 12mo. pp. 183. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1828.

WE are extremely sorry that we cannot in any conscience compliment Mr. Brettell, of Rotherham, on his poetical powers; because he appears to be a sincere, well-disposed, amiable man; but we must abide by what appears to us to be the impartial truth. We had thought (most unwittingly, we confess, but we had thought) that the fulsome panegyrical style of dedication had long passed away with the fashion of laced coats and full-bottomed wigs; but lo! here it meets us in all its pristine glory. 'May the benevolence of your Lordship [Earl Fitzwilliam], which, like the beneficent radiance of the luminary of day, casts a cheering lustre on the world, long continue to shine upon it, and, when it is eventually overcast by the shadow of life's closing eve, may its reflected light, resting in all its glory on the present noble heir to your Lordship's rank and virtues, be transmitted by him,' &c. &c.

Of the tenth rate poetry which is thus fulsomely dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam, we suppose our readers will have little curiosity to see a specimen. We open at a venture, and find in the song of Moses:—

'The blast of Thy power divided the flood,
And the billows ascending on either side stood
Like mountains of water, unscalably steep,
High walls of defence in the midst of the deep,' &c. &c.

ART. XIX.—*The Wanderer's Legacy; a Collection of Poems on various subjects.* By Catherine Grace Godwin, (late Catherine Grace Garnett), author of "The Night before the Bridal," &c. Post 8vo. pp. 277. London: Maunder. 1828.

ALONG with snatches of pretty description and occasional bursts of passionate and genuinely poetic feeling, we meet with in the pages of Mrs. Godwin a good deal of the ordinary staple of modern poetry, in the form of glittering, gaudy expression, or obtrusive metaphor, which far from embellishing, tends rather to obscure and bepatch the transparent mirror of poetic thought, like Lord Byron's cloud—

A single cloud on a sunny day,
Which has no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

But we have no doubt that the volume will become popular among the numerous admirers of female poetry, inasmuch as it is greatly superior to several of those which have lately attained an ephemeral celebrity, through the aid of the hireling or interested portion of the periodical press. We cannot spare room for extracts sufficient to do justice to our poetess, and must content ourselves with a few fragments from 'The Estranged,' the last and perhaps best piece in the book.

'They met in silence—years had roll'd away
Since they had gazed each on the other's face,
Or heard the tones of the remember'd voice
That, parting rose in wrath. Oh! words, too oft,
Like those false Hebrews who an ill report
Brought of the Land of Promise to their tribes,
Belie the holier feelings of the heart
Glowing with truth and love. This they had prov'd
In the drear loneless of their sunder'd lives.
* * * * * * *
Life's charm has fled since that soft beaming star
Of their young fondness hath withdrawn its light.
And time's perspective, stored so late with bliss,
Lay like a bleak horizon on the verge
Of their dull wearing hours.
Slight cause I ween
(Oh is't not ever thus that worthless things
Rob us of Paradise!) dissension roused
Between Antonio and his bride betroth'd:
* * * * * * *
Alas! he knew not then, though *'twas* reveal'd
How absence from the loved ones we have grieved
Wears down the magnitude of our offence,
And aggravates our own.'—p. 257.

We have not left room to quote from her descriptions of scenery, some of which are very fine.

ART. XX.—*Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters, selected from the Columns of the Times Journal.* Foolscap 8vo. pp. 183. London: Longman and Co. 1828.

THESE Odes, or rather Satires, have recently attracted considerable attention in certain circles, from their cleverness, causticity, and minute knowledge of circumstances which escape the remark or the memory of common observers. Report ascribes them to the well-known versatile author of the "Twopenny Post Bag, who has of late, it should seem, amused his leisure hours by discharging the galling fire of an unwearied bush-skirmisher against the party in power. At the commencement of his campaign he was alone, but he has recently, it is said, acquired an able coadjutor in Mr. Luttrel, the reported author of the parody in the Times, of the Witch scene in Macbeth, applied to the late meeting on Penenden Heath. That this report is probable, we may perhaps infer from the parody in question not being inserted in the selection before us, though it is not inferior to any of them in the *tranchant* keenness of its satire. As we cannot give a more striking character of Mr. Moore's "Arrowy Showers" of verse than may be seen at a glance by perusing them, we shall select one specimen—the best perhaps in the volume—and to our taste a model for political satire.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS*."

'OH tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

'"*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,
"Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
"His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,
"May *think* (tender tyrants) of loosening his chains."

'Wise "if" and "perhaps!"—precious salve for our wounds,
If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds,
Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

'But no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given,—
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will claim;
And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,
Be theirs, who have forged them, the guilt and the shame.

'"*If* the slave will be silent!"—vain Soldier, beware—
There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom;—

* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10, 1828.

'When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek,
Gives place to th' avenger's pale, resolute hue;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to *speak*,
Consigns to the arm the high office to *do*:

'"*If* men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood;—

'That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the west,
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the opprest,
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

'*If*, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray;—

'*If* Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again;—

'*If*—*if*, I say—breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,
Then *perhaps*—aye, *perhaps*—but I dare not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slave should be mute—I am dumb.'

—pp. 177—180.

ART. XXI.—*Zur Vermittlung der Extreme in den Meinungen von Friedrich Ancillon Erster Theil. Geschichte und Politik.* Berlin: 1828. London: Black & Young.

On Mediations of Extremes. By Friedrich Ancillon.

WE do not put much faith in the attempts to make men think alike upon all subjects; nor can the medium be ascertained without obtaining a view of the extremes. It is very comfortable, and very easy, to sit down contented with the idea that much may be said on both sides of the question; but as in literature and the arts we have no productions without faults, nay those that contain the greatest proportion of excellence, may display likewise the most glaring defects; so also is it with the human character; it is better occasionally to penetrate towards extremes in some directions than to remain fixed and unadvancing in the centre. Nothing is easier than to select a thesis and antithesis, and string together some high sounding words and phrases that shall leave the subject as it was at the beginning. To this objection, the author before us seems to be liable: he commences with a pompous assertion and developement of some never contradicted truth; strings together a few unconnected sentences; and, at the conclusion, suddenly leaves the reader with a parting paragraph that, but for the distance between them, might be taken for the twin brother of the commencing observations, so close is the resemblance.

This is particularly the case with his first essay, on the Influence of Climate. We observe, too, that the author argues from the tendency of the English to suicide; we thought that this prejudice had long been clearly disproved by statistical reports: it could never have arisen but from the universal publicity given to such matters in this country.

The second treatise, on the merits of the Middle Ages, is less disfigured by the faults we have mentioned, although by no means free from them. That we may not be considered as carelessly pronouncing too severe a judgment, we will extract the concluding observations from it.

'Every country under one supreme power is subject to despotism, and it is as little innate in pure monarchy as it is foreign to a pure democracy, or a pure aristocracy. The abuse of power is in all states to be feared, even where by artificial divisions it is not united in one person, whether physical or moral. The possibility of danger cannot be absolutely prevented, although the danger itself may unquestionably be diminished by suitable institutions. Who can calculate how a concurrence of passion, power, genius, ambition, and favourable circumstances, may in a given time lead to despotism?'

We subjoin the titles of the other disputations, for such in fact they must be considered:—On the Character and Progress of the Present Age—Of the Power of Public Opinion—On the Legislation of the Press—On the Perfectibility of Civil Society—Idea and Judgment of Political Revolutions—Of the Causes of the French Revolution—Influence of Freedom on Literature and the Arts—On Political Constitutions, &c. We see no reason for the appearance of this work; it neither extends the sphere of our knowledge, nor does it present us with a more commodious arrangement of that with which we were acquainted. If a man writes on philosophical subjects with all the pomp of philosophical diction, we have a right to expect something more than occasionally a just or ingenious observation, buried in a mass of truism and common-place.

ART. XXII.—*Time's Telescope, for the Year 1829, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holydays, with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, Existing and Absolute Titles and Customs, Sketches of Comparative Chronology and Contemporary Biography. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies: and the Naturalist's Diary, explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, with numerous Engravings on wood, from Drawings by eminent Artists.* pp. 428. 12mo. London. Sherwood and Co. 1829.

THERE can be no question that this little work, originally planned by Mr. Millard, of the Surrey Institution, is admirably adapted for diffusing a taste for both useful and entertaining knowledge, as there is scarcely a department of literature and science which may not be found, in one shape or other, in its Encyclopedian pages. Let us just glance at the contents of the month in which we are writing as a specimen of the rest. Under the head of Remarkable Days we find several curious particulars, such as an account of the *Fête des Morts* on the 1st of November, on which the Parisians visit the tombs of their friends, in the cemetary of Pére la

Chaise, in thousands and tens of thousands. Appended we have a very pretty vignette of the "Tomb of Marshal Ney." On the 2nd of November, we have an interesting account of "the Company of the Dead," at Rome, whose business it is to search for and bury the bodies of unknown persons and strangers. Appended is a good vignette of the Catacombs of Paris, and Mr. Hood's facetious poem, "Death, a Dealer." On the 5th of November we find it said:

'This day is kept to commemorate the diabolical attempt of the *Papists* to blow up the Parliament House.'—p. 376.

Now we cannot too severely reprobate such a notice, as not only falsifying history, but tending to keep up the unchristian spirit of party irritation; for looking coolly at the historical facts, we do not find it was *the* Papists, meaning thereby the whole Catholic body, but *certain* individuals professing themselves Catholics. According to this mode of writing, we might say on the 8th of Febuary, "On this day, 1586, the Protestants diabolically murdered Mary, Queen of Scots," meaning, by Protestants, Queen Elizabeth and her council, as the Editor of Time's Telescope means, by Papists, Guy Fawkes and his coadjutors. Notwithstanding this reprehensible spirit, which may be traced in more than one part of the volume; the Editor scruples not to take advantage of Catholic aid, (diabolical though it be) to increase his circulation, quoting from the "Catholic Miscellany" the following notice:—"Of the various periodical calenders, and annual literary repositories which issue from the Protestant press, we are unacquainted with any one less objectionable to the Catholic reader, than Time's Telescope." The writer of this paragraph, we may well suppose, either had not read the work he praises, or was no true Catholic himself, or did not know Dr. Forster's "Circle of the Seasons," where a very different notice is given of the 5th of November, which, as a contrast, we shall quote:

'It is on this day that the pretended attempt to blow up the Parliament House by Guy Fawkes is celebrated in England by children, who dress up a figure like a large doll and call it Guy Fox. This image is burned at night in a bonfire—a very wicked spirit to encourage in children, but perfectly consistent with the immoral age in which it originated.'—*Circle of the Seasons*, pp. 310.

We gladly turn from the exhibitions of party spirit to the Life of Tomline, the late Bishop of Winchester, introduced under November 14, and accompanied with wood vignettes of Lincoln Cathedral, and the ruins of Winchester House, Southwark. Still more to our taste are the pretty verses on "Music," by Miss Mary Anne Browne, appropriately introduced under St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22. As we think this the finest piece of poetry in the volume, (which is replete with third and fourth-rate verses) we shall extract it.

'Tis not in the harp's soft melting tone,
That music and harmony dwell alone,—
'Tis not in the voice so tender and clear
That comes like an angel's strain on the ear:
They both are sweet; but o'er dale and hill
For me there's as beautiful music still.

'I hear it in every murmuring breath
That waves the bells of the purple heath:
In the watch-dog's bark,—in the shepherd's song,
In the rustic's laugh as it echoes along,
In the whizzing sound of the wild bird's wing,—
There's music!—there's music in every thing.

'There's music too in the evening breeze,
When it sweeps the blossoms from the trees,
And wafts them into the moon-lit heaven,
Like fairy barks from their anchors driven,
While, through the clear and cloudless night,
They float in a waveless sea of light.

'There's music too when the winds are high,
And the clouds are sailing through the sky,
When ocean foams and lashes the shore,
And the lightnings flash and the thunders roar!
Then! then! in the tempest's jubilee,
There's music, and grandeur, and beauty for me.'—p. 382.

The Astronomical portion is, perhaps, the best executed of all the others: it is done, we believe, by Dr. Myers, of Woolwich, whose account of double and triple stars, under November, is very interesting. Of the Natural History, which is made a prominent feature, we think very little. It is exceedingly deficient; for instance, in noting botanical appearances, though that, as well as the arrival and departure of migratory birds, could be given in a very small space, as may be seen in the "British Almanac." The wood cuts, most of which are well executed, are a great improvement to the work, though some of them appear to be thrust in sadly out of place.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE Proprietor of this Journal, who has conducted it for a period of more than three years, being about to be called away to other duties, which will necessarily prevent him from devoting any portion of his time to literature, avails himself of this opportunity, to state, that he has transferred the management of the Review to gentlemen, in whom he places the most unreserved confidence. They will maintain, inviolate, the principles of liberality and justice by which he has been uniformly guided; and as they will bring to their task information, talents, and experience of the first order, he has no doubt that they will sustain in every respect the long established reputation of THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The proprietor has the pleasure to add, that the ample support which this Journal has received from the public, will enable its new conductors to enlarge it very considerably, without making any alteration in the price, and thus add some improvements to its original plan, which it is hoped will be generally acceptable.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist, in three volumes, by the Author of Waverley, is announced among the northern forthcoming productions prefixed to the Tales of a Grandfather.

The Village of Nighingale, and other Tales, is announced by Miss Dagley, the author of the Birthday, and our favourite little work of Fairy Favours.

A French Journal has just been announced, which will take a sort of middle rank belween our Scientific Journals, and our Gardener's and Mechanics' Magazines. The title is Bibliothèque Physico-Economique, or Journal des Découvértes et Perfectionnemens de l'Industrie Nationale et Etrangère de l' Economie rurale et domestique, de la Physique, la Chimie, l' Histoire Naturelle, la Médecine domestique et Vétérinaire, enfin des Sciences et des Arts qui se rattachent aux Besoins de la vie. Some of the first writers in France are announced as *Collaborateurs* in this useful undertaking.

We observe that the publications of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, have prompted another set of men to publish a Library of Religious Knowledge.

A History of the University of Leyden, by Professor Siegerbeck, is announced.

We perceive "a New System of Signals, by which *Colours* may be wholly dispensed with," has just been published by Rear Admiral Raper.

Among the principal Memoirs which will appear in The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1829, are the following:—Archbishop Sutton; Dugald Stewart, Esq.; Sir James E. Smith; The Hon. Mrs. Damer; Bishop Tomline; The Margravine of Anspach; Sir Richard J. Strahan; Dean Hook; Captain Clapperton; Richard P. Bonnington, Esq.; Archdeacon Coxe; Lady Caroline Lamb; The Rev. Edward Forster; Sir Henry Torrens; Henry Neele, Esq.; Dr. Mason Good; William Lowndes, Esq.; Harry Stoe Van Dyk, Esq.; Vice-Admiral Nowell; &c. &c.

Speedily will be published, Narrative of a Tour from the Bank to Barnes, by way of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Brentford, Tossbury, Putney-bridge, and the Countries west of London, as you approach Mortlake, Kew, Richmond, and other Royalties on the Banks of the Thames; with some Account of the Inhabitants and Customs of the Regions east of Kensington.

It is stated in a letter from Paris, that one of the first efforts of the liberal party in the French Chamber of Deputies, will be a motion for the abolition of the despotic power now possessed by the French government, of suppressing any production of the press which is offensive to them. As experience has shewn that this mode of suppression does not operate to the extent that is desired by its advocates, it will probably meet with less opposition from the government than it would receive under different cir-

cumstances. It has been shewn, that in less than a fortnight after the suppression of Berenger's last volume of songs, 5000 copies were sent from Brussels (where they had been printed), and disposed of in the frontier towns of France; and that in Paris itself three editions of these songs were privately printed and sold, to the injury of the possessor of the copyright, but without answering the purpose which was intended by the government. The same thing is said to have occurred with a work called Journées Mémorables de la Revolution Française, published in small volumes, at five sous each, and from which Sir Walter Scott has borrowed largely in his Life of Napoleon, This work, when prohibited in Paris by the government, was reprinted at Brussels and in Leipzig, and an immense number found their way back to Paris.

Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, of Pall Mall, have announced an engraving of Wilkie's celebrated picture of the Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo, to be executed in the finest line manner, by Mr. John Burnet, under the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, to whom the plate will be inscribed, and for whom the picture was expressly painted.

The following Works are in the Press.

Second edition of Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-house Keepers, &c.

The Circle of the Seasons for the Year 1829; with a Newly-digested Preface on the Phenomena of the coming Year.

The Tower Menagerie; comprising the Natural History of the Animals contained in that Establishment, with Anecdotes of their Character and History; illustrated by a Portrait of each, drawn from the life.

A New Year's Eve, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton.

A new edition, with engravings by Edward Finden, of the Annals of the Poor.

The Interpositions of Divine Providence, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures.

Typical Instruction Considered and Illustrated.

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds.

The Life and Times of Francis the First of France.

The Manual for Invalids, or Practical Rules for the Attainment and Preservation of Health.

Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Bones, by Benjamin Bell.

'What is Luxury?' To which is added, a Manipulus of Etymological and other Nugæ.

An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.

A Topographical and Genealogical History of the Hundred of Carhampton, in the Western Division of the County of Somerset.

A Treatise on the Structure and Disease of the Teeth.

Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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